PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1978 $2.00

BEHIND THE ASSASSINATION OF ORLANDO LETELIER

THE SEXUAL ZOO

WHO PROFITS FROM ARAB OIL BLACKMAIL

CONSUMER REPORT ON THE GREAT AMERICAN HAMBURGER

THE SEX SURVEY FRAUD, OR A NEW LOOK AT THE NOT-SO-VITAL STATISTICS

FICTION BY JAMES BALDWIN

THE DIARY OF A VIRGIN

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PENTHOUSE

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PENTHOUSE, 1978, U.S. Volume 9, Number 11. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. by Meredith Printing Corp. and distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by Comag, Conde Nast & National Magazine Distributors Ltd., Travistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7QE. Entire contents copyrighted © Penthouse International Ltd. 1978. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to *Penthouse* or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$20.00 one year; Canada and elsewhere—$26.00 one year. Single copies $2.00 in U.S., Canada, and AFO ($2.50 December and January issues). Address changes, etc., to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

Advertising Offices: *New York*: Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest*: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601; Tel. (312) 565-0466; *West Coast*: Penthouse International Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, California 90067; *U.K.*: Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331—Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York © August 12, 1969 Penthouse International Ltd.

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Every so often, a few lucky people get the chance to buy a great new sports car.

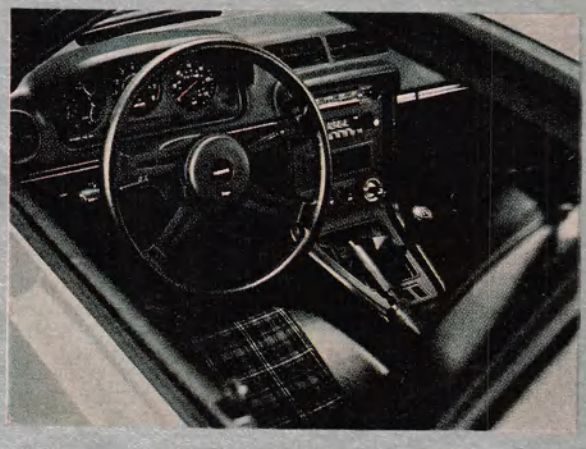
Now it's your turn. Mazda RX-7.

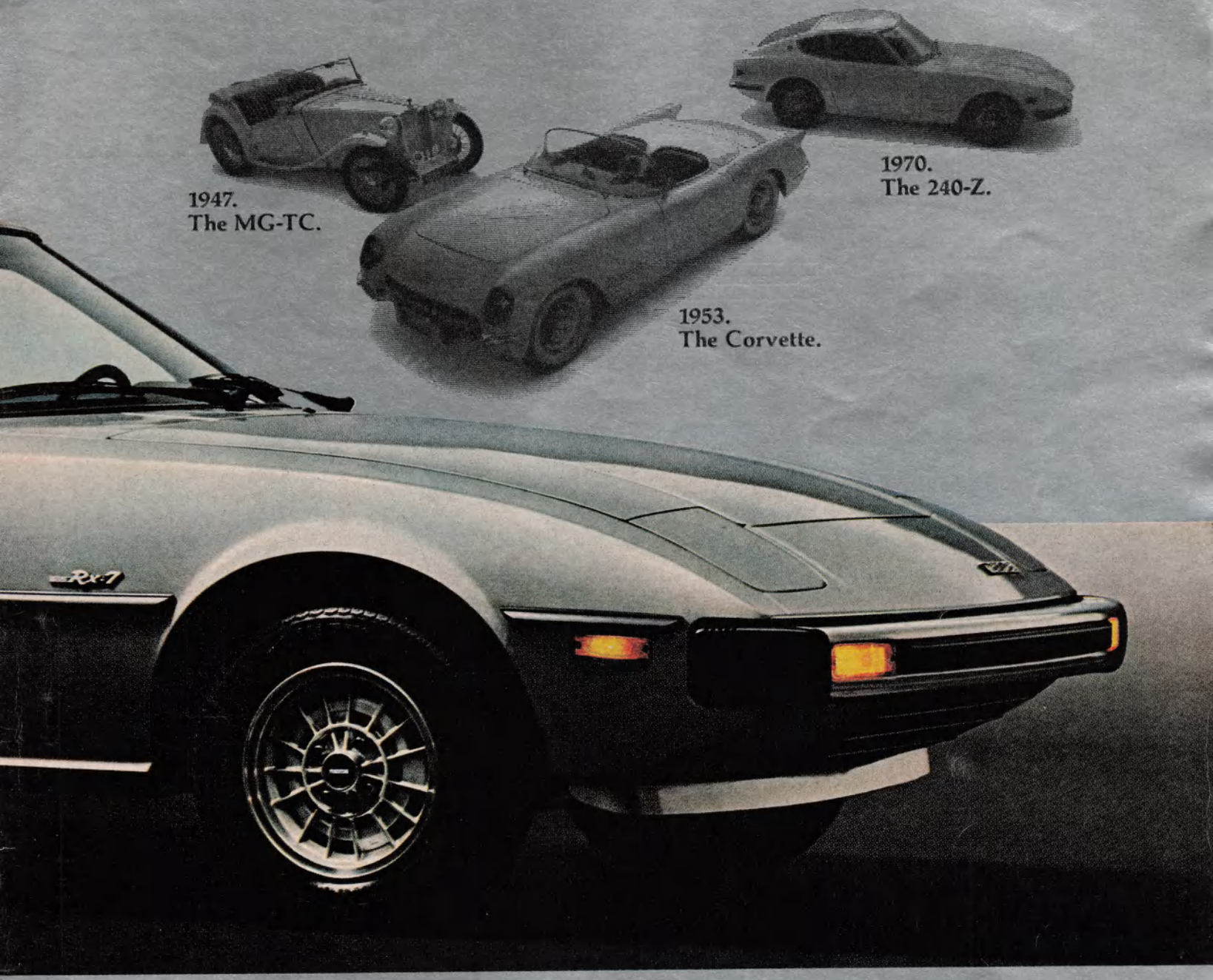
A car like this doesn't come along very often. If you ever wished you had been there to shake up the car world with the new MG-TC back in 1947, with a 1953 Corvette when it was heresy on wheels, a 240-Z in 1970 when it turned more heads than hot pants... then you understand.

The 1979 RX-7 is the kind of car that makes your stomach muscles tighten when you start it. That lures you through a corner with a flick of the wrist and a rap of exhaust. It's the real thing: a sports car with all the traditional virtues and then some.

One of those traditional virtues is performance. Acceleration from 0 to 50 mph in 6.3 seconds. Cornering that comes from its refined suspension, the bite of its fat, steel-belted radial tires. Braking from a power-assisted combination of ventilated discs in front, finned drums in back.

But there are some highly untraditional virtues, too. The RX-7 was designed specifically to take advantage of the Mazda rotary engine's unique combination of compactness,





smoothness and high performance. It made some important differences.

The compactness made possible a front mid-engine design, providing nearly perfect weight distribution for impeccable handling and smooth ride. It also made possible the RX-7's slick, wind-cheating lines.

At the same time, the smooth power and broad, flat torque curve of the Mazda rotary make the RX-7 a real stormer, but one that's easy to get along with at low speeds.

If you thought you'd never own one of the great sports cars, better test drive a Mazda RX-7 GS-Model (shown) or S-Model. You simply have to experience it from the driver's seat to understand what this car is all about: the kind of comfort, versatility and room you've always wanted, the kind of performance you've always dreamed of. And all at a price you'll find hard to believe.

Believe. Your time has come. The Mazda RX-7 is here.

From $6,395*

GS-Model shown: $6,995*

The car you've been waiting for is waiting for you.

*POE price for S-Model: $6,395. For GS-Model shown: $6,995. (Slightly higher in California.) Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown above $250 extra.)
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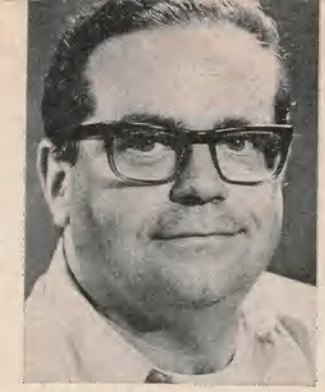

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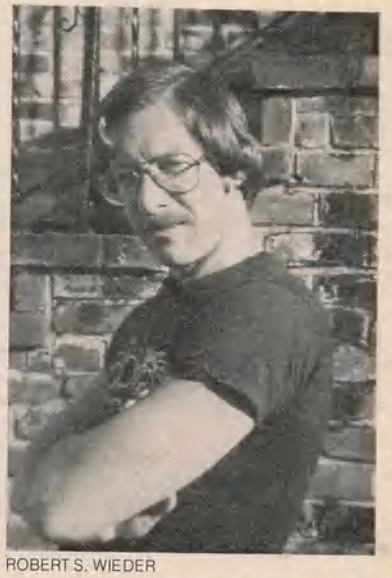

ROBERT S. WIEDER

HOUSECALL

Washington, D.C., has always been considered a neutral zone in the international terrorism war, but on September 21, 1976, that neutrality was shattered forever by the bombing murder of Orlando Letelier, head of the Chilean exile movement. As of this writing, the murder remains unsolved—officially. In "The Assassination of Orlando Letelier" (page 52), **Ernest Volkman** and **John Cummings** reveal exactly how Chilean officials planned the murder, how Cuban exiles carried it out, and how agencies of the U.S. federal government have obstructed police efforts to bring the killers to justice. Volkman and Cummings, whose article on the CIA's attempts to bring down the government of the island of Jamaica ("Murder as Usual," *Penthouse*, December 1977) created worldwide headlines, offer another chilling insight into the dark underside of international politics.

No danger to the American way of life is stronger than the stranglehold that the thirteen nations of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries have on our oil supplies. It is estimated that the cost of importing oil to keep our economy going will range into the hundreds of billions of dollars by 1985. The value of the dollar goes down and down as we run up bigger and bigger debts. No one knows how we're going to pay them all off. And, according to **Craig S. Karpel**, author of "The Petro-Industrial Complex" (page 76), at least one group of Americans doesn't care: a ruthless bunch of powerful businessmen, bankers, and public officials who are using their influence to keep oil prices up so that they can continue to amass fortunes by auctioning off the nation's assets to foreign interests.

More than forty years ago, a young Anglican priest in England officiated at the funeral of a teenage girl who had committed suicide because she thought her first period was a venereal disease. He was so moved by the senselessness of her death that he vowed on the spot to do his best to educate young people about sex. Today, at sixty-seven, **Chad Varah** remains true to his word. A founder of The Samaritans, a suicide prevention group that now has branches in every country of the world, he is also personal clergyman to the lord mayor of London and has received the Order of the British Empire and, in February 1978, the $20,000 award of the Paris Institut de la Vie. He uses his position of immense personal influence to teach what he calls "Christian lib," an enlightened approach to religion and sexuality whose central philosophy is best described by one of Varah's provocative statements: "The more you are a good Christian, the more I would expect you to enjoy sex." This iconoclastic priest and his compelling ideas are the subject of this month's interview (page 84), conducted in England by Penthouse U.K. Managing Director **Gerard Van der Leun**.

The three most characteristic American institutions are the Constitution, rock and roll, and the hamburger, reports freelance writer and social critic **Robert S. Wieder**, whose work has often appeared in *Penthouse* and other magazines. In "Yuck" (page 72) he turns his talents to a consideration of the American hamburger as interpreted by fast-food outfits, such as McDonald's and Dairy Queen; he concludes that as a national institution, the hamburger is in about the same shape as the dollar.

Is there anything left to hold up our national image? Possibly only the works of such writers as **James Baldwin**, acknowledged to be one of the leading novelists of our time. *Penthouse* is proud to present an excerpt from his new novel, *Just above My Head* (page 120). Drawing heavily on his experiences as a child evangelist in Harlem, it is a book about black sexuality, black religion, and black music, and it is already being hailed as his most powerful and affecting piece of fiction in years—a return to the greatness of *Another Country* and *The Fire Next Time*.

As the final episode of "Diary of a Virgin" (page 126) by **Cindy Peach** opens, our heroine has decided that getting rid of her virginity is such hard work that it isn't worth the effort. About to resign herself to a life of chastity, she meets a young man in a rainstorm and changes her mind. The diary concludes with a tenderly erotic climax as a young girl finds that there's more to sex than she had ever dreamed.

"The Sexual Zoo" (page 155) by **Hy Freedman** finds some very surprising similarities between human and animal sexual behavior. But our practices are tame indeed compared with those of many other species. There are more than a million different kinds of animals. Their sexual variations are endless. Some birds build honeymoon bowers used only for intercourse. Others have beauty contests in which the judges copulate with the winners. Elephants use their trunks for mutual masturbation. Perhaps the examples presented here will help us to view our own so-called abnormalities with a lot more tolerance.

No tolerance is required, however, for viewing our Pet this month or any of the other beautiful female forms that make this issue of *Penthouse* well rounded and a pleasure to behold. We invite you to relax and share our delight in another bountiful feast of entertainment for mind and eye.

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19	12	17	12	16	11	16	17	10
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PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

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JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

SRO

Like many who have written to your magazine, I am fascinated by the idea of having sex in public places, even if it is nothing more than letting men see up my skirt. I am proud of my body and the attention I receive. My measurements are 37-25-35. My tits are full and firm and have very large nipples, but my legs and ass are what draws the attention of most men. My legs are long and well shaped. My ass is firm and nicely rounded.

I enjoy dressing in a manner that draws attention to what I have to offer men. I wear very low-cut brassieres, usually red or black, and often beneath a sheer blouse or light sweater. I wear my skirts and dresses short to show off my legs. I detest panty hose. I like the convenience and the erotic effects of a garter belt and stockings with bright-colored bikini panties.

I am happily married, and for several years I have had my husband's consent to put out to any man I like, as often as I want it, so long as my affairs remain strictly sexual, and so long as he always knows who is screwing me and where. I often get laid in front of my husband. He likes to watch me prick-tease in public.

Our one rule is that anything goes, but no harm can come to anyone involved in any way. We make a game of sex. I don't want to know exactly what to expect or how it will feel when I go to bed with a man. Most of all I enjoy the excitement of illicit sex. I love to suck a cock until the man is coming in my mouth or to go down on a pretty girl.

Last fall we found ourselves wandering about the convention center in Indianapolis. It was so crowded that it was standing room only and not much of that. I was wearing a rather short but full wraparound skirt and was carrying a sweater because of the chill in the air. My husband was with me, although it might not have been obvious. We stood in the crowd, listening to a speaker, but I have no idea what he was talking about. All I could think of was the man I felt move in behind me.

He had a hard-on. I felt his cock gently touch my ass and then back off. I didn't move, and soon I felt it touch me again. He held it for only a second and then backed off again. This time I eased back until he was against me. I sort of wiggled my hips against him to let him know that I knew what was going on and that I was definitely interested.

Now he was pressed against me, his cock running between my legs. After a moment I felt his hand touch my hips ever so gently. When I offered no resistance, the hand began exploring the cheeks of my ass and the backs of my legs. We were packed in so tight that someone standing right beside me, like my husband, couldn't have seen what was going on.

The hand found the flap of my skirt and eased beneath it. I moved my sweater around to further cover his exploring hand. I felt him touching my bare legs, running down to the tops of my stockings, then up to my panties. For several minutes he caressed my legs up and down until I was so hot that I could have screamed, and my panties were soaking wet.

Now I felt him easing the leg band of my panties to one side, uncovering my pussy. His finger teased between the lips of my cunt and over my clitoris. I wanted him to poke it in and out of me, but it seemed ever so long before his finger slipped inside me.

I eased my free hand between us and began to inch my skirt up in back until it was above his prick. I ran my fingers over the hard shaft and then unzipped his pants. He wasn't wearing any shorts, much to my delight.

While he finger-fucked me, his cock was now sliding back and forth between my legs, the shaft rubbing between the lips of my snatch. Two fingers were churning through my pussy, his cock slowly stroking between my legs until he had me coming. It was difficult to hold back my moans. I wondered who he was, how old, what he looked like. Yet I didn't want to know!

The head of his cock rammed inside my pussy while he still felt me up. He started coming as soon as he entered me, a spurt of come shot up my cunt, and then he slipped out and went on coming between my legs. I made it again while I felt his juice pouring down my legs. He went limp, the hand moved away, my skirt fell back in place, and he was gone.

There were thousands of men there, and I wondered which one had fucked me. I considered that I'd been fucked, since he had been inside me. Almost a year has passed; yet whenever I think of the incident, I get so hot that I have to play with myself.

I have often been played with in public. Men play with my tits and ass on the dance floor while I rub my pussy against a hard cock. A man may feel me up while we sit in a booth in a dark corner of a bar. I have been fucked in the backseat of a car at a drive-in, and once I participated in an orgy in a bar (after closing!). But nothing has ever matched the excitement of that after-

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noon. I can't help hoping that that man will read this letter and one day find me in a crowd again.—*Name and address withheld*

Just browsing

I'd like to relate a far-out experience that happened to me during my coed days.

One night I decided to drive into town for a magazine to read in spite of the fact that a thunderstorm was threatening. The only people besides the cashier in the store when I arrived were two men, standing in front of the shelves where the men's magazines were on display, each of them reading a magazine.

One of them, I noticed, was a guy of about eighteen or nineteen, and the other was blond and handsome and probably in his late thirties. As I studied them more closely, I noticed the kid had a bulge in the front of his pants. I looked at the older man and observed that he, too, had a hard-on but that his dress pants were tailored loose and his cock was particularly prominent. I began to feel my pussy throb, and my panties began getting wet. Boldly, I walked over between the two and knelt down, pretending to study the magazines on the lower shelf. Very slowly, I leaned back until my head pressed against the bulge in the kid's pants. Slowly, I raised back up, and as I did, I reached inside the raincoat and squeezed the bulge. He became very excited, his hand covering mine and pressing it very tightly on his cock. His hips started thrusting forward, and his breath began coming out in gasps. I stooped down again and looked up at him, my tongue slowly wetting my lips. Frantically, he tore at his pants, pulling his cock out, his hand rubbing up and down on it in masturbating motions. I reached up and pulled it toward my mouth. The minute the cock's head touched my lips he began climaxing, shooting his sperm down my throat. Slowly, I sucked his cock clean, and he withdrew it and stepped back.

But before I could stand up, the older man was there, holding his huge rod through his pants. I nodded, and he began to claw at his pants trying to get his cock out. Finally, he thrust it out. He had such a hard-on that the skin on the head was stretched very tight and the veins were bulging as if ready to pop. He jammed his rod down my throat and began pumping furiously. I was afraid that the proprietor would hear, but I guess that the noises of the storm were drowning out my admirer's moaning. Unlike the young man, who had climaxed instantly, he took his time, grinding his hips and mashing his cock as far in my mouth as it would go. At last I felt him shudder, and a cup of warm love juice went down my throat.

At last I stood up, my pussy on fire. The man looked at the kid and said, "Keep watch and let us know if anyone else comes in." He took my hand and led me behind a shelf, where we would be completely hidden from view. Quickly, I jerked my jeans down. He knelt in front of me and slowly began flicking his tongue over my clit. I grabbed his head and mashed my pussy against his face as I exploded in a mind-shattering climax. I felt so weak that I thought my legs would collapse. The man just kept on eating me, sniffing my cunt, and burying his whole face in it. Then he began licking again, thrusting his tongue into me as if it were a small dick. Unbelievably, I felt another climax approaching and began grinding my pussy against his face. Suddenly, he stood up and began pulling at his pants. Again he pulled his cock out, and I wanted it so badly that I practically jumped on it. The minute he jabbed it into me, we both climaxed together.

After a few moments, I looked at both of them, located my pocketbook, and waved good-bye. We all said thank you and left.—*Name and address withheld*

Telephone soliciting

About two months ago I was lying in bed, half-asleep, when my telephone rang. I answered, and a whispery voice said, "Can I eat you?" Thinking it was my husband playing games, I went along, saying "Of course. It's hot, wet, and juicy, and just waiting for your agile tongue." The conversation got a little deeper, and I felt that familiar twinge between my legs. Then, all of a sudden, I realized that it was not my husband I was

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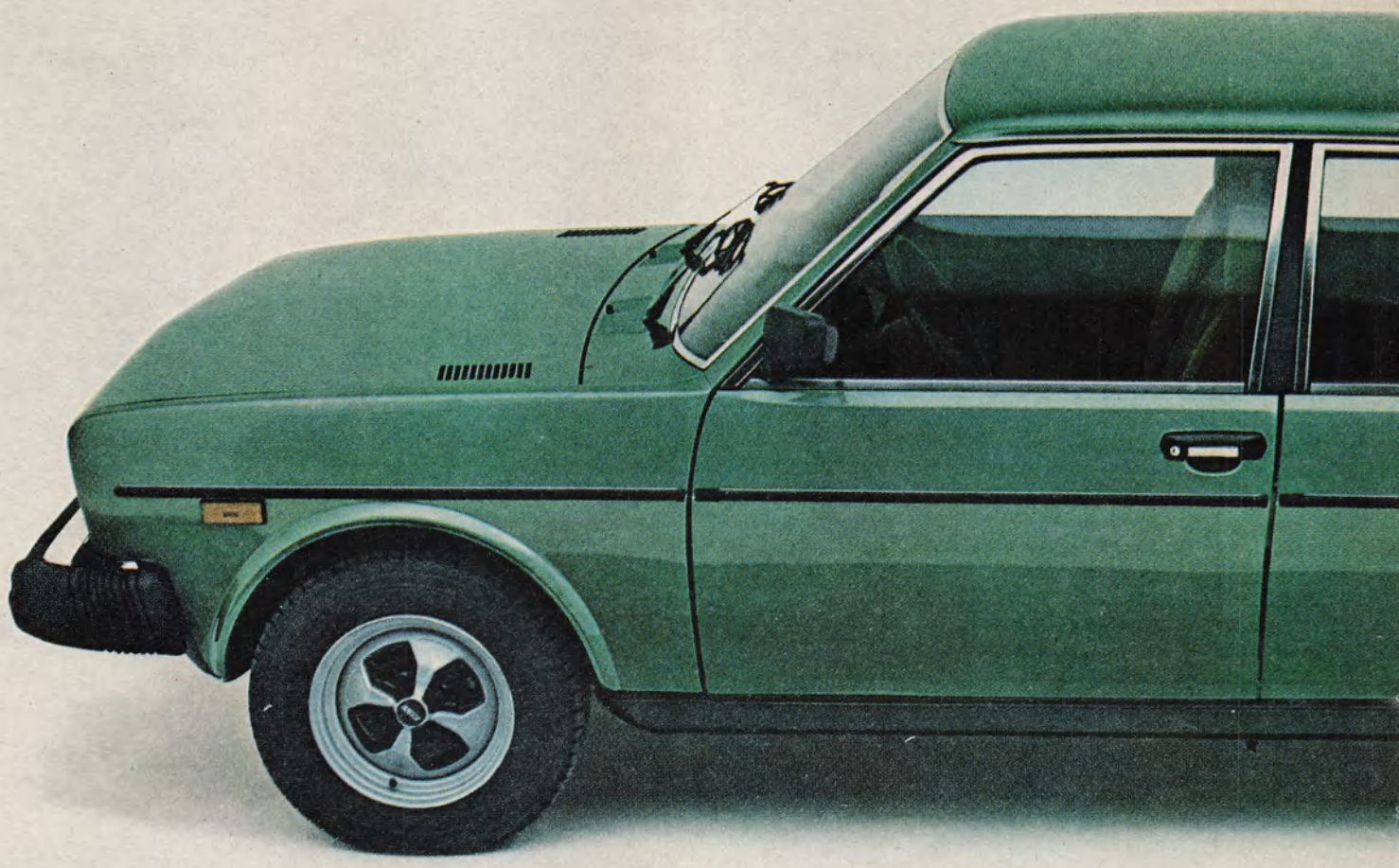

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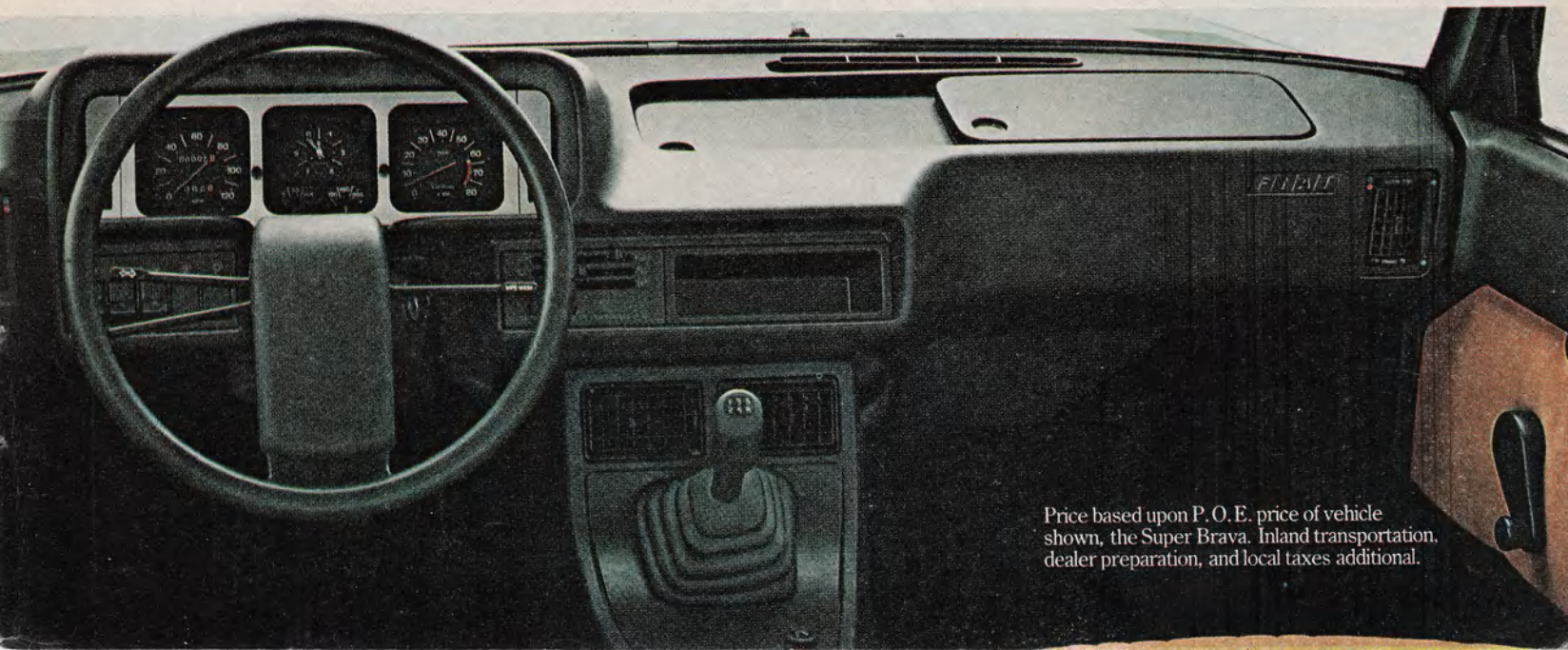

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talking to. Well, I couldn't say another word; I was at a loss. So I just hung up. Later that day, I was lying in bed with my vibrator, having quite a good time, when the phone rang again. This time he wasn't whispering. He explained that he knew me very well and proceeded to tell me small details about myself. He even told me that he knew that I share my pussy. Well, I was very amazed. He also began to describe his fantasies about me and told me how much he wanted to kiss my soft thighs and nibble on my beautiful box.

The next two weeks went by, and my telephoner called me every morning, describing in delicious detail the places he wanted to glide his tongue over my body. He pleaded with me to surrender myself to him, to let him bury his face in my satiny-smooth cunt. He begged me to mount his anxious organ. The way he would lie there, just breathing in the phone and whispering "fuck me," almost made me come. Many times I'd be riding away on my husband, and I'd be hearing him in my head, whispering those words. Boom! Instant orgasm. Well, I was just freaked out by the whole thing, and I knew this was a man I had to meet.

So the next time we talked, I asked him if we could meet for breakfast. (For my own safety I wanted to meet him in a public place first.) The instant he walked in the door, I knew it was my caller. Tall, dark hair, beautiful green eyes, and a hard-on that made my mind reel. He walked over to the table where I was sitting and introduced himself as Bill. We had a cup of coffee and just sat there, staring in each other's eyes. He was gorgeous—something I had not expected.

He followed me to my house, where we played on my water bed for hours. He caressed my body so tenderly, just lying at my side, smiling at me. I knew what I wanted to do. This man had fantasies about me, and I was going to make them realities. I slid down his slender body to that monstrous cock and started licking his balls, slowly making my way up to my favorite spot on the penis, the head. There I nibbled at the rim and sucked and sucked until he shot off in my mouth, so hard and so long that I was amazed.

We lay back and lit up a number. I handed it to him and reached for my kama sutra oil. I took his cock in my hands and massaged it, rubbing the vibrator on his balls with one hand and caressing his cock with the other. I took the head in my hand and ran my palm over it, circling the entire thing. His moans got deeper and deeper until—I swear—he screamed and shot his juices all over my tits! Wow was I happy! Noticing he was still hard as a rock, I climbed on top of him, just oozing with wetness. I threw in every grind, plunge, and hump stroke I knew. Sweat was dripping off both of us like water. My neighbors probably heard the moans and the screams. By the time we had both exploded in mutual orgasm the entire room was spinning. I collapsed on his chest in exhaustion, and he rolled me over, kissed me, told me how beautiful I was, and went down on me. The rest of the day went that way. We stopped only occasionally for a drink or a smoke. My god, what a lover he was!

I never saw this man again. I had always been faithful to my husband and love him very much. But I will never forget the thunder Bill and I made that day. If you see fit to print my letter, I hope Bill sees it and remembers.—*T.C., Atlanta, Ga.*

Civil aeronautics

I never used to believe the letters in your column, but last weekend something happened to me that made me believe that these outlandish things can really happen.

I had just spent a weekend in Chicago and was at the airport to leave for San Francisco. I kissed my girl friend good-bye and boarded the plane. As I took my seat, I noticed a beautiful blonde in the seat across the aisle from me. She was staring at the slight bulge in my pants. (I had been reading your magazine.) When she noticed me looking at her, she winked and licked her lips. She was wearing a red halter that was so thin that I could see every detail of those luscious tits.

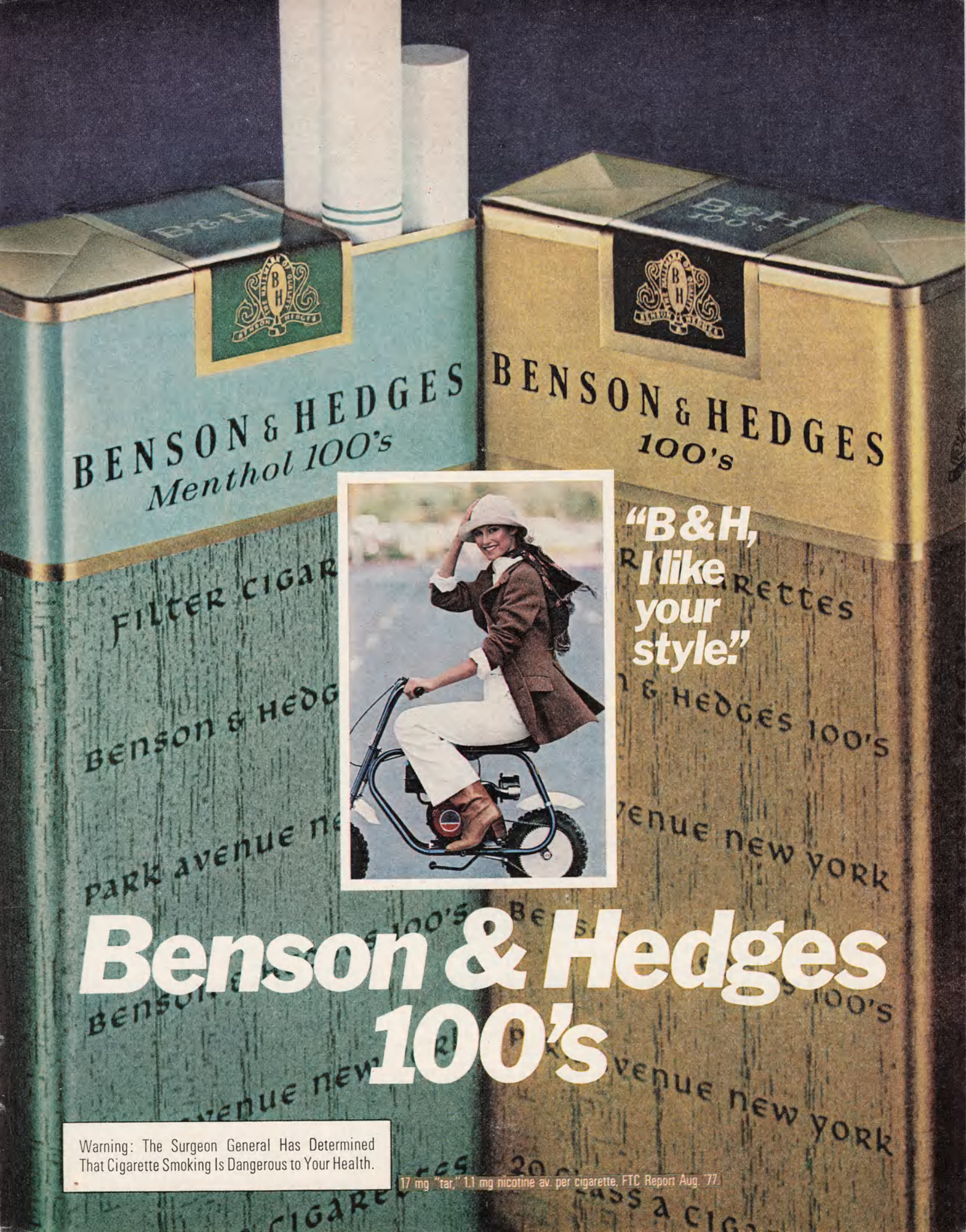
Before takeoff I decided to hit the john and relieve myself. As I started to close the door, she quickly followed me in. She grabbed me and planted a big kiss on my awaiting lips. Her agile tongue sought out mine as her hand cupped my now-erect cock. She dropped to her knees and opened my fly with her teeth. My now-aching penis lunged out to meet her ready mouth; she licked and sucked my full, eight-inch prick and to my surprise took all of it into her mouth. I felt the plane start to move down the runway, and its vibrations intensified the sensations. Just as the jumbo jet blasted off, so did I.

Before I knew it, she had cleaned herself off and returned to her seat. Throughout the rest of the flight we smiled and winked at each other. But when we arrived at San Francisco, she slipped into the crowd and I never saw her again. I often think of the time I flew the friendly skies.—*Name and address withheld*

Service calls

I'm a repairman and haven't read any stories in this column about my line of work. I've had quite a few interesting experiences with service calls and would like to share a few with the readers. I'm hoping this letter may encourage some of your female readers to think more about us adroit repairmen.

One service call in particular stands out in my memory. It was about 8:30 in the morning, and the lady of the house came to the door dressed in a housecoat and directed me to the basement, where the washer was. She explained the problem, and as she bent down to show me where the leak was, her robe parted slightly and I caught a glimpse of a nipple. She then said that she would leave me to my work and would be upstairs if I needed her.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Having quickly fixed the washer, I started to look for any holes or cracks in the basement ceiling. I looked around and found a loose-fitting heat register. I quietly took a screwdriver, pried the space a little wider, and was able to look up into the kitchen, where she stood at the table, cleaning off the breakfast dishes. I watched as she worked and saw that she was naked under the housecoat. Her beautiful ass and bush were so exciting that I almost came in my pants.

Later, as I added up her bill, she saw the bulge at my crotch and promptly bumped my hard-on with her hand, saying, "Excuse me." At that, her hand shaking, she pressed against my cock with the palm of her hand. Unable to wait any longer, I undid my pants and let them fall. She put my cock in her luscious mouth and sucked and licked until I came in an incredibly powerful orgasm. She then paid the bill and said that I was welcome any time something needed repair.

Another call took me to a house where a woman and her college-age daughter were at home. The daughter sat in a tantalizing bikini at the kitchen table, with her legs up and her knees pressed against her chest. Whenever her mother left the room, I would widen my eyes and smile at her bulging pussy. She really enjoyed having me look at her this way, and when her mother went outside, I looked at her even more intensely. She had her finger inside the crotch of her bikini bottom, and much to my delight, she pulled it aside to show me her dark brown pussy hair and beautiful pussy. She dipped her finger inside it once or twice, but suddenly the back door opened noisily, and she had to stop. Her mother then came in and said that she would be going next door and would be back in a few minutes.

After her mother left, the girl eagerly came over to me, seductively knelt on my thighs, and told me to lick her pussy. She took off her bikini bottom and pressed her dripping cunt into my waiting face. I vigorously flicked my tongue in and out and over her clit until she came, moaning loudly. She then took out my cock, as I watched out the window for her mother, and bobbed her head up and down till I almost reached climax. When I told her that I was about to come, she practically swallowed my cock, and I came sublimely. I thanked her, and she told me that she had been amusing herself this way for a long time.

I haven't had the opportunity to go back to her house; so I can't wait till something else breaks down there. My job has its fringe benefits, obviously. I think that, like me, most repairmen are more than happy to lend a nice woman a screw or two if she gives him the right hint. Why not try it on your next service call?—*Name and address withheld*

Sea nymphs

I found "Sea Song" (December 1977) one of the most erotic pieces I've seen in a long time. Moreover, it at once brought to mind an erotic experience I once had while serenely basking in the sun on one of the beautiful beaches at Puerto Vallarta, on the west coast of Mexico.

It was warm and sunny when I left my hotel and found a quiet spot on the beach, very near the water. Because of the early hour, I knew that I would avoid the usual throng of sunbathers who swarm on the sand to shamelessly gawk and, they hope, to score.

Reclining on a blanket, in a brief swimsuit, I turned and noticed that I wasn't alone. I immediately thought of getting up and repairing to a more remote section of the beach when I looked closely and saw that the intruders were two attractive, middle-aged women who were lovingly helping each other out of their suits. They were behind me to my right and not more than fifty yards away; so I assumed that they didn't mind if a man watched. How right I was!

The two were fascinating and even instructive while they gently and expertly stroked and caressed each other in regions I had so ignorantly neglected in my own lovemaking. I was rock hard as they began to eat each other's pussy, and I thought I'd have to come in my suit.

No sooner did I have my throbbing cock in hand than I found myself face to face with the nude twosome, one of whom proceeded to make it quite plain that my jacking off had been unnecessary—by giving me a wondrous blowjob. This accomplished, she and her friend thanked me for being such an attentive observer, explaining that my watching enhanced their sexual pleasure. A bit taken aback, I managed to mumble my own thanks and watched them pull on their suits and stroll from the beach.

Later in the evening, still dwelling on the delights of the morning, I saw the two lovers again. Now, dressed conservatively, they were entering the hotel bar with two conventional-looking men whom I took to be their husbands.—*D.O., Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico*

"Now that's what I call truth in packaging."

Dispensing with the formalities

Although I have attended several college formals, last night was the best ever. After just a few drinks, much to my astonishment my date started to massage my crotch under the table. I was all the more surprised by her daring actions, because she is reputed to be priggish.

In no time I had a full erection. The other couples at the table couldn't figure out why I was squirming so visibly in my chair. Because I felt that I was going to come right there and was getting quite embarrassed, I asked her to dance.

While dancing, she still continued her efforts to turn me on, this time by rubbing her leg against my throbbing organ. As the night progressed, she became even hotter. To avert an embarrassing spectacle, I felt that it might be better to take a stroll out to the balcony, since we were now, finally, alone. I started to kiss her passionately and got my first touch of her hot, dripping pussy. I whispered in her ear that we should leave the dance, and soon we were on the way to my dormitory.

All the way back, she was making ad-

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vances that were driving me crazy, and I had to restrain myself from fucking her right there in the middle of the parking lot. We ran the rest of the way to the room.

Once we got inside, we tore off each other's clothes furiously. She promptly jumped spread-eagle on the bed, begging me to fuck her. I eagerly began to fondle her tits and suck on her beautiful, hard nipples. By now she was moving furiously about the bed, screaming for me to suck her pussy. I slid down her trembling stomach toward my reward. Her love juices were flowing profusely by now, and I thirstily lapped them up.

Now it was my turn for pleasure. She moaned softly as I entered her soft, voluptuous cunt. my thrust met her thrust as we bounced about the bed. After we both reached our climax, we lay back, tired but happy, and soon fell asleep.

It was the best fuck I've ever had—and the least expected.—*T.B., Charleston, W. Va.*

Peepers

My girl friend, Linda, and I have a fantastic pastime. We're both juniors in college, and she runs a baby-sitting service for a lot of girls at school. (She gets the calls and assigns the girls.) Most of the jobs are in houses dispersed throughout the woods, and Linda gives the best-looking girls the isolated locations. Usually, Linda gives the really good ones jobs where they'll be looking after very young children and where the kids' parents don't care about boyfriends coming over.

Afterward, Linda and I go over to the house and look through the small openings in the drapes to watch the girls and their boyfriends make out. They usually leave some lights on or at least the TV. Only once in a while do we see only kissing and hugging. Most of the time we watch some of the sexiest scenes imaginable between the sexiest people in school.

On one occasion, we watched a buxom sophomore blonde strip to the waist while the guy kissed her nipples. She then stood up and slowly took off her jeans and white-lace bikini panties. The guy already had his pants undone. He stood up and took off the rest of his clothes, and they sat back down, next to each other, on the couch. They kept kissing, but his hand was buried between her open legs, and she was pumping his hard-on with her hand. He soon shot all over his chest and her hand. Naturally, Linda and I enjoyed this spectacle immensely.

Another notable time, we watched a couple on the couch right below the window. He was naked, with a huge hard-on, and she had only her jeans on. After a lot of kissing, she began to rub his hard-on with her hand and then rubbed it against her stomach when she got on top of him. She lowered herself until she was kissing his hard-on and then put most of it in her mouth and pumped with her mouth until he came. About five minutes later, he was hard again. He took off her jeans and panties, and they fucked for a long time.

After watching something like that, Linda and I hurry to our parking spot and get it on in the car ourselves. Since I'm the yearbook photographer, I've started to take pictures of all these scenes with that new film that doesn't need flash. Just looking at the pictures sends us.

Our best night so far was a party at the house of our friend Randy, after a basketball game. Four of the players—Randy, Tom, Dean, and Don—had invited four girls they had met at some other school. At an opportune moment, Linda excused herself to go to the bathroom, but she really went around the single-story house to make sure that there were openings in the drapes. After a while, everyone started to make out. Randy and Renée, a gorgeous brunette, left for another room. Linda and I sneaked outside, got the camera, and watched Randy and Renée lying on a bed with all their clothes on.

Renée had her hand up the back of his shirt and once in a while would slip the tips of her fingers under the back of his underwear. Randy was moving his hand up and down her long legs and then started to slip his hand between the crotch of her panties and her right leg. After more kissing, she moved her hand to the front of his pants and held his hard-on through his clothes.

After some more kissing, Randy pulled Renée up, pulled off her sweater, unfastened her bra, and tried to undo her skirt. She helped him, and Randy pulled her silk panties off. (Linda and I couldn't believe her body—perfect breasts with large nipples and an abundance of cunt hair.) Randy took off his clothes, and Linda gasped when he took off his underpants and revealed a huge, thick hard-on.

They nestled up close to each other and dry-humped for a while, until Renee straddled him and moved against his hard-on. Then she reached down, took it in her hand, and thrust it inside her. She had such fluid hip movements and arched her back like a ballerina when she came. We could see Randy's come sliding down the part of his hard-on that we could see.

We checked the other windows and saw Dean eating his girl, who must have been coming at that very moment, because her hips were jerking lustily. Tom and his date were half-dressed on the floor of the downstairs game room. We slipped back inside and found the last couple just making out on the couch with their clothes on. Linda and I left about half an hour later, about 1:00 A.M. We went to our parking space and fucked like crazy. (This was what we had been looking forward to all night!)—*Name and address withheld*

Friendly sharing

I go to a small school in northern New York. One weekend a friend of my boyfriend, named Doug, came into town for a visit. He had moved west and rarely comes here; so it was something of an occasion. My boyfriend, not having seen him in two years, wanted to spend a lot of time with him. One evening we all went out, and after having a lot to drink and

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smoke, I began to get quite horny—not for my boyfriend, but for Doug. I couldn't keep my eyes off him and his exciting crotch, but because my boyfriend was there, I dismissed the fantasies.

The next day I couldn't stand it any more—I desperately wanted Doug's cock inside my pussy. I was dripping, just thinking about it. I gave him a call, and we got together. We had a great time that afternoon, caressing, sucking, and fucking. Many times after that we succeeded in doing the same. He has since gone back west, and I can't wait for a cross-country trip. He is a good friend of my boyfriend but a better friend of mine.—*Name and address withheld*

Professors of desire

I'm a student at a small college in upstate New York, where the male-female ratio is nearly ten to one. There is a state school in town as well, but that doesn't seem to help.

I'm an engineering major, and it's a real grind. All of the professors are male except in the social-science electives we take. This semester I took a history course and was pleasantly surprised. All I expected was a boring series of lectures by a wizened old man, but what I got was a woman professor who'd put any coed to shame. Sure, the lectures were still boring, but from where I sat—right down in front—the scenery was great.

She had to be in her mid twenties and had shoulder-length blonde hair and blue eyes. But what really caught my eye was her breasts. For my fellow engineering colleagues, the shape of her tits could best be described as a perfect bivariate normal distribution. But for the rest of the world, casaba melons will suffice for description.

I usually cut a lot of classes, but this was one I made sure to attend, despite the fact that it was at the godforsaken hour of eight o'clock in the morning. From eight to nine I would dream of being in the valley between those luscious mounds. Unfortunately, for almost the entire semester I was too much of a pessimist: she was a teacher and I a student; what chance could there be?

However, one day after class, near the end of the semester, I went up to ask her for an extension on a paper I had not gotten around to finishing. She asked me to come with her to her office so that we could talk about it. Once I was there, she offered me a seat and sat down in her swivel desk chair.

She said that she had noticed my good attendance and attention in class, and I told her that I enjoyed the course. She leaned back, putting her hands behind her head, and asked me if that was all I enjoyed. And with that, the top button of her blouse popped open.

My eyes practically jumped out of my head as I stammered, "No, I think that you're very beautiful." Needless to say, I was quickly developing an erection. Apparently, she noticed the bulge in my pants, for she walked over to me. She traced the line of my cheek with her fingers and asked if that was my slide rule bulging in my pants. Those massive tits were only six inches from my face now! I said, "No, I have a bit of a problem," and then I leaned forward and bit the fabric of her blouse. She replied that the faculty was here to help with those problems—as she unfastened my belt and went for my zipper.

Soon we were both naked, and she started to go down to suck my cock, but I said, "Wait! I've been staring at your great tits all semester." She knew instantly what I wanted and wrapped her breasts around my throbbing cock. I had worked my way up and down only a few times when I shot the load of my life, and, moving quickly, she caught most of it in her mouth. I licked and played with her tits until she was writhing in ecstasy. Then I greedily proceeded to eat her out. She had several orgasms, and I came once more before she had to go to teach her next class.

On the way out the door, she said not to worry about my extension or the paper, because my constant attendance in class would guarantee me a good grade. Then she added, "Remember to bring your slide rule for the rest of the semester." I never did have the heart to tell her that I use a calculator.—*R.H., Potsdam, N.Y.*

My friends and I were reminiscing about some of our most exciting sexual experiences, and after a little coaxing I decided to write to "Forum." I was enrolled not long ago in a large state college as an English major, and one of my most difficult classes was taught by a thirty-two-year-old blonde. I was quite impressed by her looks and body.

As a midsemester test, she asked us to write a paper on the various plots of the books we had read thus far in her class. Since I had four other reading classes at the time, I had totally neglected her assignments and as a result received a failing grade and a little note as well. In the note she said that I should come and see her as soon as possible to explain my paper's deficiencies. A few days later I called her office and made an appointment to see her. To my surprise, she told me to come to her office late that night since she had meetings most of that day.

I arrived a few minutes early and found her door locked; so I stood in the hall and waited for her. It was getting late, and I was about to leave when she came zipping around the corner, expressing her apologies profusely. After entering, I put my paper down on the desk and waited in the chair that faced her desk.

I sat there apprehensively for about a minute, waiting for her to get down to business. When she did sit down, she told me that she thought I understood the books but had a hard time expressing myself on paper. She rose from her seat and walked about the room and, not looking at me, said, "A good-looking boy like you should be able to express himself." She started to say something about how I could improve my mark and sat herself in front of me, on the edge of the desk.

As she explained how I could improve my paper, I noticed her partly spread legs and, my surprise an unconcealed bush. I just froze there, looking for a moment. Then I realized

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We build in what the others leave out.

that she might catch me; so I looked up again. When I raised my head, I found her eyes gazing down into mine and a broad smile on her face. We just sat there a moment, looking at each other, and then she made herself clear. With both her hands she lifted her dress to about the level of her waist. This was all I needed, and I dove into her already moist box. Her juices felt especially wonderful, since I had gone without sex for nearly four weeks. Her soft moans of delight were driving me crazy, and I wanted so badly to put my cock in her hot pussy.

I worked her cunt with my tongue and mouth until she was about to explode. She gasped out her desire for me to screw her, and I rose quickly, because I felt myself near orgasm. I plunged my hard cock deep into her bush as she lay back on the desk, tossing her head back and forth. Her legs dangled over the edge while we fucked furiously.

We never did reenact this scene, but I did end up with a decent mark for the course after all.—*Name and address withheld*

Cable TV

My husband's friend Mike came over to the house the other day to watch cable TV. We were watching a movie on Home Box Office and having a few drinks when the idea came up to do some smoke.

So we did a few bowls and were really feeling fine.

My husband was talking about the tits of the girl on the screen, and the conversation soon turned to sex. All three of us were adding bits and pieces, and I was getting hornier by the minute. I went out to the kitchen to fix myself another drink, and I could hear them talking and laughing in the living room. When I returned, my husband was sitting on the couch, next to where I had been sitting. I sat down, and he started pinching my nipples and squeezing my tits. Mike was getting an eyeful and looked as if he was enjoying himself. My husband then started to unbutton my blouse so that he could get a better look at what he was doing. I was so horny at the time that I didn't care what he did.

Before long, I didn't have any clothes on, and Mike had moved over to the other side of me (at my husband's suggestion). It didn't take much to convince him that the move was well advised. My husband was fingering my cunt, and Mike started to fondle my breasts. I was in seventh heaven and on the verge of coming when my husband went down on me. I was soaring, and I then took Mike's cock out of his pants so that I could give him a handjob. My husband just kept licking and sucking my pussy, and seeing and feeling Mike's cock, I couldn't resist putting my mouth around it. I sucked and licked to my heart's content, and when my husband brought me to an explosive orgasm, Mike came in my mouth and moaned with pleasure. My husband came back to the couch, and I gave him the best headjob I had ever given him, while Mike electrified my flesh, caressing and kissing every inch of it. I was really into the blowjob that I was giving my husband, and I just kept coming—one right after the other.

We all rested a while and did some more smoke, and then we moved to the bedroom. There we mounted our king-sized water bed and took turns caressing, licking, sucking, and fucking all night long.—*M.Z., Rochester, N.Y.*

A bright day without orange juice

I'm a student at a college in Florida, and a few weeks ago my girl friend, Kay, invited me over to her apartment. I was expecting to have a night of wonderful fucking. So I put on my bikini shorts and clothes that I knew would flatter my muscular build.

I went to Kay's apartment and found her there with two other guys. I reminded her that we had a date, and she said that tonight she was determined to have one of her fantasies come to realization: I was to wrestle those guys and escape from them or I'd be at their mercy. I had never had a homosexual encounter before, but it was certainly a turn-on for me to have one proposed by guys like these. Steve and Greg were both very handsome and had beautifully developed bodies. I told Kay that I would go along with her plan.

They began to circle in on me. Steve got behind me, rushed up, got me in a bear hug, and began to rub his crotch up and down on my ass. Even if I did want to break

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free, I couldn't, because they were much too strong. I got my arms free and pried at Steve's fingers. Greg grabbed my arms and slammed me on the bed, and Steve pinned me down and removed my shirt. Then he unbuckled my pants and slowly took them off. Greg put his hand between my legs when he saw that I had a huge erection in my shorts. It didn't take them long to realize that my resistance was merely a means to entice them.

As Greg ran his hand up and down my hardening dick, Steve got totally undressed. He was enormous, and his erection seemed to swell every second. He began to kiss me, and our tongues met in a French kiss. Meanwhile, Greg took off my briefs, sending a chill up my spine as I felt his fingers glide with the fabric down my legs.

I got up and undressed him and spread his legs and began to lick his ass. I put my cock in his ass and pushed it in and out, getting a sensational feeling. Steve then sat on Greg, facing me, so that his dick was right in my face, and I took the golden beauty between my lips and began to suck it. I massaged his balls, and shortly thereafter he came powerfully. My penetrations into Greg increased now, and waves of delight passed through my whole body as I shot my sperm deep into his hot ass.

He said that he wanted to fuck me and got up and began to spread the cheeks of my ass. I was a little worried that it might hurt, but my fears were allayed when he began licking my ass eagerly. I was all loosened up, and when he entered me, his prick seemed to be everywhere at once. Every stroke brought a moan from me, and with a final surge of energy his come burst out, and he sighed deeply. We finally fell asleep, entwined in each other's arms and legs.

When we woke up the next morning, we all talked about what had happened. Kay was thrilled, and Greg, Steve, and I were aglow.

Needless to say, I am now a happy bisexual with a strong sexual attraction for men. I will always love women, but I have learned that gay is just as good—and sometimes even better.

This story contains a lesson: don't condemn something that won't hurt you until you try it. And to Anita Bryant: go fuck a duck!—*S.K., Gainesville, Fla.*

Happy end

I was a freshman at the University of Iowa at the time the following happened to me. It was finals week of the first semester, and I was really cramming for a test that I had to take the following day. I left the study room of my dormitory at about 4:30 A.M. and returned to my room. When I arrived, I opened the curtains and cranked open the window.

My eyes suddenly caught sight of something I thought to be very bizarre at the time. I could see two beautiful women eating each other and licking each other all over in the most sensuous ways I could imagine. I soon became very horny and decided to masturbate.

After this partial satisfaction, I took a shower. While there, I bent over to pick up the soap and suddenly felt a hand tenderly caressing my balls from behind. I had a lump in my throat as I turned to see what was going on. To my utter amazement, there stood the two gorgeous women whom I had watched earlier!

One of them, a blonde, looked at my now-throbbing cock and said to the other, a brunette, "In the mood for a late-night snack?" and sheepishly smiled at me. She fell to her knees and—just before she inserted my cock into her mouth—said, "My name is Olivia." She then proceeded to give me the best head I had ever had.

Then Lee Ann, the other girl, slid between my legs and raised her mouth to my crotch. She took both of my testicles into her mouth and voluptously tongued me to orgasm.

Olivia then lay spread-eagle on the floor of the shower stall, and her luscious, pink cunt lips seemed to be egging me on. When Lee Ann released my testicles, I wasted no time in pumping my steamy organ into Olivia. Lee Ann, still behind me, put her hands on my ass and spread the cheeks apart. When she gently but deeply inserted her finger, I gasped with delight. She continued in this way while fingering herself, and soon we all came gloriously.

They invited me to sleep with them, and the three of us crowded into a double bed. The rest of the night was spent fucking. I continued to have beautiful sex with these women all through the rest of my college career, and after I graduated, I married Olivia. Lee Ann lives with us, and we have a healthy and happy arrangement.—*Name and address withheld*

Thrills on wheels

It was not unusual for my lover and me to check into a hotel for the sole purpose of making love. Tonight, after dinner, I asked him if we were going home or if we were going to get a room. He suggested, to my surprise, that we do it in the car. I questioned his suggestion, pointing out that it seemed like something done by young people in high school, but I agreed, finally, because I liked making love in strange places, and because he is such a good lover wherever and whenever. I did, however, specify that we find a place sufficiently secluded.

He drove down a deserted road in a new development that seemed as if it would go on forever. As we went farther down the road, I discovered that it was a very quiet cul-de-sac. We then parked the car and proceeded to take off our clothes. He got undressed first, and since I was having a hard time in the cramped space, I got out of the car and undressed outside. The small interior light showed the pleasure on my lover's face. I reentered the car, and we held each other warmly for a few minutes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

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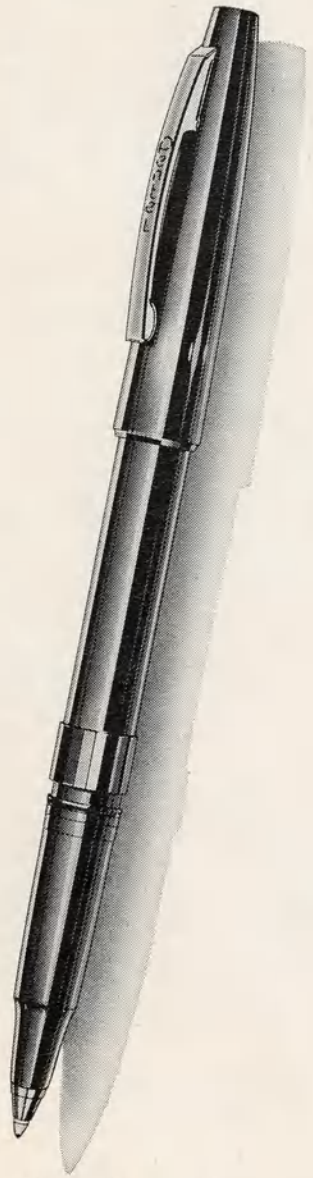

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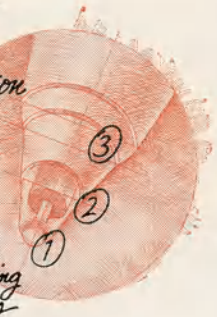

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Nothing new

I wish to take exception to Amitai Etzioni's "Advise & Dissent" for April 1978, "Fighting America's Dishonesty Epidemic." His opening sentence states, "Dishonesty in America is nearing epidemic proportions."

The candy used to be kept in glass cases, the food on shelves behind the counter, and one was waited on but could not help oneself. Then industry put all items within the customer's reach for two reasons: to increase the volume of sales and to reduce the number of employees. All television advertising shows people picking up items and putting them in baskets, but rarely paying for them.

All nations—like all people—that are wealthy always try to hide or downgrade their wealth so that others may not covet it.

Our dishonesty and corruption are only keeping pace with our growing wealth, as has been the case throughout history. To say that dishonesty is reaching epidemic proportions is incorrect. What is correct is that there are highs and lows in human behavior, as there are in business and weather. As a trained sociologist, Etzioni should know all of this and be more scientific in his articles instead of writing what is popular. *This* is one of America's biggest troubles—the overcommercialism of our intelligentsia, the anything for a buck Ph.D.'s.

I have one more point to make about corruption in government. Where have you been? All governments always have been and always will be corrupt.—*M.F., Clarksburg, W. Va.*

Amitai Etzioni's naive prescription emphasizes the highly visible corruption presently being expelled from important national power centers in the wake of Watergate.

The temptation for the powerful to be corrupt is one of the givens of history, whether or not we like it or condone the fact. Paroxysms of outrage against abuses by the powerful are as common in our history as in that of any other democracy. Democracies generally succeed in *displacing* corruption to some other locus of power, to be discovered and punished at a later date.

What is different about America today is the dishonesty and corruption of the weak—indeed, of everyone. It is the cheating on welfare, padding the expense account, "double-dipping" in tax-supported retirement pools, defaulting on subsidized student loans. Since the government owes us all a living, how one takes "his share" is increasingly accepted as a matter of style rather than of law. Those at the economic margin between the "givers" and the "takers" can see little reason not to become "takers," and the circle inexorably widens. The self-flagellation of our nation's leaders is not going to change anything. Only a return to the sense of individual integrity by every man will change the trend to dishonesty.

In the meantime, those unsupervised billions, to which Mr. Etzioni makes only passing reference, are at the root of America's present moral breakdown.—*Carl Hokanson, Encino, Calif.*

Amitai Etzioni should seriously consider getting his ideas put into action. His "Advise & Dissent" about dishonesty was concise, informative, and profound. He really touched on an important problem of our present sociological crisis.

His proposed solutions really show the wellspring of wisdom we have to draw on. Etzioni emphasizes reconciliation, which he clearly defines as sincere repentance on the part of the dishonest, met with compassion.

If his solutions were followed fairly, they would certainly do a hell of a lot of good.—*Joseph Moten, Riverside, Calif.*

Who are the bogeymen?

Tad Szulc's article "Germany Rearms" (April 1978) belongs in your juvenile-fiction section. I presume that he will do a follow-up article entitled "Italy Set to Attack Russia!"

Why is the media so paranoid about Germany when the real threat to a free society is the Soviet Union? Since Szulc and *Penthouse* like to take shots at the CIA and FBI, why not do a piece on the activities of the KGB in the United States? That would be of redeeming value. Someday maybe you guys will reach adulthood in your view of the big, bad world out there.—*G.S., Cincinnati, Ohio*

The media is not alone in being "paranoid" about the implications of German rearmament. Ask any veteran of World War I or World War II. However, if you had been reading Penthouse, *you would be aware that we have published several articles about the way the Soviet Union threatens free society, and, in fact, we are currently preparing an article on the subject of KGB operations in the United States.*

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everything from aardvarks to zebras, we have been intrigued by the Western presence in the "dark continent." A basic lack of respect—some say a lack of economic strength of the indigenous peoples—has produced dangerous and potentially earth-shattering struggles in all parts of Africa: the Sahara, Rhodesia, Somalia, Ethiopia. The list goes on and on. But of all these conflicts, none matches the potential harm that may result from the recently disclosed German rocket-base-lease arrangement in southern Zaire.

Tad Szulc has brought into public view a scenario that sounds more at home in a Fleming or Le Carré novel. The crucial point is that West Germany has not allowed an international or regional inspection of the rocket base. It would appear to be in that country's best interest to allow international (i.e., International Atomic Energy Agency) safeguards and verification procedures to prove that no nuclear testing is being carried out. Even the safeguard principles of the European Atomic Energy Commission, or the West European Union, to which West Germany is obliged to adhere, could be brought into play to force West Germany to reveal its activities. The appearance of Cubans and Soviets in Africa has produced fear of a new international conflagration, and we deserve to know whether or not West Germany has snipped any more from the shortest fuse in the world.—*Michael Blickman, Brighton, Mass.*

From horrible to horrendous

Thank you for enlightening me and many others regarding "The First Hundred Lies of Jimmy Carter" by Craig S. Karpel (April 1978).

I'm not interested in politics, but this article did shock me. We eighty-sixed Nixon for his lies and cover-ups in the Watergate episode. Are we going from horrible to horrendous? What do we do about a superliar? I'm sick to my stomach. The United States is such a rich and beautiful country, and we help so many nations; yet how can other countries trust us if we don't find a suitable president to represent us?

I'm sure there are many others who are sick of the garbage in the leadership of our country. What can be done?—*K.O., National City, Calif.*

I am writing in reference to the article (at least it is labeled as such, not as fiction) by Craig Karpel about the "lies" of President Carter.

I am not in any position to check into the reliability of Mr. Karpel in all his allegations, nor, do I believe, does Mr. Karpel *want* us to check too carefully. But I have something to say about two of the "lies."

The first is number eighty-five, concerning the tax forms. I sincerely believe that this year's forms *are* easier, but that is a subjective opinion. But isn't Mr. Karpel's opinion on this matter also subjective? The second question concerns "lie" number eighty and the procedures involved in making federal appointments. Mr. Karpel has probably conveniently forgotten the rule played by Congress in presidential appointments, which is that Congress must concur before the appointment is finalized. This means, in effect, that senators from a particular state in which an appointment is to be made can literally dictate the name of the candidate the president nominates.

If just these two are indicative of the research done by Mr. Karpel, I respectfully suggest that someone has played an early "trick or treat" with his brains and ethics.—*C.D.R., Westminster, Calif.*

Reading Craig Karpel's article about the lies of Jimmy Carter has prompted me to make this observation.

I would like to offer credit—sometimes overlooked in times of controversy and struggles between powers—and a pat on the back to the Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights. They are the basis of a system that allows a publication to run an article such as "The First Hundred Lies of Jimmy Carter" and the whole Cartergate series.

Political philosophy will go in opposing directions, but what shall never die is the positive spirit that flies with freedom of communication. As long as I can read in a national magazine an article stating that maybe our president is screwing us, I still have faith in America, knowing that the

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ballgame has not been rained out. Thank you.—*S.G., Stockton, Calif.*

Inside lookin' out

I am presently about to appeal a decision made by the federal district court for the middle district of Pennsylvania concerning conjugal visits. This case (*Walentukonis v. Governor Shapp* #77-890 M.D.C.), although brought before the courts of many other states, was the first of its kind to hit the courts of Pennsylvania.

I feel that strong support is needed before I can make some truly effective appeal of this case. I am hoping that your readers can help me gain that needed support by writing me letters on this issue. I am writing to your publication because I feel that a much more aware and concerned individual reads *Penthouse* than reads other men's magazines. As a prisoner, I know for sure that *Penthouse* is one of the most passed-around magazines within any institution.

I feel that the issue of conjugal visits should be considered very important. It seems a shame that in an era when society is growing more open and aware of all types of sexual mores, the biological needs of certain individuals can be ignored and denied.

I am asking that those readers who feel that conjugal visits should be an option available to prisoners write a letter to me expressing their views. And to those readers who are currently serving time, may I suggest that you ask your wife or girl friend to write me as well.

There are certain individuals at this institution who are ready to donate all their time to working on this project. Our funds are very low (we receive a maximum pay of sixty cents a day), but we are using this money to pay for postage in mailing out letters. It is hoped that we may begin to gain some support from the outside.—*Albert Walentukonis K3832, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652*

It was with wry envy that I read Oregon inmate Richard Stone's letter in the January 1978 "Feedback," regarding his experience in fighting the Oregon prison's censorship of your publication *Forum*. After nearly seventeen years' experience with the Texas prison authorities, I simply cannot imagine a prisoner's not obtaining a reasonable and *reasoned* hearing for a challenge to an administrative decision!

Texas is one of the final holdouts for a restricted mailing list (we may write only to ten "approved" persons), the reading of all outgoing mail (to the media, attorneys, friends, and family), and the incredible censorship of countercultural, political, and sexually explicit publications. Just this month Texas prisoners have completed a massive class-action lawsuit challenging such abusive and archaic censorship within the massive fifteen-unit, 22,000-inmate Texas prison system. The final judgment is not yet in, but already this lawsuit has cost the taxpayers of Texas more than $138,000 in attorney's fees, thanks to the irresponsible Texas prison administration.

As an example of Texas's "professional penal administrators'" anachronistic decision making, the December 1977 *Penthouse* was censored because it showed "sexual conduct in violation of state law." *That* speaks volumes about Texas and its prisons.

I subscribe to a number of periodicals, some of which focus on leftish political interests, prison issues, and the like. Texas authorities dislike the political publications but realize that they have no *legal* justification for rejecting them; therefore, the political publications simply don't reach me, and I receive no notice of censorship, as is required by prison rules and the law. Publishers confirm regular mailings to me of the publications. I, too, have been forced to mount a lawsuit challenging this ridiculous, abusive, and certainly unprofessional practice—and the people of Texas will, as usual, pay for the costs of maintaining this anachronistic prison administration.

I have *never* enjoyed the fabulous appeal response described by reader Stone in the Oregon prison system. I admit that I envy his opportunity to serve time in a responsible prison system, and I vow to exert diligent efforts in order to help the state of Texas move in that direction.—*Aubrey Komurke, Texas Department of Corrections, Huntsville, Tex.*

I am currently a prisoner at the Tulsa County Jail. I'm charged with robbing a local bank and church as well as with escaping from another correctional center, where I was serving fifteen years for armed robbery. I have been in prison here in Tulsa since December 1967.

I intend to ask the state to sentence me to death rather than send me back to a worthless life in prison. I hope that my request to the courts will bring attention to the subhuman conditions of Oklahoma penal institutions and, as far as I know, of all other prisons in the United States as well.

This is not just a stunt on my part to get my name in the news. I intend to take my own life if the court denies my request. I would like the public to know why I am doing this. I hope that if I can tell people what this country's penal system is doing (and not doing), my voice may help bring about prison reform. The Oklahoma prisoners, with the aid of the American Civil Liberties Union, have been asking the state to cut down prison population and upgrade the conditions in the institutions. The Federal District Court has given orders to do so, but the litigation goes on, and nothing is improving. One man who was out on bond hanged himself this week rather than return to this prison.

I would greatly appreciate it if *Penthouse* would print this letter. I would like my life and death to have some meaning more than merely a four-line notice in the local newspaper that another convict has gone down the tube.—*G.P.R., Tulsa, Okla.*

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MOANS & GROANS

Truly, one of life's most interesting aspects is ironies. And I do believe *Penthouse* has found itself in one. After Craig S. Karpel's excellent "Cartergate" series and, specifically, his Brzezinski articles (December and January), you were so concerned about the future of our Democratic system that you published a form letter for all of us to follow in writing to our congressmen and senators. Your letter expressed outrage over the facts brought out in the Karpel piece. Bravo! I commend your efforts.

There is, however, a bunch of "constructively malleable" pacified potatoheads out there, and you, my friends, have done your little bit to keep them that way. That's right; so tell them to take as much time to write letters to their government representatives as they did in looking at their new *Penthouse* Pet-of-the-Year poster. Tell them that there are more important things in life than beauty, and that right now writing those letters may just save their necks. Tell them to read the Cartergate series just as closely as they do such articles as "The Skins of Peggy," and that while Brooke Shields may be the new twelve-year-old sex symbol, Zbigniew Brzezinski is working to control their lives. After your readers dream up new fantasies for the "Forum" section, perhaps they could take time to go to the library, where in the history section they can see for themselves that America is one of the few remaining democracies.

I find it ironic that in the same publication where you print informative exposés of political corruption, you print so much sexual entertainment that your readers spend more time gratifying themselves with it than in sending out the letter you provide for them. You cry out that you are outraged. How outraged are you? Enough to dedicate your magazine to articles on American freedom, rather than perverted incest stories and naked women? No, you are not; you will, I am sure, continue with your mind-deadening pornography.

Believe me, the people who are fighting for freedom in this country and winning it are grass-roots people. They believe in God, and your magazine is not a part of their lives. Your magazine, as far as I am concerned, is as damaging to this country as Mr. Brzezinski's twisted mind.—*Name and address withheld*

Judging from the response to our "Cartergate" series, our readers are not "pacified potatoheads," nor do we agree that the pictures in Penthouse *are "mind-deadening pornography." Human relationships and the enjoyment of our sexuality are just as much a part of life as the "twisted minds" of some of the people in power in our country are. One of the reasons why* Penthouse *magazine is so successful is that our readers find both entertainment and enlightenment within its pages.*

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"It's a bad omen that she remained a virgin until the age of twenty-six, and I really can't understand why a sexually aggressive man would marry a virgin."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a twenty-two-year-old engaged girl, and my problem is my fiancé's old girl friend, Susan. Jerry dated both of us over a period of several months, and he finally gave an engagement ring to me.

The problem is that he has continued to see her and has brought her into our relationship in a way that makes Susan and me direct competitors sexually. Susan still wants him, and he talked both her and me into a three-way after we were engaged. The three-way happens two or more times a week, and Susan and I wind up in marathon sixty-nine contests with each other everytime we get in bed with Jerry. He generally fucks both of us after we have gotten him up orally and then sits back, or even falls asleep, while she and I get it on in a sex session that is more of a fight than an expression of genuine, affectionate lovemaking between two people.

Both Susan and I have tried to "take" the other sexually and have really turned on for each other in bed. It has come down to a question of whether she is going to master me sexually or whether I'm going to dominate her. I hate Susan, to tell the truth, but I don't want to get into a big catfight with her, since every catfight I've ever seen or heard about got pretty bloody, and the guy ended up losing interest in both girls.

Susan and I are getting pretty heavily into each other and are actually meeting during the day to confront each other. When I say "confront," I mean that we meet and quarrel and insult one another regarding Jerry's and our own sexual abilities. This leads to a testing of one another's kisses, then a feeling of breasts, and then an eventual strip-down. After this long buildup, we make it together orally. Xaviera, I come during these suck-offs, and so does Susan. She hates me as much as I hate her, but the enjoyment we both get is obvious, in spite of the rivalry. We are both aggressive, and it has become a contest of stamina and determination between us to see who is the better woman. Jerry is aware of the situation, and he says we have to settle this ourselves. In fact, he has said that if we want to "fight it out," we can. But Susan is no more eager to fight me than I am to fight her, and for the same reasons—we are too evenly matched, and both of us would be hurt badly. When we have met without Jerry and dueled sexually, each of us has bit the other's tits hard enough to hurt, just as a warning that we are each capable of an alley-cat scrap for Jerry. The situation is really down and dirty between us. For example, neither she nor I bathe before we meet, and we have gotten into whole-body tongue baths. Some of these sessions last as long as three to four hours.

Xaviera, is Jerry being fair with me? I know I have to fight to hold my man, but will I have to eat cunts and be eaten by the woman I hate in order to hold him? Have you any experience with this type of battle? To tell the truth, I'd do anything with her for a year straight if I could beat her at the end of it and get Jerry for myself.—Anita.

Does your masochism know no bounds? You obviously feel that you should be punished for any sexual pleasure derived; hence the relationship with Susan.

Personally, I don't think anyone should have to fight for her man. That's not how you hold on to people. Instead of fighting, try a little love. It could be that you'll lose Jerry, but if this guy gets his rocks off by watching you and some former girl friend fight, is he really worth the hassle? Somehow I get the feeling that you enjoy the fighting more than the loving and that in the end you just want to beat Susan out of a boyfriend. Period.

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

TOO TIGHT TO HANDLE

My wife and I have been married for about fifteen years, and there's something fundamentally wrong with our sex life. We are not inactive in the slightest. But this particular problem is one I've not heard of—at least, not exactly.

My wife is incapable of accepting more than minimal penetration. Her vaginal depth is only about four inches. (I am not a stud by any means—I'm the normal six inches.) Yet she has a fixation about large organs. Evidently, she either saw some porn photos at a very early age, which impressed her greatly, or she was initiated at an early age into believing the popular notion, "Large is good, larger is even better, and huge is best!" My own view is that large phalluses are at best only a visual turn-on and that, given a normal penis and effective techniques in touching, kissing, fondling, caressing, and proper clitoral stimulation, there should be little need for a bizarre-sized supercock.

Even though she can't even accommodate the full length of my cock, she insists that if I only had more, she would then be able to reach the sort of superorgasm she has heard about but never achieved.

She reaches orgasm every time we have sex, most of the time more than once. Her pulse and breathing rate accelerate, she gets goose pimples and elevated nipples, and she scratches the hell out of my back and loses all her inhibitions. Sometimes she lapses into some of the filthiest language imaginable. This is certainly indicative of orgasm, and I am sure that she fully enjoys the experience, as I do.

I've pointed out that even if John Holmes himself were to screw her, she could not handle him, because of her vaginal limitations. But she persists in the notion that if a huge cock were involved, she would somehow be triggered into some miraculous physical expansion and would be able to handle it, no matter how long or thick the prick might be. We have one film showing John Holmes, and she's practically worn it out. Whenever she mentions Holmes, her eyes bug wide with excitement. This is why I call her preoccupation with giant cocks a fixation—and an unhealthy one.

We tried marriage counseling, and the therapist told her exactly what I did, but she did not believe it. She insisted that he was just parroting an old line, which she believes was deliberately invented in order to help underendowed guys overcome their hang-ups. I showed her, in Gray's Anatomy, *that the normal vagina, although quite flexible, cannot expand without some finite limit, and that perhaps seven inches is the maximum. But she won't even believe the medical authorities.*

We do love each other, but this thing has begun to come between us. I desperately want to make her happy, but at this point I'm on the verge of getting a certain friend of mine who has a really tremendous prick to come over and give her a screwing, just to prove that her ideas are illogical and unrealistic. But I'm starting to wonder whether I'm the one who's wrong. Suppose, by some quirk, she's right about all this? Suppose my friend's big dick finally does produce some sort of superorgasm for her? Even if he doesn't succeed in penetrating her any deeper than I do (which, I'm sure, will be the case), perhaps the mere idea that she is being fucked by this massive penis may trigger something. If this happens, I'm afraid I'll lose her.

Please try to help. I'd be grateful for any suggestions you might have.—Larry.

You've tried every imaginable solution except that of your friend with the big cock. Why not try ignoring her remarks about big cocks? It's her fantasy, and, obviously, in view of normal vaginal size, this whole fixation is going to stay just that—a fantasy.

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

I manage a pharmacy in a small southern town that is a short distance from a major university, and it is not unusual to see some very beautiful coeds in my store. One evening, when business was slow, I sent the clerks home early and was preparing to lock up for the night when this particularly striking blonde walked directly up to the counter to have a new prescription for birth control pills filled. In such instances it is a standing joke among members of my profession to volunteer aid in demonstrating the effectiveness of the product. However, not knowing this particular girl, I refrained from making this quip.

After my filling the prescription and explaining to her the correct way to take the pills, she looked very confused. She explained to me in a very soft and cooing voice that her doctor had changed the strength of her pills and that she was concerned about their safety. As she was saying this, she leaned far over the counter, affording me an unobstructed view of her perfectly formed breasts. By this time I was still valiantly trying to maintain a professional manner, but when she walked around the counter and began to rub her thigh between mine, I knew it was time to throw professionalism out of the way. She whispered softly into my ear that it seemed like it was definitely time to lock up the store for the night.

By the time I had locked the front door and turned around, she had slipped out of her skimpy blouse and was pulling her cutoffs down her long, silky legs. Seeing the terrific bulge in my pants, she deftly freed my eight-inch penis, dropped to her knees, and immediately took the entire shaft into her mouth. After a few minutes of giving me the best head of my twenty-seven years, I steered her to my office and closed the door. My office is very Spartan, consisting mainly of a large desk and chair, but as far as we were concerned, it could have been a triple-sized bed. Having always been a breast man, I slowly licked her beautiful globes and large nipples. Then I gently worked my way down to her soft blonde muff and soon had her groaning and writhing to a quick climax.

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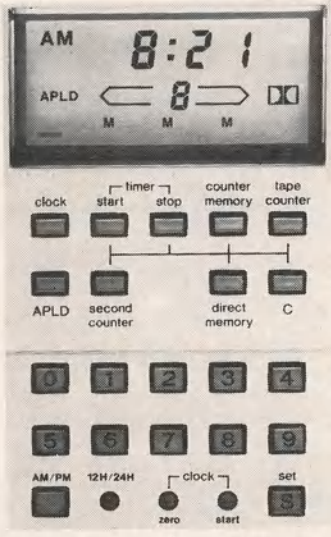

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Being more a person of action than of words, she leaned back onto the desk, raised her legs over my shoulders, and easily accepted my first thrust, gripping me tightly with those magnificent legs. With perfect rhythm and timing, we both reached a terrific climax. She then knelt before me and expertly brought my limp cock back to attention, at which time I turned her around. After I had lubricated her anus with a combination of love juices, I reamed her ass with my rigid cock. This was apparently a first for her, because she seemed startled, but she quickly settled down—or over—and thoroughly enjoyed it.

I haven't heard from her since, but I hope she returns for a "refill."—A.F.

Occupational hazards like this should happen to every pharmacist!

I invite my readers to write in other anecdotes regarding "occupational hazards." Every job must have its unique fringe benefits!

LARGER THAN THOU

Since reading the January issue of Penthouse, *my wife and I have developed a mutual complex. As yet it's not serious, but it has definitely affected our love life. I have never really thought about the size of my cock, but I know it's somewhat smaller than average when compared with those of other guys in the shower and locker room. But I'm only five feet seven inches, so that it is about what one would expect. Besides, I've always heard a smaller cock gets proportionally larger when erect than does a larger cock; so the locker room peeks never bothered me.*

Anyway, while reading the January issue, my wife and I began to note the sizes of cocks mentioned. The average size seemed to be over eight and a half inches, which is alarmingly larger than my six inches. (When a definite size isn't mentioned in your magazine, it's always the "enormous" or "huge" cock.)

As an experiment, I purchased a nine-inch dildo that was over two inches in diameter, which seemed to be about the average size shown in the display case. The thought of accepting a large cock excited my wife, Carol, but evidently not enough to take the entire nine inches. She took six and a half inches easily, but after this it became uncomfortable and then painful. The results of our experiment showed that Carol could not successfully take Penthouse's *smallest man. Are we both that much smaller than normal and lucky to have found one another? Please help us and let us know what the dimensions of the average cock are and what the average woman should be able to handle.*—Worried.

There is an old adage that goes, It is not the gun but the gunner that counts. In most cases, this holds true. You also ought to remember that most people tend to exaggerate their penile size. Taking an educated guess, I'd say that eight inches is no average cock. That's pretty big. Six inches is what I'd call average.

You're right, though, regarding the growing power of a small penis. Sometimes a nonerect penis has the ability, or should I say capacity, to grow three times its original size. Larger penises tend to grow harder but not longer.

Some women get very turned on by seeing a particularly large, thick cock, even though being penetrated by such a tremendous organ would be painful to them. The controversy regarding big and small penises is all in the mind—yours and hers.

AS THE NOSE BLOWS

I'm writing this on the off chance that you or any of your readers might have heard of a peculiarity I have. Ever since I started fantasizing sexually, at about twelve years old, I've noticed that thinking of sex makes me sneeze. I know a lot of people will think I'm making this up, but it's true! Usually, this doesn't happen until, in my fantasy, whatever man I'm thinking about begins to fondle my breasts. At that point I'll always sneeze two or three times; then I can go on with my fantasy. I might add that having a man touch my breasts turns me on more than any other thing does, and sometimes I think I could be completely satisfied by just that.

I am twenty-six years old and happily married, and years of both fantasizing and making love don't seem to diminish this weird habit. No matter how often I think of sex this way, I still sneeze. What is strange is that sometimes the sneezes seem to affect me all the way down to my vagina, and they can be very pleasant—almost tingly, in fact.

The only corollary to this I've ever heard was when I read that the sneeze is related more closely than any other bodily function to orgasm. The article didn't go into detail, but I've always remembered that and have wondered if that has anything to do with my peculiarity. I can't complain about it—like I said, it can be very pleasurable. I don't usually tell people about this, because I'm sure that anytime I sneezed they would assume I was fantasizing—and they would usually be right! But I am very curious to know if anyone has heard of, or goes through, anything similar to this. Can you shed any light on this problem?—Lynn.

Several years ago I suffered frequently from hiccups. Surprising enough, my lover at the time would really turn on to these attacks of mine. Even though it was tiring for me, I must say I enjoyed sex more during those special hiccuping sessions. Another friend of mine starts laughing when he reaches an orgasm. In fact, his laughter is so loud and frenzied that he practically falls out of bed when he comes.

Sneezing, yawning, and laughing are symptoms one can hardly control. They all come rather naturally, and, whatever the

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MORE OR LESS?

I guess I've been putting this letter off for some time now. I'm an eighteen-year-old male, just out of high school, and a virgin. I guess that's not too rare a case. I'm not frightfully shy around females. In fact, I feel very good and happy when I'm around a girl I like. I do have one fear, though. When I was a sophomore in high school, I somehow developed a blood clot in one of my testicles. After a few days, my doctors agreed that the testicle had to be removed. I just didn't know what to think. Right then, all I could picture was how I'd compare with my friends. None of them know of the operation, but I know they wonder why my relationships with girls end so fast.

Today I'm left with a sack half the size of everyone else's. Whenever I like a girl now, my confidence does a nose dive when I imagine the expression on her face or the thoughts running through her mind when she finds out about me. I know that many girls find me attractive. It makes me feel good, but the compliments don't really give me the confidence that any person should have about himself.

Xaviera, please give me your thoughts on this. Also, the other day I overheard a man at work quietly talking to the guy next to him (they were in their mid-fifties) about a relative having a plastic testicle made. Is this possible, and would I look normal if I had such an operation? Could the fact that one testicle was fake remain a secret of mine?—Andy.

In my experiences I've come across two men who have sported just one ball apiece. With each of the men sex was really a rather kinky experience, but I enjoyed it all the more for the differences.

Actually, one-testicle men are not all that uncommon. Many men have just one ball because at birth one of their testicles never descended. If you think this is an insurmountable problem, do see a plastic surgeon. But you are young. In time I think you'll realize that this misfortune is one of life's lesser problems.

A SATYR IN THE LIVING ROOM

I have been married for one year. Frank is twenty-four and in the navy, and I'm twenty-two. I love him a lot. We have a great relationship, can talk about anything, and are very open with each other. We make love very often—sometimes three or four times a day. (We might be doing it for two hours, and a half hour later Frank is ready for round two.)

My only problem is that he is always *horny! I could make it with him in the morning (on the balcony before the sun rises), at noon (he makes a special trip home for lunch), or at night (while stirring supper). I can't count how many times we have ended up going out to eat because the supper has burned. One time we were late for dinner at his parents' home when we had to pull off the highway and get it on in the tall grass. He wants more and more, and the funny thing is that he is serious and can do it, too. I thought I was oversexed until I met him. I love to be with him, but thirty to fifty times a week is more than enough for me. I know sailors are known for their "extra duties," but this is getting out of hand. I cannot give Frank any more than I already do—the week just isn't long enough. Please tell me if there is something wrong with me or with him.*—Sore.

What is your husband, some kind of a sadist? Satyriasis is one thing, but to have sex with a woman when you know it's causing her pain is quite another. There are orifices other than the vagina that can work to satisfy a man. If even these prove painful in the end, then reacquaint your husband with his right hand.

BED OF ICE

I'm twenty-eight years old, six feet one inch, of average weight and build, and have a fairly sizable cock. I've been to college and have several degrees, including a graduate degree. I got married about a year ago to a very beautiful girl who is twenty-six. Jill is perfectly built, and there is nothing I can say to fault her beauty. However, our sex life is growing worse as each day goes by.

Prior to our marriage, I had been around and had made it with several chicks. My wife, on the other hand, was a virgin. Her first and only man was me. During the first months of marriage we made love about three times a week, but now it is down to the outrageous figure of about once or twice a month. My wife claims that she likes sex and wants it, but each time that I start to make a move, she tends to balk.

I'm a horny male and would do it each day if I could, but Jill will usually make up some excuse why she won't make love. If we start making out on the couch or in a car, she stops the action (and the mood) by saying such things as "Let's go in the bedroom, where it's more comfortable." I don't mind where I make love. If I want to love my wife, the exact location shouldn't make any difference.

In bed things get even worse. On the rare occasions when sex seems imminent and I start to play with her, she'll invariably put her legs close together or push my hand away. I may try to go down on her and taste her pussy, but she'll push me away or say no because she hasn't showered.

About once out of every four times that we do start to have sex, she'll give me a blowjob that may last all of two or three minutes. I don't come, and to this day she will not allow me to come in her mouth. She doesn't think she will care for the taste—that is why the sucking lasts only a couple of minutes. In bed, after a couple of French

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

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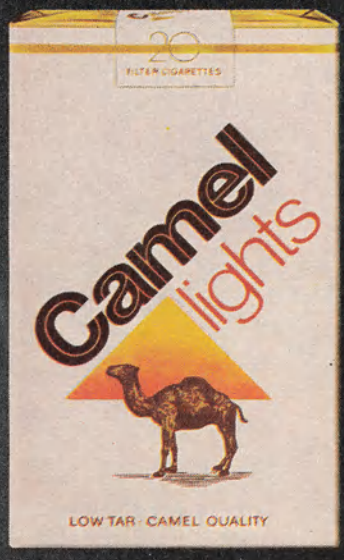

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE FAME JUNKIES

BY DAVID DALTON

Fame isn't what it used to be. Once upon a time, to be famous you had to write a *Ulysses*, discover the atomic bomb, or be the first person to fly across the Atlantic Ocean. People today sign autographs, show up on TV award shows, and give out interviews to *US* magazine, and we call it *fame*.

Our television sets spew out an inexhaustible stream of instant celebrities. The Fonz, Cher, Robert Blake, Farrah Fawcett, John Travolta, Nick Nolte, Suzanne Sommers, are the fast foods of our time. They are harmless, digestible, dispensable, and make no demands on us. The current celebrity diet may not be as nutritious as the epic offerings of Hollywood in its heyday or of rock's golden age, but what it lacks in quality and substance it makes up for in quantity and ease of consumption. "We do it all for you." Thus the consummate form of entertainment: the celebrity snack.

Farrah, for example, is an ideal two-dimensional product. After a two-year media blitz, what is really known about Farrah Fawcett-Majors? Her fans are relieved that there seem to be no hidden depths, that she does not burden them with cosmic questions or a turbulent inner life. She personifies mediocrity. She is an accessory to her own hair and teeth. "Our image banks are emptied out, and we have no fun in our lives. Mediocrity is something we badly need," explains publicist Connie De Nave, who helped bring in the age of "American Bandstand" and the Rolling Stones. "We pick a Farrah Fawcett because she is *not significant*. She had nothing to do with our life-style. We relate to Farrah and Cher because they are frivolous. Cher was ostracized seven years ago. We are attracted to her now because she is absolutely fucked up. Her life is one big spilt bottle of milk on the kitchen floor."

Scandalmongering initially reappeared in the guise of camp. Rex Reed was acceptable because he seemed to be such a parody of the old Hollywood gossip mill. He qualified as a put-on, even as a creature of nostalgia. There has always been a market for the basic scandal sheets and their outrageous claim on other realities: psychic dogs, extraterrestrial housewives, helpful hints for the hereafter, celebrity debris, and superstar sufferings. Magazines catering to celebrity junkies have proliferated in the past few years (supermarkets not being complete without them) and branched out into reporting on underground fame (*Image* magazine), gay fame (*After Dark*), gourmet fame (Andy Warhol's *Interview*), at long last entering the mainstream with the rise of such overtly voguish personality publications as *People* and *US*.

Time, Inc., suspecting an untapped market after the demise of *Life* magazine, spent more than $1.5 million on *People* over a period of two years to ferret out the new audience, which might be described as one of closet celebrity consumers. To these potential readers, owning a copy of the *National Enquirer* or *The Star* was much the same as being caught with hard-core porn.

There is no way that writing about the innocuously famous can be made to look completely respectable. But, as with pornography, it is possible to package it discreetly. Still, there is a certain amount of embarrassment involved in the process, and the editors of *People* and *US* oblige their readers by being as coy about peddling their soft-core gossip as their readers were initially about buying it. They have bent over backwards to achieve a paradoxical blend of taste and trash. *People*'s cover stories, stifled into cool, sans serif headlines, are often so anticlimactic ("Barry Manilow is Depressed") as to seem utterly pointless; and the most vituperative department of the magazine, tucked away on the last page, is quaintly called "Chatter." The contortions that both *People* and *US* put themselves through to disguise their prurient interest in celebrities verge on the ludicrous. "The pretense with *People* magazine," comments media consultant Barbara Gittler, "is that it's about plain folks. They want to use stars without giving them their due. They do a story about Farrah Fawcett and Lee Majors, and they make it into a story about jogging—can you imagine?—so nobody would think they were doing a story on Farrah Fawcett and Lee Majors again. All you know from that magazine story is that they got her up really early in the morning."

The laundering of fame would seem to be somewhat of a self-defeating endeavor. On the contrary, this new genre has flourished precisely because it plays on the hypocrisy of the public. The white-washed-dirt formula has been so wildly successful that it has spread like a communicable disease. Hence there is a full-fledged celebrity epidemic, to which few publications are entirely immune. Women's magazines were the first victims. *McCall's, Ladies Home Journal,* and *Good Housekeeping* have shamelessly abandoned their traditional formats to cover Cher, Cheryll, Farrah, and Fonda under the pretext of fashion, feminism, or relevance. The *Village Voice*, front and back page, is splattered with socialites and rock fetish figures, and cult stars and established personalities now

dominate the covers of *Rolling Stone*.

We have celebrity couples, celebrity siblings, celebrity bowling, celebrity cookie cutters, celebrity costume jewelers, celebrity junior jockeys, celebrity disco domos, celebrity sheets, celebrity coiffeurs, celebrity cosmetics . . . Celebrities are stuffed just about anywhere they will fit: on all the top-rating game shows, on so-called roasts, on the numerous new award shows, in movies based around cameo appearances (*Sgt. Pepper, The Wiz*), and in *roman à clef* potboilers like *The Users*, *The Greek*, and the latter's sequel, *The Widow* (guess who?).

"The Gong Show": celebrities without talent.

Celebrity pandering is nowhere more insidious than in the news media. Jackie O. and Liz, in "celebrity insets," vie for attention with hard news on the front page of New York's only evening newspaper, the *New York Post*, while headline-hijacking terrorists co-opt the airwaves by employing the oldest trick of Hollywood press agentry, the publicity stunt. (Belgian kidnappers recently admitted, on the ABC evening news, that they did it not for political protest or money but for the publicity!) For the purposes of promotion, news commentators, too, have had to become celebrities—and at the price of an eroding journalism. To say that a newscaster "is his own best story" is to make the news a mere pretext for the personality who is delivering it.

The cult of pure personality, stripped of talent and function, dooms us to a steady diet of mediocrity. *The Gong Show*, for example, works on the principle that one can become a celebrity by *not having* talent. In the place of true stars, we have their diminutives: superstars and celebrities. In Marshall McCluhan's mediated definition—"someone who is well known for being well known"—celebrity is simply a function of one's recognition factor: personality to the power two. In an age of superaccelerated personalities, the media acts as a celebrity cyclotron, franchising fame and fortune at an ever-increasing velocity. We may not be approaching that future prophesied by Andy Warhol wherein everybody will be famous for fifteen minutes, but perhaps we will see the time when fame, once the stuff of saints and kings, will be a fifteen-minute flash.

Americans have become a nation of fame junkies. The appetite for celebrities has become voracious because this phantom drug, neither connected to need nor concerned with reality, is chronically unsatisfying. If the great stars of the past could not purge us of our fantasies but only betrayed their obsessive presence, our current cravings betray a more sinister symptom: acute cultural addiction.

SCENES

THUS SPAKE RHODA

There was a time, back when Norman Lear still had all his hair, when television comedies were supposed to make you laugh. Now they are supposed to make you think. Edith Bunker has a lump on her breast. Rhoda sues for a divorce to improve her ratings. Walter Findlay is an alcoholic. Daughter Julie disrupts the "One Day at a Time" household by running off to spread her seventeen-year-old knees in the back of a hippie van. And what is that white stuff J.J. is sticking up his nose? Va-va-va-voom, indeed.

It's what we might call freeze-dried reality, and in all current situation comedies, the primary gesture toward this brand of realism is the sexual innuendo. In this respect, our television comedies are descended from that postwar film genre known in the lofty parlance of Hollywood as Screwball Sex. You know—Rock Hudson hailing a cab, naked except for a lady's mink coat, as a nearby doorman comments upon the questionable stability of Mr. Hudson's sexuality.

But television has rendered the sexual innuendo disreputable through unrelenting infantilism. When I was in the eighth grade, the little redheaded boy who sat across from me carried with him at all times one of those directional pamphlets included in every box of Kotex. Every once in a while, he would press it into my palm and giggle with gross enthusiasm. He and the well-worn pamphlet vanished from my life a year or so later. Not long ago I discovered that he was writing treatments for situation comedies.

The first Screwball Sex series on television was "Love American Style," which appeared on ABC in 1969, giving America its first televised birth-control humor. Then there was "All in the Family," which gave us not only fuck jokes but also shit jokes. These days it is rare to encounter a comedy episode that does not encounter a handful of references to, as the immortal Bud Abbott would have had it, hiding the salami. A recent showing of "Maude" had neighbor Vivian mistakenly fucking her husband Ar-

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Valerie Harper as Rhoda: freeze-dried reality.

UPI

Norman Lear with the Bunkers: marketing the sexual innuendo.

thur's twin brother. All episodes of "Three's Company" center on impotence jokes. And let us not forget the homosexual beau on "Alice."

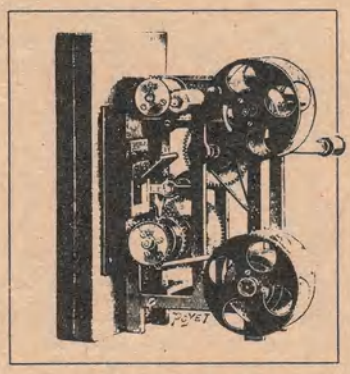
There are the high-class comedy series, too. The first time I heard about "M*A*S*H" was at a rooftop party in New York, and my informant was a gentleman from Boston, a professor of some hideous liberal art, who repeated, again and again, while spilling vodka onto his vest and trying to nestle his woolen elbow into my wife's bosom, that TV had finally come of age and that "M*A*S*H" was the blossom of that maturity (I do not use his own words; they were dull beyond conceit). So there I sat a week later, watching "M*A*S*H," the formula of which is: horny scene, poignant scene (injured soldier looks to chaplain, says, "I killed three people. I saw their eyes, Father. I just don't want to kill anymore"), horny scene. Never before in my travels throughout the world and parts of Arkansas had I seen so many foot soldiers with capped teeth. What has become of the carefree prisoners of war, the colorful Nazis of "Hogan's Heroes"?

In the sixties there were situation comedies, such as "Family Affair" and "Julia," that one would have to watch for seasons on end before encountering a single intentional joke. (I can still see Brian Keith ambling about, silently, tersely hemorrhoidal, as someone looking for misplaced Valiums at three o'clock in the morning. "Yes, Mr. French," one could almost hear him thinking, "you may sleep with me tonight. Shh, we musn't wake Buffy.") Now we have situation comedies in which every utterance strives to create laughter. Thus Rhoda and Brenda, flinging one-liners at each other in a frenzy that resembles something like Methedrine poisoning.

I think that most who watch situation comedies do so with the same passion with which they comparison-shop for toilet tissue. I think we need to return to the naked tummy and "Oh, master!" of "I Dream of Jeannie." I believe my first glimpse of Tuesday Weld on "Dobie Gillis" irreparably damaged my ability to deal with the opposite sex. There is more, much more. Of "Fish" I dare not even speak.—*Nick Tosches*

Jeannie: "Oh, master!"

FILMS



ALL IN THE FAMILY

When ***The Fury*** opened last March, some reviewers decided, what the hell, they were through knocking Brian DePalma's movies as sensationalism. They would give into this one and accept that, whatever nonsense it made, it was "fun."

I'm intrigued by how and when some movie reviewers determine they are having "fun," but it seems to me that, for anyone who takes DePalma seriously—and therefore really thinks he's fun—*The Fury*, after films like *Sisters, Obsession*, and, above all, *Carrie*, must be a genuine disappointment. Indeed, it looks a lot like "Carrie II" or "Daughter of Carrie," exactly the kind of sequel a director as good as DePalma wouldn't have to do—complete with Amy Irving, *Carrie*'s sole teenage survivor, to carry on the telekinetic torch. Nothing inherently wrong with that. But after a certain point in *The Fury*, things and people start to bump, bleed, whirl, fly, and explode without much more apparent purpose than to show that what's been done before can be done bigger again.

Yet at some level *The Fury* does make sense—"nonsense" horror films usually do—and at any level, it's an impressive movie at least part of the time. I'd mention some not so minor things, like the evocative and lovely John Williams musical score of the subaqueous look of Richard Kline's photography. DePalma means to combine foreboding with a nostalgia for the ordinary, and he does it—partly through music and cinematography—by creating a world that is beautiful in the very moods that suggest its doom.

All the acting is careful, sometimes better: Kirk Douglas as a clever and resourceful father searching for his kidnapped teenage son (Andrew Stevens); John Cassavetes as the evil U.S. government man who spirited that son away; Amy Irving as the prep-school girl with psychic powers whom Douglas wants to help him find his boy and whom Cassavetes wants for his own power-wielding ends; Fiona Lewis and Carol Rossen as two attractive young psychiatrists who innocently or not so innocently manipulate the kids in accordance with government wishes; and perhaps especially the totally winning Carrie Snodgrass as a nurse who loves Douglas and helps Amy Irving, and who dies, halfway through, in the film's most senseless sacrifice of human believability to the plot-line demand for general destruction.

With Carrie Snodgrass's death, *The Fury* seems to lose its intelligence, the feeling for what comes next that keeps a horror film moving despite all improbabilities. Amy Irving, disturbed because she's able, just by thought waves, to make toy trains run and to make her schoolmates bleed, commits herself to the Paragon Institute, a plush Chicago haven for the psy-

Cassavetes as kidnapper.

chically gifted that is in fact a testing tank for some wild (and essentially unexplained) telepathic projects of an "Agency" that nobody ever identifies as the CIA. Entering the institute seems an interesting process. Escaping from it becomes a superheated bore, full of fast action in slow motion, imitation gore, all the "balletic" ways of killing on screen that any director should have exorcised via *The Wild Bunch* back in the 1960s.

The escape unites Amy Irving with Kirk Douglas, unites the two story lines, which best touch one another so long as they stay somewhat apart: a father searching for his lost son, a young girl frightened by her power to destroy. In one form or another, these themes have run through all the recent DePalma movies. The separation of parents from children becomes a metaphor for betrayal, and revenge for that betrayal, connected with adolescent sexuality, is inevitably devastating. By the end of *The Fury*, it is enough to hear an adult say "I'll be a good father to you" or just "I promise" to know that all hell will break loose—literally—to replace the failed trust and love of a forever-lost coherence.

Perhaps it would be better to say that in DePalma's movies there is a personal story—the presumed "desertion" of a child by a parent—and there is a universal theme, which connects with the personal story because the young people's feelings are translated into cosmic energies. Because DePalma makes the kinds of films he does, those energies mostly appear as the horror-movie paraphernalia of explosions, implosions, utter disintegration.

The Fury *with Amy Irving and Kirk Douglas: "Daughter of Carrie."*

Susan Sarandon in Pretty Baby: *New Orleans blues.*

Given a happy ending, as in *Obsession,* we'll have a whirling reunion of father and daughter. Given an unhappy ending, as in *The Fury,* we'll have a mirror image: death and destruction as an exhibition of centrifugal force.

Unfortunately, as it works out in the movie, all this looks less like a metaphysical demonstration than a sick joke—"amusing," if you find a dozen dead bodies in lots of pieces amusing. I don't. And though I love and admire DePalma's way of making films, I think *The Fury* exposes that way as sometimes far below its own brilliant potential.

Louis Malle's ***Pretty Baby*** is another example of underachievement, not because Malle (*Murmur of the Heart; Lacombe, Lucien; Black Moon*) seems likely to make a great movie these days, but because his subject and his situation are so loaded with missed possibilities. The film is a fictionalized account of the life of the photographer Ernest Bellocq (Keith Carradine), who in the early years of the century became the semiofficial portraitist of the whores of Storyville, the New Orleans red-light district that flourished until it was shut down in 1917. Bellocq really lived, and some of his formal, bold, and oddly delicate studies of the Storyville girls, both dressed and undressed, have been published by New York's Museum of Modern Art. But the film's tale of how he met and loved and was briefly married to Violet, a thirteen-year-old whore (Brooke Shields), is pure fancy—which, considering the risks it takes, should have been better than it is.

Malle turns his movie into something resembling a series of animated tableaux, with the result that all the whores in the house run by throaty old madam Nell (Frances Faye) seem always on display. And though some of them are greatly worth looking at, especially Susan Sarandon as Violet's mother (the best performance in the movie), to keep finding them endlessly posed and composed is like having to sit through a series of preludes to an action that never quite begins. It's not that we don't get to follow the girls upstairs—we do. But behind each facade we come to another facade.

I suspect Malle means all this to

Shields and Carradine.

be part of his subject. But the tableaux and facades tend to dull the film's one really poignant encounter, the meeting of photography and puberty, where the interchange between the frozen instant and time's inexorable passing could have set up reverberations to shake a movie much better than this one. As it is, each pose before Bellocq's camera, the presence and the growing sexuality of young Brooke Shields, hint what opportunities there were for making what might have been the most exciting movie of the year.

Which brings us to the most exciting movie of the year. I've put it last because the year's not over, because it's probably not going to win any prizes, because you won't find it easy to get to see, because it's only now being released here though it dates from 1953, and because it was made by a Japanese director who died over twenty years ago.

Kenji Mizoguchi (1898–1956) made more than ninety movies in his lifetime. I doubt if even ten can be seen in the United States. But every one of those films happens to be a masterpiece. As for the latest to open, the film-history books translate "Gion Bayashi" as "Gion Festival Music," but the American distributor calls the film ***A Geisha***—less poetic but sufficiently descriptive. Actually, it concerns two geisha girls, an older one named Miyoharu (Michiyo Kogure) and a younger, Eiko (Ayakao Wakao—I mention names because both actresses are superb), whom Miyoharu trains and virtually adopts as a sister. The story chronicles Eiko's training, her initiation, her growing independence, and her refusal to sell her body—which is matched by Miyoharu's deliberate acquiescence in selling hers so as to please a powerful Gion District madam and maintain for herself and Eiko their economic viability as women very much alone and on their own.

By the time Mizoguchi has finished telling this sad but somewhat hopeful tale, he has done some other things as well. He has uncovered a whole web of meanings for "business"; he has, with great complexity, explored the position of women in a half-traditional, half-modern society; he has defined the idea of the family in some very special ways; and he has examined matters as slight and as profound as the difference between a woman's body used to support and balance the ornate and gorgeous geisha headdress and a woman's body seen in a moment of unfettered, voluptuous relaxation. Before the movie has ended, the willful Eiko has become a legend in her world, purely for her spirit of rebelliousness. But the self-sacrificing Miyoharu has become something that is greater. Her resignation has evolved into the graceful image of her destiny.

Kenji Mizoguchi's A Geisha.

Mizoguchi's camera enforces such a reading of his film. Within the modest framework of *A Geisha*, there are passages so beautiful as to make you catch your breath in admiration. Always those passages juxtapose the two women, who are not so different in age but who are of different generations; and often, just by the act of putting the women together for a walk through the streets of Kyoto, Mizoguchi shows a balance between them that will be understood in such a way as to touch our perception of the world. It's like a continuing introduction to the art of making movies.–*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

PAPER LIVES

Lives. There is no end to them. Lives remembered. Lives dredged from faded letters, graying postcards, senile reminiscence. Lives invented, even, or at least improved almost beyond recognition.

There is nothing especially mysterious about the current outpouring of biography, autobiography, and memoir. It is the fruit of diligence and, in the more fortunate cases, of talent.

Two reasons can be divined for the present (and continuing) glut of biography. One is that there isn't all that much else to read. American fiction is a long way from a dry hole, but it has never, perhaps, run slower in this century. Manifestos continue to appear, but they are out of cycle. A very few years ago the most talked-about book in the country was Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*, an earnest explanation of the fashion in which the flower children would inherit and transform the earth. This year's counterpart is either *The Complete Book of Running*, which suggests that jogging can at least save your health, or *Your Erroneous Zones*, which offers pop clean-up, paint-up, fix-up cures for the shabby psyche. Works of imagination and what used to be called the truth of the heart are in short supply. Works on ways to change the world are out of fashion—we tried that, and it didn't work.

While all this has come to pass, the style in biography (though hardly its literary quality) has improved. There are more biographers around than ever before. The colleges are stuffed with graduate students and junior faculty members earnestly filling up file cards with facts about the past. Quite often, these cards add up to a biography. Since the stock of interesting historical and literary personages is limited, the biography that results is usually quite spectacularly uninteresting, and would be even if it did not read as if it had been inscribed directly off the file cards by a trained ape.

Now here's the good news: this vast outpouring of biography, while being mostly low-grade stuff, is being produced at a time in history when sexual and other customs have changed very radically, so that diligence can at least offer the reward of unprecedented candor. Unfortunately, most of the more interesting disclosures that come steaming out of what may as well be defined as The New Biography are utterly irrelevant to American history, letters, or any other consequential field of concern. They often cast an appalling light on what had previously seemed like moral rectitude in great men of the past, but that is only a side benefit.

For example, did Mr. Allen Dulles's inclination—which was to screw almost anything in skirts—really have any discoverable effect on his stewardship over the nation's intelligence apparatus through what are (laughingly) called modern times? In ***Dulles*** (Dial, $13.95), Leonard Mosley, no

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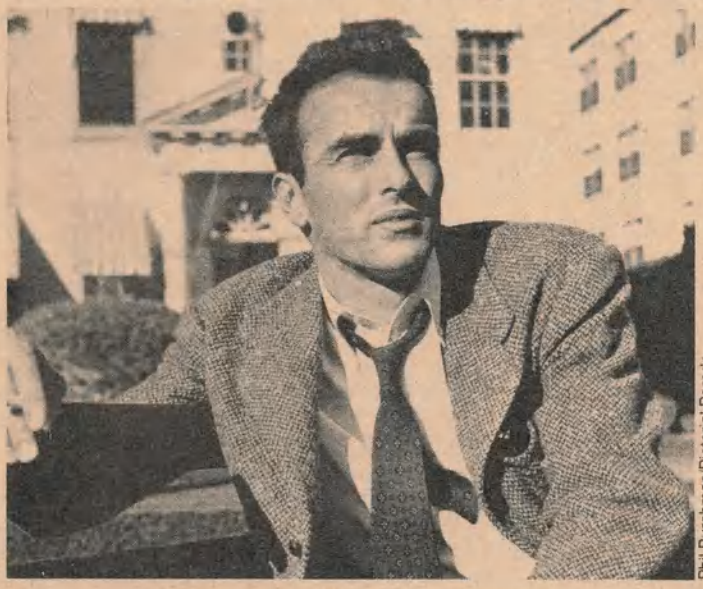
Allen Dulles.

graduate student, has reported frankly on Allen's sex life in a triple biography of the CIA director (and World War II spy master); his brother John Foster, the *overt* cold warrior; and their sister Eleanor, a person of importance at a lower echelon of the State Department for quite a long time. Allen, at the CIA, and John Foster, at State, were one of the great brother acts in American history. They worked the same side of the street and played a role second only to Harry Truman's in freezing the United States into a frantic and counterproductive anticommunism. Mosley has written a fascinating book about them, though one marred almost beyond redemption by factual errors that any competent researcher should have caught. He even moves Hitler out of the world's most famous bunker for the end of World War II. His facts on the Dulleses themselves appear much sounder when they can be checked. But given such carelessness on the broad canvas and the exclusive nature of much of Mosley's material about the three figures in the foreground, trust comes hard.

You don't, of course, have to weigh all that heavily on the scales of history to warrant a readable biography, but it helps if you're interesting. ***Trelawney: The Incurable Romancer*** (Vanguard, $12.95), by William St. Clair, is the tale of a gorgeous old fraud who hung around with Byron and Shelley for several months, during which he cremated Shelley's body (after the poet had died in a shipwreck) and plucked Shelley's heart from the coals. A younger son of a venerable but impoverished English family, Trelawney was a quick-witted failure. He made a place for himself in the Byronic circle with tales of derring-do, and he improved on these as time went by. He had been a pirate, had rescued and married an Arabian princess, had deserted the Royal Navy in India and fought for the French. He was also tall, lithe, and handsome. Byron and Shelley, whose juvenile enthusiasm for adventure killed both of them, may not have bought every self-described narrow escape, but they accepted Trelawney. He lived to a great age and eventually reigned as the leading authority on the two friends he had known so briefly. St. Clair is a first-rate writer with a gift for drollery. If frauds are in your line—as they are in mine—you should like *Trelawney* a lot.



Phil Burchman/Pictorial Parade

Montgomery Clift: first of the semiheroes.

Another exceptionally handsome man is the subject of ***Montgomery Clift*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95), by Patricia Bosworth. Clift was a tortured soul as well as a brilliant film actor who set a fashion for what might be called semiheroes in the late 1940s and the 1950s. The monkey on Clift's back was bisexuality or homosexuality. (He could get it on with the ladies, but it wasn't easy or, apparently, by preference.) I'm not sure Bosworth understands the sexual issues she's dealing with as well as she should. But she has done a masterful job of reporting and written a readable book that has to be considered a prime example of The New Biography.

A more artless but not less interesting enterprise is ***Shadowland*** (McGraw-Hill, $9.95), by William Arnold. It is the story of Frances Farmer, who was hailed in her early twenties as another Garbo, got rave reviews on Broadway in *Golden Boy* in 1937, and then flamed out with only a handful of movies to her credit. She was a nonconformist from Seattle who stirred vast controversy in what used to be called "the Soviet of Washington" by accepting an expense-paid trip to the Soviet Union while she was still a college girl. She became a featured player within months of this odd piece of payola and was a star very soon thereafter. Booze and uppers were not far behind, and Farmer was ruined in films. She spent many years in mental hospitals, mostly in the forbidding Washington State institution at Steilacoom, suffered a great many electro-convulsive-therapy (or shock) treatments, and finally was tamed by a pioneering surgical procedure that involved insinuating an instrument, something like an icepick, around her eyeball and into her brain.

Pictorial Parade

Frances Farmer: nonconformist in Hollywood.

Arnold, a newspaperman, is appropriately outraged at such atrocities but quite helpless before the central question his account raises: was Frances Farmer psychotic or wasn't she? His book is written from the perspective of a fan, but I never did put it down. It is too good a tale.

The Legacy of Mark Rothko (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $14.95), by Lee Seldes, is a different kind of cautionary tale. Rothko was one of the giants of abstract expressionism and, by any available criterion, a sick and troubled man. He slashed his arms at the elbows in February of 1970 and bled to death, an efficient suicide. He had been depressed and perhaps paranoid through most of the preceding fifteen years, during which he had made his reputation and seen his great backlog of paintings become worth millions of dollars. Seldes's book is more a biography of this estate than of Rothko. (A social radical, he was picky about who owned his work and specified the conditions under which it could be posthumously sold.) But Seldes answers most of the important questions about the artist's life before she gets around to chronicling the financial high jinks and downright fraud that accompanied the dispersal of his holdings.

Nothing approaching perfect symmetry can be found between

the fates of Rothko and Farmer. But Rothko can be seen, retrospectively, to have needed help he didn't get, just as she received "help" she may not have needed—help of such a quality that it would have wrecked any recipient.

Then we have ***Hello, I Must Be Going: Groucho and His Friends***, (Doubleday, $12.50), by Charlotte Chandler, a lengthy memoir by a resident sycophant. I had thought it impossible to get too much of Groucho, and much of this book crackled for me with its long stretches of Marxian dialogue (*Q:* "So you believe in trial marriage?" *Groucho:* "It's better than trial parenthood.") But everything gets stale after a while, even the inimitable voice that is Groucho's. I found myself wishing that Chandler had worked smarter and shorter.—*Patrick Owens*

The Bettmann Archive

Groucho the Great.

SOUNDS

JUST WILD ABOUT HOLLY

Vance Packard appeared before the Senate Subcommittee on Communications in 1957, alleging that the rock-'n'-roll hit "Peggy Sue," by **Buddy Holly**, was a late model of the brainwasher's art. "Peg-gy-Sue," he quoted, "Peg-gy-Sue-pret-ty-pret-ty-pret-ty-pret-ty-Peg-gy-Sue." Each syllable, accenting the mesmerizing beat, was a calculated tittle in a conspiratorial campaign by radio broadcasters and sponsors to induce libidinous cravings in teenagers, later to be sublimated in the indiscriminate purchase of sponsored goods.

What Holly actually sang was "Peg-heg-gy-Sue-hoo-hoo," "hiccuping" the name to a locomotive drumroll across a bright, metallic bridge. It was a transporting rockabilly rouser that reached number three on *Billboard*'s "Hot 100" by Christmas of 1957. Nine more hits by Holly, solo or with his group, the Crickets, followed "Peggy Sue" within a year.

Then, as quickly as he had arrived, he departed, rock 'n' roll's first pathetic casualty. Promoters of last year's Buddy Holly Week, an annual memorial in London since 1975, presented his life story in a crossword puzzle and a "fact sheet." Height and weight: five feet eleven inches, 145 pounds (the "before picture" in a Charles Atlas ad). First radio appearance: 1953 on KDAV in his hometown, Lubbock, Tex., as half of "The Buddy and Bob [Montgomery] Show," singing Western and bop. First single: "Blue Days, Black Nights," a song with blues lyrics ("Memories of you make me sorry/I gave you reason to doubt me . . ."), a prominent, ricky-ticky beat, and jangling guitar. Town in New Mexico where Buddy recorded: C-l-o-v-i-s. Early label: C-o-r-a-l. Married: Maria Elena Santiago, on August 15, 1958, splitting with the Crickets and producer-manager Norman Petty two months later. Last tour: "Winter Dance Party," with Ritchie Valens ("Donna" and "La Bamba"); with J. P. Richardson, known as "The Big Bopper" ("Chantilly Lace"); and with Dion and the Belmonts ("Teenager in Love"). Last stage appearance: Clear Lake, Iowa, February 2, 1959.

Racing ahead of the scheduled-tour bus in order to do laundry before a gig in Moorhead, Minn., he was killed early the next morning in the tragic crash of a chartered Beechcraft. Waylon Jennings and Tommy Allsup, who performed with Holly on that tour, gave up their seats, on the fatal flight, to Richardson (because he had a cold) and to Valens (because he won a coin toss). "There are three new stars in heaven tonight," Eddie Cockran mourned, and Don McLean called it "the day the music died." On that day, February 3, 1959, Holly's recording of Paul Anka's "It Doesn't Matter Anymore" took its place on the "Hot 100," eventually rising to number thirteen.

Holly's roster of eleven hits in a year and a half is respectable, if not spectacular. In Britain, where he was always more popular than here, his posthumous releases and revivals were on the charts until 1964. In 1968 a rerelease of "Peggy Sue" was charted, too. A recent poll of radio listeners in Liverpool awarded Holly and Elvis Presley three places each out of the top-ten all-time rock-'n'-roll songs (the Beatles only one). But Paramount's film *American Hot Wax* reveals the sad truth that by many fans Buddy Holly is best remembered for being dead.

Recently, several circumstances have piqued interest in Holly recordings. In 1975 Paul McCartney's MPL Communications purchased from Petty the American and Canadian publishing rights to three-quarters of the Holly catalogue. A year later Linda Ronstadt launched a series of three Holly hits with "That'll Be the Day." Columbia's movie *The Buddy Holly Story* may provide a third impetus, and a revival of hard-assed rockabilly rock a fourth.

Holly's songs are simple, melodic, three- or four-chord, verse-bridge tunes with a light but relentless rhythm. He played guitar with a driving downstroke. The paradox of this treatment is that the first-person, calf-love themes of anticipation and disappointment—minutely analyzed by his idolatrous biographer, John Goldrosen—are related in an upbeat, even jubilant, manner: "All o' my love, all o' my kissin'/You don't know what you've been a-missin'/Oh, boy! . . . ," "Love like yours will surely come my way/Hey, a-hey-hey . . . ." Holly's sound, though occasionally a Presley derivative, was predominantly a Tex-Mex country sound, often combining acoustic and electric guitar.

MCA, which acquired the original Holly recordings when it acquired Decca (which in turn owned Coral), rates its two-pocket *Buddy Holly: A Rock & Roll Collection* among its top five "twofer specials," with annual sales of 25,000 to 30,000 since 1973. Regarding the boon *The Buddy Holly Story* may represent, MCA's Sam Pasa-

Steve Schapiro/SYGMA

Ronstadt: Holly hits.

mano recently observed, "The effect of a film is to stimulate income for holders of all sorts of rights." A spokesperson for MPL candidly estimated, "The Holly family is doing better without him than with him."

Of a legacy of forty-five songs, half are still popular with recording artists. There are almost three dozen versions of "Peggy Sue," including cuts by Bobby Vee (a Holly imitator), Bobby Vinton, Ruby and the Romantics, and the Longines Symphonette. There are close to four dozen renditions of "That'll Be the Day," including versions by Holly's buddies, the Everly Brothers, and by Tommy Roe (another Holly imitator), Pat Boone, Ronstadt, and Artie Malvin and the Zig Zags.

Yet in today's America it is not the Holly style but the Ronstadt success that provides most of the juice. Ronstadt's producer, Peter Asher, who, as half of Britain's Peter and Gordon, recorded Holly's "True Love Ways" in 1965, is undoubtedly a genuine Holly fan. "One's tempted to say," he says, " 'They don't write songs like that any more,' but they really don't." But Asher's productions seem circumscribed by his involvement in packaging personality rock. Only "That'll Be the Day," taken from Ronstadt's act, emerges on record as upbeat rock 'n' roll. "It Doesn't Matter Anymore" (technically an Anka song, though Holly had the hit with it and Anka recorded it only after Ronstadt did) and "It's So Easy" fit almost too comfortably into the torchy, cover-girl image.

Buddy Holly: "what you've been a-missin'."

Nonetheless, female vocalists are busy recording Holly songs. Of Glenda Griffith's "Oh, Boy!"—a hefty, country treatment with a deep, hollow beat—Ariola Records' Scott Shannon admits, "Glenda has a good voice; she just needs a hit. We went in the Ronstadt direction, and we wanted to do ['Oh, Boy!'] before Linda got to it." Susie Allanson's Barbi Doll cooing and violin problems turn "Maybe, Baby" into a whining plea: "Maybe, baby, *you'll* be true." Vicki Thomas's danceable country-rock version is a feminist anthem by comparison: "Maybe, baby, *I'll* have you for me . . ." Becky Hobbs's "Everyday," like the Holly original, is pleasant.

Bobby Vee, who recorded "Well, All Right" in 1962 as part of his *Bobby Vee Meets the Crickets* album, rerecorded it recently in a hearty, electrified version, closer to rockabilly than the Holly original. Next to that, Andrew Gold's "Learning the Game," produced by Asher, is rather dispirited, and Black Oak's "Not Fade Away" is simply loud. Pure Prairie League offers "That'll Be the Day" with lively vocal harmony, interrupted by an electric, spiral bridge that is inconsistent.

Petty has remarked that McCartney, if he had simply wanted to recoup his investment in the Holly catalogue, would have recorded the songs himself. Instead he produced *Holly Days* for former Wings guitarist Denny Laine. The album justifies McCartney's interest. "Heartbeat" is a perfect opening cut, coming closer to a Holly sound than any other, but on a less characteristic, Latin rhythm. Among the more familiar songs, Laine and McCartney's *a cappella* harmony and hand clapping on "Rave On" are faithful to the original's merry feeling and to their own ambition to "recapture [its] spirit." All the cuts are similarly intelligent in their rearranging of Holly's songs, and they include fine instrumentals of two mediocre songs, "Lonesome Tears" and "I'm Looking for Someone to Love" (to close the two sides on the album).

Gary Busey as Holly.

The music on the sound-track album of *The Buddy Holly Story* (Epic) was reportedly recorded live on the set—what you hear is what you see—by the stars, Gary Busey (as Holly), Don Stroud, and Charlie Martin Smith. The film conglomerates numerous Crickets—there were almost a dozen—into two; shows them singing, which they never did on actual Cricket recordings; and promotes that mystical notion of musical composition that looked so silly as far back as the early MGM musicals like *Words and Music* and *Broadway Serenade*: a couple of false starts on rhythm, a bright readjustment of rhymes, and, *viola*, a classic.

Epic is "shipping the album gold": deals, not fans, make hits. Its record sleeve, ads for the film, and the jacket of the novelization all share the same pret-ty-pret-ty-pret-ty-pret-ty artwork. As Packard suggested to the Senate, there is, after all, really only one way to skin a cat.—*Mitch Tuchman*

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THE ASSASSINATION OF ORLANDO LETELIER

The full, exclusive story
of how the present military rulers of Chile
killed their most outspoken
critic on the streets of Washington, D.C.—
and how our government has let
them get away with it.

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN AND JOHN CUMMINGS

Shortly after 9:30 on the morning of September 21, 1976, Orlando Letelier, the head of the Chilean exile movement, was driving his car on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington, D.C., on his way to work. Accompanied by two coworkers, Letelier drove southeast on Massachusetts, past the row of embassies and ambassadors' residences that line the street.

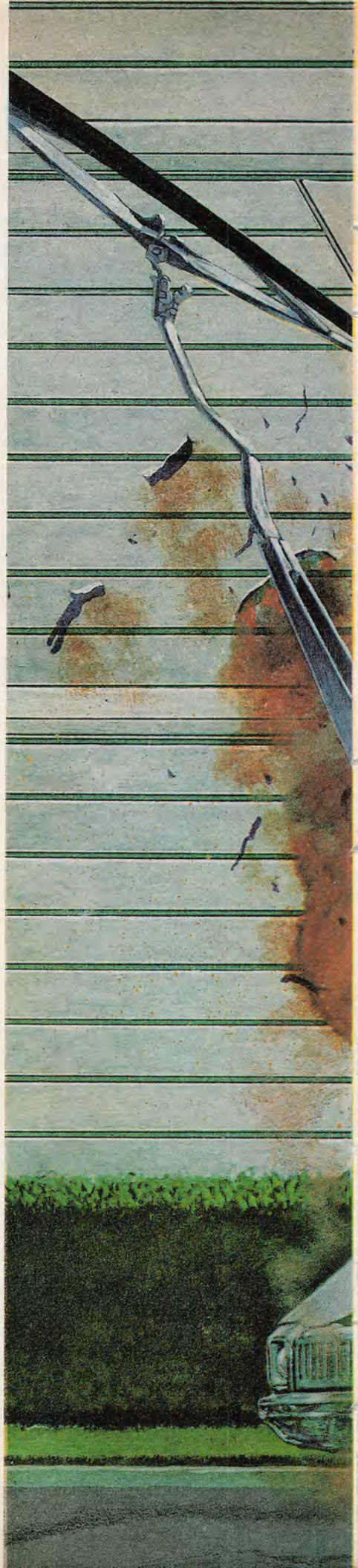
Almost as an unconscious habit, Letelier glanced at one of the embassies along "embassy row," the baroque building housing the embassy of Chile. It was the last he saw of this world.

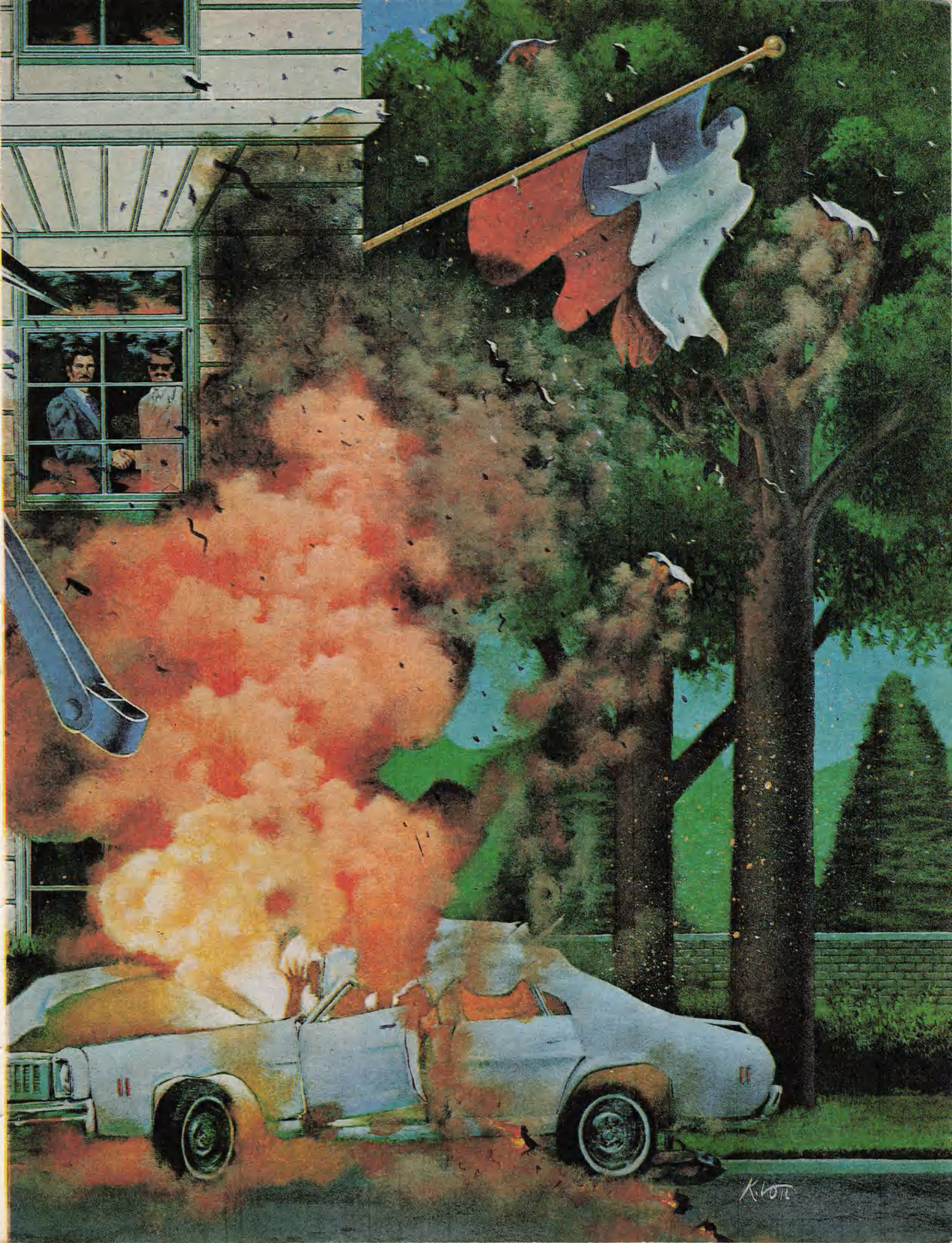
A split second later an explosion shattered the front half of his car. His legs blown off, Letelier was pulled from the wreckage but died twenty minutes later at a nearby hospital. Ronni Moffitt, a friend and coworker at the Institute for Policy Studies, also died shortly after the explosion, drowning in a pool of blood from a severed carotid artery. Her husband was blown free of the car, dazed but virtually unhurt.

From the second floor of the Chilean embassy, a senior Chilean diplomat watched as police and rescue workers tried to save the victims of the explosion. He must have watched the drama just beneath his window with some satisfaction, for he was perfectly aware that Letelier's car had been blown up by a bomb. And he was also aware of the fact that his government had planned for the explosion to take place at that very spot.

Indeed, September 21, 1976, was a highly satisfactory day for the military government of Chile. The murder that it had planned took place on schedule, eliminating the leader and guiding force of the Chilean exile movement. The murder had been carried out in broad daylight in the capital of the United States, the one place thought sacrosanct from political assassinations by foreign powers. And it was a murder of a political exile who was not only well known to American officials but also presumably under their protection. In fact, the murder had the desired multiple purpose of: (1) eliminating the leader of an exile movement that had become extremely damaging to the military government, (2) warning other exiles that there was no safe haven from the wrath of the Chilean secret police, and (3) warning the U.S. government that a foreign country's secret police force could act with impunity and commit murder in this nation's capital.

By any standard, it was an incredible series of events. Yet, nearly two years later, the U.S. Justice Department is no nearer to solving that brazen act of murder than it was in 1976. As a matter of fact, the story of the attempt to solve the mystery is in some ways even more intriguing than the mystery itself. It has included Chilean secret police operating with impunity within the United States, a band of Cuban-exile fanatics, a $1 million-plus "contract" for murder, sev-





eral intelligence agencies, curious blind alleys, bickering among federal and police officials investigating the case—and a lingering suspicion in some quarters that the American government may not be especially interested in solving the murder.

Officially, the lack of progress in closing the case has been ascribed to the lack of hard evidence, but a *Penthouse* investigation shows that:

- A number of police agencies have stopped providing information to the Justice Department because they've become convinced that the government isn't really committed to solving the case.
- The CIA has given only limited and grudging cooperation in the investigation, not only because it has ties with the Chilean secret police but also because the persons who carried out the actual murder were trained and once employed by the CIA.
- Prior to the murder both the CIA and the FBI received some warnings that Letelier was in great danger; yet they took no steps to prevent the murder.
- The National Security Agency, this country's top-secret code-breaking organization, is believed to have some important information on the way the murder plot was concocted, but it has refused to cooperate in any way with the investigation.
- In at least two instances, important investigative leads were given to the Justice Department but were badly bungled. One case involved what appeared to be an attempt by a key suspect to turn state's evidence. The suspect then dropped out of sight.
- Despite the fact that the murder of Letelier was clearly a political assassination, FBI agents on the case were ordered to spend months in investigating whether Letelier was murdered by his wife or somebody connected with one of his coworkers. It was not until nearly three months had passed that the FBI began to investigate whether Letelier was murdered by the Chilean secret police.
- Despite the American government's professed desire to solve the murder, some high-level officials have been leaking material to selected journalists to the effect that Letelier was a paid agent of the Cuban intelligence service. There is not a shred of evidence to support this allegation.

But the *Penthouse* investigation has uncovered most of the details of the plot, how it was formed, who participated in the actual murder, and who carried it out. Throughout the six-month-long investigation, various leads that were developed have been turned over to the Justice Department. Names of both Chilean secret-police agents and Cuban exiles who carried out the murder have also been turned over to the Justice Department. Because of legal restrictions—none of the men involved has been charged or indicted—the names cannot be published here.

In brief form, here is a summation of the murder.

In early 1976 the Chilean secret police (more familiarly known by the dreaded acronym DINA) was ordered by one of the top leaders of the Chilean junta to get rid of Letelier, the régime's leading opponent. DINA agents contracted with Cuban exiles in the United States for the job. The Cubans agreed to murder Letelier in exchange for financial and other support from Chile for their private war against Fidel Castro. The Cubans worked up a plan for planting a bomb in Letelier's car. The plan was approved at the highest levels of the Chilean government, and DINA officials participated directly in all phases of the murder plot. The actual murder was carried out by the Cubans.

So much for the basic facts of the case, which were obtained from a wide variety of intelligence and investigative sources. But, as the sources note, the Letelier murder was no ordinary homicide. Nor, for that matter, was the investigation an ordinary one, particularly in regard to the way in which it was handled.

To understand why, a few words about Letelier himself are in order. Letelier, forty-four years old at the time of his death, was one of the more interesting figures produced in the turmoil of Latin American politics during the past decade. An economist who had worked for the Inter-American Bank in Washington, Letelier was a key figure in the ill-fated government of Salvador Allende. Letelier served in several posts for Allende (a personal friend), including those of ambassador to the United States, foreign minister, and, at the time of the military coup in 1973, minister of defense.

> The U.S. government found itself in the position of investigating a murder in which the chief suspects were men it had placed in power.

As an economist with extensive experience in dealing with the U.S. government, Letelier was aware that the Allende government's most serious problem was its relationship with the United States. The problem was centered on the fact that Allende's Marxist politics made him anathema to the Nixon administration, which expressed its hostility by cutting off virtually all aid to Chile. Additionally, the World Bank—under American pressure—had reduced a scheduled large loan to Chile to a paltry $5 million, and the White House had refused even to discuss a Chilean request for rescheduling of its soaring foreign debt.

By 1973 Allende's government was being beset from all sides. The country was wracked by disorders and unrest, and there were whispers of American involvement in plotting against the Allende government. As revealed years later, the whispers were true: the CIA, armed with $11 million that it converted to $40 million in black-market currency dealings, set about to wreck the Allende government. On the morning of September 11, 1973, the CIA campaign reached its climax when the Chilean military took over the country in a bloody coup.

Letelier first became aware that something was seriously wrong that morning when Allende called him to ask for an explanation of "unauthorized troop movements" throughout the country. Letelier went to the Defense Ministry building for an answer, where his own bodyguard promptly arrested him. A black sack was put over his head, and in the orgy of torture and death that followed the coup, Letelier was beaten savagely. He was then taken to the junta's concentration camp for political prisoners on Dawson Island in Tierra del Fuego, a desolate island just off the tip of South America.

Dawson Island, which is still being used today as a concentration camp, is a forbidding hunk of rock buffeted by frigid Antarctic winds. It became a death camp for many of Allende's leading supporters and government officials. While in the camp, Letelier was regularly tortured. Among other horrors Letelier saw a fellow minister, José Toha, lose forty pounds from maltreatment. (At one point, DINA used Toha for drug experiments; driven mad, he committed suicide.)

But Letelier had friends in Washington, and an unremitting campaign of pressure against the Chilean junta finally led to his release (and exile from the country) on September 10, 1974. (Years later, Henry Kissinger was to tell friends that he alone was responsible for Letelier's release. In fact, Kissinger did nothing to secure Letelier's release; actually, it was the pressure from Letelier's friends that got the release.) In any event, the terms of his release, which included exile in the United States, were approved by the leader of the Chilean junta, Gen. Augusto Pinochet, a former subordinate of Letelier. It was a decision that Pinochet would later regret.

Pinochet may have thought that Letelier would settle quietly somewhere outside of Chile and attempt to forget the nightmare he had lived through; but no sooner had Letelier set foot in this country than he began trying to destroy Pinochet's régime. First, he unified the various factions of Chilean exiles, which were badly splintered along political lines, convincing them to join into one group to begin a pressure campaign against the American government to withdraw its support for the junta.

The American support, of course, was critical for the junta, which owed its very existence to a covert CIA operation. Beginning in September 1973, when Pinochet seized power, Washington began to pour money into the country for the purpose of propping up the military régime. The junta received $475 million in loans and credits, a sum that

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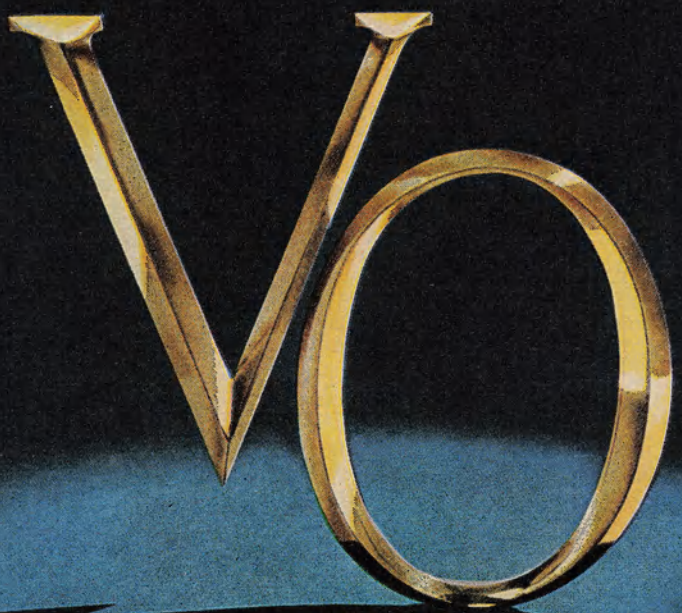

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grew to $2 billion by 1975. Additionally, military aid poured into the country. Claiming not only that the aid was going to an "illegal regimé" but also that much of it was going into the pockets of the Chilean upper classes that supported the junta, Letelier and the exile movement hectored American congressmen and government officials to get the assistance stopped. The pressure campaign was considerably aided by the revelations, in 1974, of CIA activities in Chile prior to the coup and by considerable international outrage over the extensive torture and other illegal acts that the régime had carried out across the country. As revulsion for the military government grew, American congressional sentiment slowly began to turn against the Pinochet régime.

None of these developments had gone unnoticed by Pinochet's DINA, and, beginning in 1974, the organization set out to destroy the Chilean exile movement. On October 3 of that year, a prominent Chilean exile, Gen. Carlos Prats, and his wife were murdered in Argentina. Prats, who was former commander of the Chilean armed forces and had refused to join the military coup against Allende, was writing a book about the coup and General Pinochet. Prats and his wife were killed when a bomb exploded in their car; a week before the murder, papers were stolen from his home.

Nearly a year later another leading Chilean exile became the next DINA victim. On October 6, 1975, Bernardo Leighton and his wife were ambushed in a machine-gun attack while they walked along a Rome street. Leighton, vice-president of Chile's Christian Democratic party in exile, was badly wounded and his wife paralyzed for life as a result of the attack. Shortly after the shooting, three known DINA agents were expelled from France; although French police said the three men did the job, they lacked sufficient evidence to charge them with the crime.

Despite the attacks and a wave of threats against other Chilean exiles, the exile movement continued. To a great extent, that was because of Letelier. Letelier was born of a wealthy family and had earned degrees in law and economics, and his education and background made him a "man of respect" among Latin Americans. Moreover, he was charming and had a wide circle of American contacts. In a word, he was a born politician.

By the end of 1975, the economy of Chile was in grave difficulty. Despite the massive American aid program, the country's foreign public debt had soared to nearly $5 billion, with interest payments on that debt alone swallowing up about a third of the country's export earnings. To a large extent, Chile's troubles were of its own making, as the junta turned the country inside out and decided to replace the Allende Socialist economy with a strict free-enterprise economy. The country's delicate financial condition couldn't take the strain. But Chile's economic woes were also due to the fact that the country's chief source of export earnings, copper, had encountered bad times on the world market, where demand for copper had slackened, causing severe depression in prices.

As a morale-booster, American Secretary of the Treasury William Simon paid an official visit to Chile, where he praised the junta's establishment of what he called "economic freedom" in Chile. But Simon must have been talking about another country. "Economic freedom"? At one point early in 1976, inflation in Chile hit 340 percent, while nearly two-thirds of the country's national income was in the hands of the propertied classes. That situation was of little concern to the junta. What was of concern was the new laws restricting U.S. business investment in Chile and the rumbles that the U.S. Congress would cut off military aid (a step it finally took in June, 1976).

The junta, if one can judge by the attacks on the exiles by the government-controlled press in Chile at the time, tended to blame its growing troubles with Washington on Letelier's activities. Those activities were not confined to Washington. Letelier traveled throughout Europe and several Latin American countries, lobbying against the Pinochet régime. In February 1976 he had a notable success that infuriated the junta: during a trip to the Netherlands, Letelier convinced the dockworkers' union there to boycott the handling of all Chilean goods. That was a significant blow against an exporting nation like Chile, since the Netherlands contains the seaport of Rotterdam, a key transshipment point for the European maritime trade. Even worse was another success that Letelier scored against Chile—he convinced the Dutch government to cancel a $60 million loan targeted for Chilean economic development.

A furious wave of attacks then broke out against Letelier in the Chilean press, whose virulence suggested that the junta was planning some sort of direct move against its leading nemesis. What kind of move? The first clue came in March 1976, when Costa Rican police arrested a fanatic Cuban exile named Orlando Bosch on charges of planning to assassinate a key Chilean exile (and friend of Letelier), Andres Pascal Allende, who had been given political asylum in that country.

The arrest of Bosch was significant, for as one of the leaders of an organization called CORU—which is considered one of the more extreme of the anti-Castro exile organizations in this hemisphere—he had previously restricted himself to strictly anti-Castro activities. Up to the time of his arrest, he was operating out of Venezuela, where he had fled from the United States after he had jumped bail on a charge of trying to blow up a Polish freighter in Miami with a bazooka. Having been trained by the CIA as an assassination and bomb expert, he had officially severed his connection with the agency in 1967, when the American government lost interest in sponsoring any further commando raids into Cuba. Bosch then formed his own private group of CIA-trained terrorists from the ranks of Cuban exiles and continued his war against Castro. The CIA has said that it has

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no connection with his activities.

But Bosch's involvement in an assassination plot against a Chilean political exile meant only one thing: DINA, apparently concerned about publicity over its activities, had decided to use third parties (called "cutouts" in the intelligence trade) to do its dirty work. And since DINA had turned to a noted Cuban exile, it meant, further, that DINA had decided to use Cuban exiles for its terror campaign against the Chilean exile movement. It did not take great deductive powers to reason that since most Cuban exiles lived in the United States, DINA, obviously, was planning operations in this country.

Quickly, the Latin American intelligence grapevine buzzed with reports that DINA was mounting a major effort to destroy the Chilean exile movement by cutting off its head in the United States. That head was Orlando Letelier.

Warnings that Letelier was about to become a target, it has been learned, reached Washington early in 1976. But no alert was dispatched to the FBI or domestic police agencies. No orders went out to keep leading Cuban exile fanatics under surveillance. No orders were dispatched that a watch be kept on known DINA agents operating in the United States. Was the silence deliberate? It is difficult to say. Some intelligence officials say now that the warnings were too vague to be acted upon. But others say that some CIA officials, with close ties to DINA and the junta, were just as happy to see Letelier go. In the light of later evidence, there is some indication that the latter version may be closer to the truth.

In any event, Letelier himself, although warned by fellow exiles that he might be in grave danger, professed no worry. Then working in the Institute for Policy Studies, a Washington-based think tank considered to be to the Left of the political spectrum, Letelier told his American colleagues that he was perfectly safe in Washington. "When he went overseas," one colleague recalls, "he took precautions; I think he sensed that he might be in some danger out of the country. But in Washington? No, he just didn't believe that anything could happen to him. 'They wouldn't dare,' he used to say."

Letelier meant that Washington traditionally has been out of bounds for political assassinations by outside intelligence agencies, partially on the theory that Americans would be infuriated if such an act took place right in the American capital. Letelier continued to believe this, even when the phone rang late at night at his home in the suburb of Bethesda, Md. "Is this the wife of Orlando Letelier?" a male voice would ask when Letelier's wife, Isabel, answered. "Yes," she would answer. "No, it is Orlando Letelier's widow," the voice would reply.

Letelier brushed off these incidents and others like them, dismissing them as the work of cranks. What he did not know was that his death warrant had already been sealed.

Throughout the early part of 1976, a debate raged within the junta cabinet: what to do about Letelier? Generally, sources say, the cabinet was divided into two factions: one wanted to eliminate Letelier and thereby kill the exile movement; the other argued that any such move against an exile under the protection of the United States would complicate already-complicated relations with Washington. Unable to reach a decision, the cabinet left the matter for Pinochet to decide. Sometime during the early part of June 1976, the sources say, DINA officials were told that the junta had concluded that Letelier must be eliminated. Furthermore, he was to be assassinated in broad daylight in Washington so that the other exiles would get the point—even in the safest sanctuary there was no safety. The assassination would serve as a warning to the exiles: anyone who defies the junta faces death, and the DINA's reach is very long.

Another motive for Letelier's killing has since emerged. As defense minister, Letelier had access to military-intelligence reports and police dossiers, including those concerned with the leading military leaders in the junta. In particular, the sources say, General Pinochet often expressed a concern over what Letelier knew about his own background, and he feared that Letelier was holding incriminating information in reserve, ready to spring it when the time was ripe. Letelier never discussed with anyone exactly what he knew about Pinochet and other members of the Chilean military. As noted earlier about the murder of Letelier's friend General Sprats by DINA agents, those agents first burglarized Sprats's home and stole some of the victim's papers. A similar burglary took place at Letelier's home before his murder, and in both cases, the sources say, the agents were ordered to grab any documents that looked official.

So, by June 1976, while Letelier was poohpoohing any danger to his life, top DINA officials met in an office in Santiago to decide how they would carry out the order to kill him. The officials decided first that Cuban exile fanatics in the United States would do the job, since these men were desperate for funding and logistical support for their anti-Castro operations after they had been cut off from CIA support. Three DINA agents who had operated in the United States under cover of the Chilean embassy and had established good relations with some Cuban exile-movement leaders were ordered to approach the Cubans and offer a deal: in return for a "contract" to murder an enemy of the junta in the United States, the junta was prepared to offer at least $1 million in cash plus promises of future support for terror activities against Castro. One DINA agent, wearing a wig and traveling under a false passport, traveled to Miami and met secretly with several Cuban exiles. He outlined the terms of the "contract," describing the intended victim only as "a top Communist agent supporting Fidel Castro." The Cubans tentatively agreed but said that they wanted another meeting so that they could work out the details. The DINA agent then sent a message to his home office, reporting that the deal was on.

"Ten free dancing lessons? Wow!"

On June 29 two DINA agents sat down at a table in a restaurant in Coral Gables, Fla., with two leaders of one of the more fanatic of the Cuban exile movements. For two hours the four men discussed the plan for the murder in Washington. It was during this meeting, authorities believe, that the Cubans learned for the first time that their target was Orlando Letelier and that they were to murder him in broad daylight. They apparently had no qualms about the deed, for by the time the meeting was over, they had agreed to murder Letelier.

The idea of murdering somebody was not exactly a shocking proposal to the two Cuban exiles. Having been trained by the CIA in an elite assassination squad, both men had participated in the Bay of Pigs invasion and were suspected by Florida police agencies of involvement in a series of murders within the exile community during the past several years in what was an apparent power struggle for control of the movement. Further, both were implicated in the private war against Castro, which included terror attacks against Cuban embassies throughout the Southern Hemisphere and several killings.

One of the Cubans still claims to maintain what he calls a "working relationship" with the CIA, although the agency insists that all connections with the Cuban exiles were severed long ago. The agency has also disavowed any connection with the terrorist attacks, all of them organized and led by an umbrella Cuban exile movement called the Military Coordinating Committee. That group includes representatives of the strongest Cuban exile organization, the Veterans Association of Brigade 2506 (the unit that participated in the Bay of Pigs invasion).

Because of their reputation, both men are routinely under surveillance by police in Miami, who tend to be nervous when any exiles hold a meeting (it usually means trouble is forthcoming). And on June 29, 1976, the Cubans were under police surveillance as they held their meeting with the DINA agents.

Police agents watching the meeting were alarmed, for although the conversation between the two sides was not recorded, it was not hard for police to deduce that the Chileans were undoubtedly discussing some sort of joint operation with the Cubans. Since the conversation involved DINA agents, police routinely informed the FBI about it, noting that "something is up." What is even more interesting is that the police reported that a fifth man had joined the meeting for a short while and then left. Police could not identify the man but described him as an "American." But no action was taken on the warning by police to the FBI, according to Justice Department officials.

Police were curious about a number of circumstances connected with the meeting. For one thing, the Chileans drove to the restaurant meeting site in rented cars, which meant that they did not want to use any cars from the Chilean embassy motor pool. (They carry distinctive DPL license plates that attract attention.) Second, the "American" arrived and left in a taxicab that dropped him at a nearby corner, a standard maneuver for avoiding surveillance. (If questioned later, the taxi driver could testify only to dropping someone off at a particular corner.) Third, the meeting's length and the fact that police observed "animated conversation" were strong indications that matters of substance had been discussed.

After the restaurant meeting, the Cubans privately discussed the job and decided that some sort of bomb would be the best murder weapon. Long a staple weapon among the exiles, a bomb has the virtues of efficiency (properly set off under a car or inside a house, it is usually fatal) and safety (either a time bomb or a remotely detonated device can be used, which means that the bomber doesn't even have to be close to his victim). A particular favorite is something called C-4 explosive, an especially deadly plastic-type explosive that can be cut and shaped to various sizes, depending on the size of explosion desired. Many Cuban exiles received extensive training in the use of C-4 by the CIA.

Neither of the two Cuban exile leaders who had met with the Chileans were C-4 experts; so the bombing part of the operation was farmed out to a second group of Cuban exile fanatics, all of them members of a group called the Cuban Nationalist Movement. Based primarily in New Jersey, the group's members, all CIA-trained, have had a number of scrapes with the law. One of them was Guillermo Novo. At the time of the decision to kill Letelier, he was out on bail in connection with charges that he tried to blow up a Russian merchant ship on the New Jersey waterfront.

Novo was arrested in April in Miami after police said he was caught carrying a pistol aboard an airliner. He was then questioned about possible links to the Letelier murder. Furthermore, at least four exiles connected with the Cuban Nationalist Movement, *Penthouse* sources say, initially agreed to help the Miami group in the Letelier murder, but one of them backed out at the last moment, saying that the slaying would put too much heat on the exile movement in this country.

In July 1976 several groups of Cuban exiles held a secret meeting in the Dominican Republic, ostensibly for the purpose of deciding a future course of action for the exile movement. That was the official part of the meeting. After that was concluded, however, the meeting split into several secret "workshops," which planned a number of violent actions against the Castro régime. One of the so-called workshops planned the blowing up of a Cubana airliner (it took place later that year, and all seventy-three people aboard were killed). Another workshop planned attacks on Cuban embassies (two such attacks subsequently took place, killing and wounding several Cuban diplomats). And a third workshop discussed the Letelier operation.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

"Mr. Scwartz, you don't love me—you love my rectal thermometer."

LOVE PUPPY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY PASTERNAK

On first encountering Debbie Adams, the general impression is one of bashful, fragile innocence, an apparent contradiction to her rather more worldly 36-24-36 shape. The impression is further reinforced by her sweet-soft, barely audible little-girl's voice, her habit of stammering and blushing when flustered. "I guess you could say I have a dual nature," this nineteen-year-old Aquarian muses. "I'm really very shy when I'm in a group of people, or when I meet a good-looking guy I'm super attracted to. But when I'm alone with someone, I just seem to blossom instantly."

'I'm really shy in a group, but when I'm alone with someone, I seem to blossom instantly.'

She is, in short, the kind of fetching, ultra-feminine nymphette who makes most men want to cuddle and protect her—from everything but themselves. Recently, though, Debbie met someone who realized that her rare good looks belonged to the world at large . . . that hers was the kind of beauty thousands of men should be able to enjoy—visually, at least. "He was a photographer's rep I met on an elevator, on my way to a job interview. He gave me his card, and the next thing I knew, Jerry was taking the pictures you see here."

"I'm better in the bedroom than I am in the kitchen. I'd like to find some guy who can cook!"

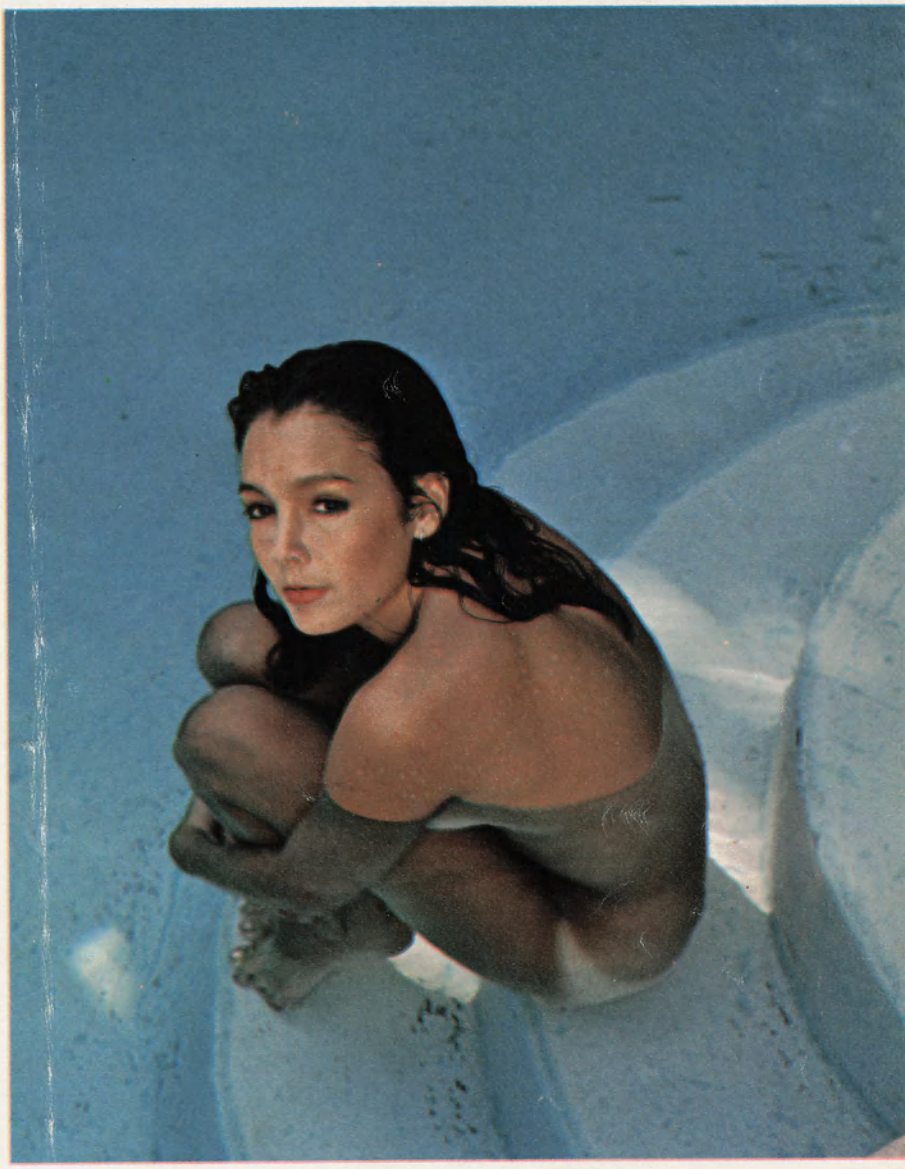
Debbie is now seriously entrenched in her career, posing for photographers daily and gradually building up an impressive portfolio. "I was a little self-conscious around a camera at first, but posing for *Penthouse* was a great experience." Part of the reason for her shyness stems from the ugly duckling stage she says she once went through, though looking at her now, it's difficult to believe. "I was horribly skinny and wore braces until I was about fifteen. Then I finally filled out." Debbie hopes to gravitate to fashion modeling in the Big Apple, but worries that her five feet five-and-a-half inches may not qualify. "Fashion models are so tall and thin and elegant," she says, "but I can always try."

"It really turns me on to make love to young guys who've never ever done it before."

Makeup by Lanier Long

"When I'm in bed with a man, all my shyness and all my fears disappear. I guess I'm kind of a vixen *then*," Debbie admits, "especially when I'm with young guys who've, you know, never *ever* done it before. Seeing how excited and trembly and full of awe they are really turns me on—it makes me feel like it's the first time for me all over again."

Debbie's favorite pastimes are listening to rock music, especially David Bowie and the Beatles, reading science fiction and suspense thrillers like *The Omen* or *Godsend*, and going skinny-dipping with close friends. She hasn't had a serious or steady relationship since her "puppy-love" sweetheart two years ago, and doesn't expect to have one. "I'm really not all that ready to be domestic," she admits. "I guess you could say I'm better in the bedroom than I am in the kitchen. What I'd really like to do is find some guy who can cook." And with a dish like that, who wouldn't try?



Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"For chrissake, Harry, you gotta stop taking everything so seriously."

Don't Hold It Back Any More.

Jeff Dunas

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THE GREAT AMERICAN HAMBURGER

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

Photoillustration by Guy Fery

The three most definitively *American* institutions adopted by the world have been the Constitution, rock and roll, and the quick hamburger. Indeed, the fast-food burger has become the official American meal. We each eat an average of 200 burgers a year—Yankee resiliency incarnate—and for every dollar we spend on food away from home, forty cents go to fast-food chains, whose 50,000 outlets did $20 billion in sales in 1977. The effect on our very *concept* of eating has been immense. Gone are the discus-sized ceramic plates

swamped by hamburgers like catcher's mitts; they have been replaced by electronic software, segment marketing, and computerized product introduction. Today you yell out the car window at a goddamn plastic clown. This is progress. Unmistakably.

Enslaved by our life-styles, driven by schedules, we commit dietary suicide in the name of efficiency. We eat in transit; we have things to do, kids to appease, ulcers to acquire. And the hamburger—a culinary triumph when it was introduced at the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair—is reduced to shorthand for "fast" food, "convenience" food, or, increasingly, "junk" food.

The burger is now fodder, delivered in identical, antiseptic, mass-production troughs with names like Doggie Dinner and Tastee Freez. The prevalence of infantile terminologies is deliberate. A "hamburger" and a "milk shake" mean real beef and milk. A *Biggee* and a *CreemO* could be—and often are—whatever's handy or at least whatever's cost efficient. The *Atlantic Monthly* cited one case of a man denied service at a Burger King for refusing to order a ham and cheese by its house title—Yumbo.

Few of us behave so irreverently in these roadside shrines. Indeed, University of Michigan Anthropology Prof. Conrad Kottack likens these places to *churches*, neat, orderly, predictably uniform havens in strange locales, stable and reliable amid the real world's chaotic change, even to the recitation of a standard litany. "It may offer [churchlike] comfort, security, confidence, relief, and reassurance."

Exaggeration? Note the TV commercials, wherein these chains dispute hip-and-thigh the Wholesome Benevolence title. Attend the themes: "You deserve a break today"; "Have it your way"; "We do it all for you." This is the basic pitch of most major organized faiths.

Accordingly, we road tested eleven of the largest burger empires, scrutinizing not just the product but also the underlying *attitude*. The results are generalizations but probably valid, given the regimental uniformity of content and preparation in these outfits. So let us put these culinary cathedrals to the gut-level test: "By their burger shall ye know them."

Of course, this may take the sense of adventure out of roadside eating. But polio vaccine took much of the sense of adventure out of reaching maturity.

Remember—the franchise you choose will become the faith of your children.

McDonalds

Numero uno. The Exxon of hamburgers. Its golden arches will ultimately be to America what the aqueducts were to Rome—the archaeological evidence of our cultural empire. This company has also had the most dramatic effect on the human diet since crop rotation. You are what you eat, and we're nearly *15 billion* of these suckers!

Once upon a time, fifty cents at McDonalds would buy two Deluxe Burgers—a meal. Then came one of the classic ploys in pickpocket marketing: breaking two burgers into one and a half, in order to create the illusion of a superburger, and pricing it higher than the original two. They called this wizardry the Big Mac. Consider the initials.

Admittedly, the Mac doesn't taste *bad*—almost nobody genuinely dislikes it. By the same token, almost nobody genuinely detests Billy Carter. Even the nutrition hard-liners allow that it won't get you as fast as many competitors will. But that's because there isn't enough clout to the B.M. to affect *anyone* radically.

The Mac is the Basic American Blandwich, the television of hamburgers, designed for the lowest common denominator in popular taste, and seasoned so that it will not distract the eater from the clean-cut camaraderie of those halftime gatherings and scout troops that the commercials promise we'll be surrounded by.

The meat is free of mysterious particles,

> When fresh off the fire, the Burger King Whopper may have been decent; I only wish that I'd been there at the time.

and everything seems fresh enough, but the result isn't so much a tasty hamburger as the grim flavor of efficiency. This outfit has the most rigid quality standards since the Wehrmacht, but the main difference between the Big Mac and its Styrofoam container is sheer bulk.

The hypnotic faces, relentlessly cute uniforms, endless cleansing of all human traces, and interiors out of *Condominium Monthly* prove beyond doubt the rumors that, upon his death, the soul of Walt Disney inhabited the body of Ray Kroc.

What else could explain the Mickey Mouselike omnipresence of that blot on human dignity whose very existence cancels out several Nobel laureates and most appetites—Ronald McDonald?

Come on. Give us a break today.

Jack-in-the-Box

The ninth largest fastfoodery in the land and the most architecturally tasteless idea since stucco. One has the choice of going inside these crates or talking to a robot. Whee.

Onion rings, tacos, Moby Jacks, Breakfast Jacks, burgers, fries, and more grease than there was in the entire year of 1953 combine to produce a powerful olfactory flashback effect. I haven't smelled anything like this since Playland-at-the-Beach. The strong aromas of franchise-strength machine oil and floor wax don't exactly goose the appetite. The indoor plants are trying to grow out through the windows.

I go for a Jumbo Jack with two slices of cheese—$1.10. (I passed up the Bonus Jack ($.85) when nobody would answer the question, "Whose bonus?")

The Jumbo Jack comes in something resembling a foil air-sickness bag. For convenience,one wonders. The J.J. is one big sonofabitch—lettuce, tomato, bun, onion, cheese, and meat and the distinct impression that most of it is fresh. But I defy anyone to detect taste in any of it, with the possible exception of the onion. (And this taste run was done with the aid of naturally grown appetite stimulants!)

Most of this bulk is lettuce and bun and juice—making one of those sloppy, slip-and-slide fuckers that looked a lot cuter going down Rodney Allen Rippey's shirtfront than they do going down yours.

Salt and catsup must be asked for. Do so. You'll need all the help you can get. These people are clearly inflicted with severe *spiceophobia*, or fear of seasoning. Their "Secret Sauce" will most likely stay that way, being virtually undetectable by taste. Two-thirds of the way through, I struck pickle, but this was just a brief high point. The two cheese slices where thin enough to be used as yellow lens filters.

The meat seemed fresh, but this was by comparison with its surroundings. In short, this is your basic Valiumburger.

Burger King

"Home of the Whopper" proclaim Burger King's road signs, the niftiest sexual entendre in the industry. Inside each brick-glass-and-shingle Burger King pit stop are Cinemascope display photos of the item being hyped that month and signs that shriek such phrases as "The Burgers Are Broiled at Burger King" and "From the French Fryin' Legion." The Whopper is joined by the Yumbo (ham and cheese) and the Whaler (fishwich). This chain is obviously designed for children, idiots, and majorettes, bolstered by a campaign to have us speak not just *like* infants but reflexively.

The Whopper with cheese is $1.10.

Within a large sesame bun in the secondary stages of rigor mortis is just enough lettuce to cover the pickle chips (which cover the tomato) and almost no onion to speak of. This produce, which was apparently transported by dragging, is strewn over a vulcanized patty the size of a manhole cover.

Evidently tenderized by boredom, the meat is almost as greaseless as it is tasteless; it is more like a beef placeholder, to separate the bun halves. "Have It Your Way!" they insist, but My Way means cooked within the last half hour. When fresh off the fire, this burger may have been decent; I only wish that I'd been there at the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

Thank goodness the best things never change.

Like the feeling you get every time you share the sounds and the smells of a misty morning.

Like the feeling you get every time you taste Smooth as Silk Kessler.

Consistently smooth. Sip after sip. Year after year. Money just can't buy a smoother whiskey.

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THE PETRO INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

Big American business profits from high Arab oil prices—we lose.

Money talks.—Prince Saud al Faisal, foreign minister, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, Atlanta, Ga., October 22, 1977

The greatest danger to the American economy at this moment—and, ultimately, to our foreign policy, our political system, our way of life—is the stranglehold of the thirteen members of OPEC (Algeria, Ecuador, Gabon, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Libya, Nigeria, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, United Arab Emirates, and Venezuela) on a crucial portion of America's oil supply. As long as OPEC has the power to raise oil prices at will, there can never again be economic improvement of any kind in America or anywhere else on earth.

Yet, incredibly, a network of businessmen, bankers, and public officials within the United States is working to maintain the control of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries over America's oil supply.

This constellation of vested interests benefits from high oil prices overseas. It uses its vast influence to prevent the U.S. government from taking action to weaken OPEC.

This power grid deploys its influence to ensure that nothing is done to interfere with the flow of petrodollars from American consumers to oil-producing régimes abroad and back to a small number of U.S. exporters, construction companies, banks, lawyers, and consultants—the private sector of the petro-industrial complex.

Illustration by Sean Earley

EXPORTERS

The financial impact of OPEC is usually portrayed in the media in terms of Arab investment in the United States. Far more significant, however, is the huge amount of merchandise that certain U.S. corporations are exporting to oil-producing countries.

"The important consuming countries have export interests which will benefit by the higher oil prices because of the oil producing countries' greater purchasing power," M.I.T. oil economist M. A. Adelman wrote two years before OPEC quadrupled oil prices. "Those segments of industry profiting are relatively small, but the gains are large for them, the losses diffused over very many, and hence their political influence will be much greater."

OPEC thus serves to redistribute income within American society, taking money from "very many" of us and paying it to "relatively small" segments of U.S. industry, which therefore find it in their interest to support OPEC. Arab payments to U.S. exporters in 1976, for example, totaled $7.059 billion—every penny of which was paid for with U.S. consumers' money. And 62 percent of these imports consisted of machinery and transport equipment, a sector that, without OPEC, would have to wait in line for the U.S. consumer's money. Between 1970, the year before the first OPEC price rise, and 1976, the most recent year for which dollar totals are available, exports to Venezuela have nearly quadrupled, while those to neighboring Colombia have less than doubled. Exports to Algeria have multiplied almost eight times, while sales to neighboring Tunisia have risen only 67 percent. Exports to Iraq have jumped by 1,736 percent. Exports to Saudi Arabia have gone up nearly 2,000 percent. (See the box accompanying this article.)

U.S. politicians used to

say, "If we can put a man on the moon, we can eliminate poverty." The energy consumers who are paying for Saudi Arabia's current five-year development plan are spending $142 billion—more than three times as much as was spent on the entire Apollo space program, including eighteen space shots and six manned moon landings. We're eliminating poverty all right—at the headquarters of our large corporations.

Even U.S. corporations that do not export to OPEC and use huge amounts of energy so that, one might think, they would be violently opposed to OPEC's power to raise the price of the fuel they buy are getting into bed with the cartel. Last year U.S. Steel borrowed an undisclosed amount from the Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency, as did A.T.&.T. According to a source within the intelligence community, one of America's twenty largest corporations borrowed just under $500 million in October 1977 from an Arab oil-producing country. Pacific Telephone & Telegraph borrowed $75 million for twenty months at 6.25 percent from SAMA to pay off a note issue carrying a 6.625 percent coupon that still had twenty months to run—a savings to P.T.&.T. of $468,750. Dallas Power & Light borrowed $75 million from SAMA at an interest cost of 7.75 percent, compared with the going rate in the United States of 7.9 percent. Since such energy-intensive companies represent a political force that could be mobilized against OPEC's power, it would appear that the Saudis are attempting to buy their acceptance of high-priced oil with low-priced loans.

BANKS

"The driving force behind the soft line toward OPEC is the international banking confraternity," the British historian Prof. Geoffrey Barraclough told me. "The energy economy is being run for the benefit of Wall Street, not for the people in Flint and Gary."

OPEC's septupling of oil prices since 1970 has been a bonanza for America's biggest banks. OPEC surpluses have swelled their deposits. These deposits, in turn, have been loaned to less-developed countries that must borrow to pay for OPEC oil. Foreign loans of U.S. banks have more than doubled since 1973, with increased profit margins because of high loan demand. An increased number of dollars are flowing from the energy consumer, through the oil company to OPEC, which immediately deposits them in such huge U.S. banks as Citibank, Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guaranty Trust, and Bank of America. Were OPEC not in the picture, those dollars would be on deposit and loan at thousands of U.S. banks, large and small, in the accounts of millions of Americans. As a result of OPEC, most of those dollars are now on deposit in a few of the biggest banks, in the accounts of a handful of foreign governments.

In September 1977 Sen. Frank Church's Subcommittee on Foreign Economic Policy reported that Arab members of OPEC have a total of $50 billion on deposit in the U.S. and overseas branches of U.S. banks and warned of the havoc that would result if this money were suddenly withdrawn. The remote conceivability of *The Crash of '79* moving to the nonfiction best-seller list is, as the Church report suggests, sufficient reason for taking action to break up OPEC before its piled-up surpluses begin to totter. But the present danger is not that, as the *Washington Post* headlined the Church report, "Arab 'Money Weapon' Could Be Used on West," but that it is being used on the West right now. The real money weapon is not the threat of sudden withdrawal, but the lure of constant deposits. That $50 billion balance gives the big banks—the most powerful institutions in U.S. society—a vested interest in maintaining OPEC's power. If OPEC were to falter and the price of oil were to drop, Arab depositors wouldn't be able to roll over their deposits and that $50 billion would begin to melt away. The banks would have to give away a lot of toasters to get Americans to deposit enough of their energy savings to make up the difference. As matters now stand, OPEC serves the big banks as a kind of compulsory year-round Christmas Club in which we are afforded the convenience of drive-in banking: we hand our deposits to gas station attendants.

> Because they both borrow from and lend to OPEC countries, the big U.S. banks have a double vested interest in continued high oil prices.

Not only are U.S. banks pro-OPEC because they need a continuous flow of OPEC deposits to stay liquid, but also they have been making loans to OPEC countries that cannot be repaid unless OPEC has a constant flow of consumer dollars. Sheikh Rashid, the ruler of Dubai, borrowed $230 million last year from a syndicate of seventy banks to finance a natural gas-gathering project. In August 1977 Dubai borrowed $200 million from the Banque Arabe et Internationale d'Investissement, which is part-owned by Bank America. Qatar borrowed $350 million last July from a syndicate led by Chase Manhattan's London subsidiary and two other banks. Bank of Credit and Commerce International, 24 percent owned by Bank of America, in 1978 joined with Kuwait International Finance Co. to lend $178 million to oil-rich Venezuela. Chase Manhattan Ltd. and Morgan Guaranty Trust recently led a syndicate that lent $1 billion to Nigeria, America's second-largest oil supplier after Arabia. The syndicate included BankAmerica International Group, Citicorp International Group, First National Boston Ltd., and Wells Fargo Bank. U.S. banks now have more than $12 billion out on loan to OPEC governments. Because they are both borrowing from and lending to OPEC countries, U.S. banks have a double vested interest in continued high oil prices.

OIL COMPANIES

OPEC rose to power as a result of the major U.S. oil companies' determination to pay exactly the same price to foreign governments in 1970 as they did in 1960. Because the companies refused to raise their payments to foreign producers during a decade in which the U.S. consumer price index rose by some 30 percent, OPEC's members were provoked into welding themselves into a united front, which then proceeded to raise prices by 759 percent. Because the oil companies insisted on giving OPEC a smaller and smaller piece of the pie, OPEC's members got so angry that they took over the bakery.

The oil companies' first reaction to OPEC's first, little-known price grab in 1971 was horror, exceeded only by the intimations of doom they felt when, the following year, the producing countries helped themselves to 25 percent ownership of the companies' holdings. But as the companies realized that the State Department was going to do nothing to help them bring the price down or fend off further creeping nationalization, they began to exhibit a corporate version of the hostage syndrome, in which the hijackees argue in favor of the cause of the hijackers. The companies suddenly became OPEC's most enthusiastic supporters, in the hope that if they ingratiated themselves with the producing countries, they would be rewarded with long-term agreements guaranteeing that they would be able to purchase adequate supplies of crude oil. Aramco, the consortium of Chevron, Texaco, Exxon, and Mobil that operates the Arabian oil fields, went so far as to ask its member companies if they would supply the Saudi Arabians with information about petroleum products used by the United States military during the embargo of 1973—an action that would have betrayed American security.

The oil companies found that they were able to pass higher crude prices through to consumers and that higher prices meant higher profits. Earnings for the top twenty-one oil companies in the first half of 1977 were greater than for all of 1972, an increase nearly three times the rate of inflation. The inventory value of the companies' underground oil reserves in the United States rose overnight. They realized that if they could get rid of the regulation that was keeping the price of domestically produced oil below the OPEC price, the value

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100's
CLASS A CIGARETTES
17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

of their inventories would go up by another 50 percent and they would be able to sell U.S. oil to U.S. consumers at the world price and blame it on the Venezuelans, the Nigerians, and the Iranians.

In the fall of 1974, the United States, Western Europe, and Japan formed an International Energy Agency to implement Kissinger's plan for sharing oil in the event of another Arab embargo. In the past three and a half years, the oil companies have come to find that IEA provides yet another way to turn the power of OPEC to their own benefit. Antitrust law has historically cramped the style of the oil companies, limiting their ability to meet with each other for fear they'll be accused of "conspiracy in restraint of trade." In the past, twenty-three oil companies circumvented the problem by retaining the same attorney—John J. McCloy. If they could not all talk to each other, at least they could all talk to the same lawyer. But now, as one antitrust attorney put it to me, "Old Brown Shoes is no longer necessary." IEA provides a forum in which representatives of different oil companies can meet without fear of antitrust accusations. IEA is run by committees of oil company personnel, whose deliberations are kept secret from the public. "OPEC has given the oil companies the opportunity to evade antitrust," a former high Justice Department official told me. "IEA has constructed a computer model of the world oil market, which gives companies an accurate picture of the status quo, so that they can meet to decide everything necessary to preserve it—except they don't have to fix the price, because OPEC does that for them. The oil companies are using IEA to do the same thing internationally that they did nationally in the 1930s, when they worked out the interstate control mechanism."

"The oil companies are the agents of a foreign power—OPEC," MIT oil economist M. A. Adelman told me. Without the active assistance of the companies, OPEC could not function, because it is not a true cartel. A true cartel is able to keep the price of a commodity artificially high by cutting back on production when demand is low. If a cartel has no mechanism for allocating cuts in production among its members, too much of the commodity will be put on the market and the price will fall. Because of the wide divergences between OPEC's members—it is difficult to imagine two countries that have less in common than, say, Venezuela and Abu Dhabi—the group has never been able to agree on a method of prorationing production cuts among themselves.

Fortunately for OPEC, however, the oil companies have been more than willing to supply the prorationing mechanism that OPEC lacks. The companies not only take care of cutback allocation for OPEC but enforce OPEC's artificially high price as well. Rutgers University oil economist Paul Davidson has said that "the OPEC cartel has not yet broken down, as a cartel usually will (because of its members cheating on price), for two important reasons: (1) the solidarity among the Arab producers, and (2) the willingness of the international companies to police prices and quantities in non-Arab OPEC countries. To act differently would threaten their Arab oil concessions. For example, Aramco, the sole producer in Saudi Arabia, is a combination of four of the 'Seven Sisters.' These four companies cannot purchase large quantities of crude over long periods at prices well below OPEC levels from sources outside Saudi Arabia, or else they will be in serious danger of losing their control of more than 6 million barrels per day of crude production in Saudi Arabia."

Oil company support of OPEC takes insidious forms, with companies attempting to manipulate public opinion by funding pro-Arab organizations in the United States. Gulf secretly donated $50,000 to create an organization called International Affairs Associates, Inc., in Washington to subsidize pro-Arab publications. Gulf laundered the money by passing it through its Bahamas subsidiary, the Beirut branch of New York's Citibank, and the account of an international lawyer. At least $9 million has been contributed to pro-Arab organizations over the past decade by such companies as Aramco, Gulf, Exxon, Mobil, Texaco, Esso Middle East, and Esso Standard Libya. The largest payment so far has been Gulf's donation of $2.2 million to an organization called American Near East Refugee Aid, Inc., which testifies before Congress in favor of Arab causes and whose chairman emeritus is John H. Davis, formerly principal officer of International Affairs Associates, Inc.

> Five days after Jimmy Carter was elected president, Patrick Caddell, one of his top advisers, was retained as a consultant by Saudi Arabia at $50,000 a year.

Americans for Middle East Understanding, Inc., publishes a pro-Arab newsletter called *The Link*, which recently stated that "the 1973 oil embargo was not an Arab embargo; it was an OPEC embargo," when in fact the embargo was an action not of OPEC but of OAPEC—the Organization of *Arab* Petroleum Exporting Countries. AMEU disseminates articles and pamphlets with titles like "More in Sorrow than in anger... the Arab case for OIL and JUSTICE," which reprinted an advertisement run by the Arab League in U.S. newspapers and which was mailed to lists of interstate trucking companies and service station owners. Operating out of the sanctimonious cover of New York's Interchurch Center, AMEU is a front for Aramco, which in AMEU's first full year of operation provided $86,300 of the organization's $89,757 budget.

AMEU's *The Link* has offered free subscriptions to *Aramco World*, possibly the most lavish corporate publication in the world. The message of *Aramco World* is that the money we're shipping to Saudi Arabia is somehow making us richer. "For the world's industrialized nations, therefore, the sands blowing in the Middle East offer unprecedented opportunities. The Arab world's almost unlimited appetite for staggering quantities of industrial commodities and services—from computers to cracking columns, design data to deep-sea diving—are injecting billions of dollars into the world's anemic bloodstream, swelling cash flows into corporate and national treasuries, and, as one effect, providing salaries and wages, dividends and taxes."

The company that produces the magazine for Aramco—called, discreetly enough, Motivational Techniques, Ltd.—glosses over the fact that the reason why the world's economic bloodstream is so anemic is that OPEC's members have their fangs in it. During 1976, for example, the United States paid Saudi Arabia $5.2 billion for oil, while sales of U.S. goods to the Arabians were only $2.8 billion—a net bloodletting of $2.4 billion. *Aramco World* uses this figure to demonstrate, not that Americans will always be paying OPEC more than OPEC is paying Americans, but to argue that if the United States would be more demonstratively pro-Arab, the Saudi princes would condescend to return to us more of the money they extort from us.

OPEC'S U.S. LAWYERS

Some of the most politically influential lawyers in Washington have a vested interest in the foreign oil cartel, because they are being paid handsome fees out of OPEC's inflated proceeds. A former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, a former secretary of defense, and a former secretary of state have been retained by OPEC members to look quietly after their interests in the U.S. capital.

After Senate Foreign Relations Committee chairman J. William Fulbright was defeated for reelection, he joined the elite Washington law firm of Hogan & Hartson. On August 12, 1975, he was retained by the United Arab Emirates for $25,000 annually. On July 28, 1976, he took on the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia at $50,000 a year. Though he is on the payroll of two of the richest members of OPEC, he poses as the disinterested statesman in speeches in which he says, "We may denounce the threat of embargo as blackmail, and perhaps that is the right name for it, but it is more to the point to note that if the Arabs did not use their economic power in their national interest, they

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A well-bred fellow.

would be the only nations in the world . . . who declined to do so." Fulbright is entirely correct. But the Arabs have thus used their economic power, which makes the United States, which has made no move to counter that power, the only nation in the world to have declined to do so.

According to Hogan & Hartson, Fulbright legal associates A. Linwood Holton, Jr. (former governor of Virginia), Arthur J. Rothkopf, and Bob Glen Odle lobbied last year for the firm's foreign clients, "contacting members of Congress and congressional staff regarding S. 61 and H.R. 1037, Energy Transportation Security Act of 1977, and cargo preference legislation generally—in opposition to such legislation." Arab members of OPEC are buying a fleet of tankers in order to make it possible to reduce shipments to the United States in a future pseudoembargo. The bill Fulbright's firm lobbied against would have required that a percentage of oil transported to the United States be shipped in U.S.-owned tankers. It was defeated.

It was Fulbright who opened the door for Washington attorney Frederick G. Dutton, a top aide to President John F. Kennedy and later to Bobby Kennedy, to a $200,000-a-year retainer from the embassy of Saudi Arabia. Dutton has been helping Saudi Basic Industries Corp. negotiate with Shell Oil, Dow Chemical, Exxon, and Fluor on petrochemical complexes to be built in Saudi Arabia. Dutton reports that he assisted the Saudi embassy in "the dissemination of political propaganda," including "radio or TV broadcasts," "advertising campaigns," "magazine or newspaper articles," "press releases," and "lectures or speeches." In a recent six-month period, Dutton paid out $35,500 for the legal services of one Nancy Hogan Dutton, who also happens to be his wife. Energy consumers also paid young Christopher Dutton $5,250 in four months for expertise presumably not possessed by either of his parents.

Washington lawyer and former defense secretary Clark Clifford, who held Bert Lance's hand at his televised confrontation with the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee, represents the somewhat inaccurately named Democratic and Popular Republic of Algeria, one of the United States' largest oil suppliers, at an annual retainer of $150,000. The DPRA also retains the huge Wall Street law firm of Shearman & Sterling, which has received $2,154,568 since April 1975 from the New York office of the Algerian national oil company, Sonatrach, and also does work for Saudi Arabia.

Three months after William Rogers, Nixon's first secretary of state, was superseded by Kissinger, he became the attorney for the shah of Iran's private foundation. He has since been retained by the Iranian embassy. Rogers has managed the Pahlavi Foundation's investment in a new skyscraper on New York's Fifth Avenue and in the $500 million Canal Street project now going up in New Orleans, helped create a subsidiary of the stock brokerage firm of Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith in Tehran, with the shah reportedly owning a controlling share, reputedly has lobbied against restrictions on foreign investment in the United States, and was credited with having helped to defeat a well-founded resolution by California Congressman Pete Stark to disapprove the sale of three submarines to Iran. Rogers has not registered with the Justice Department under the Foreign Agents Registration Act on the grounds that the political advice that he gives the Iranian ambassador is "free." An associate of columnist Jack Anderson, who recently was able to obtain a copy of the Pahlavi Foundation's tax return for the most recent year available, told me that the firm of Rogers & Wells was paid $148,427 in legal fees.

"This is what I hate about our annual banquet! Nobody gives any real thought to dessert!"

CONSULTANTS

U.S. consulting firms provided OPEC's initial expertise and today assist the cartel's members in attempting to manipulate American public opinion and in arranging petrodollar recycling deals that benefit a limited segment of U.S. companies.

OPEC's original pricing study was performed by Arthur D. Little & Co., Inc. The employee at the Cambridge, Mass., think tank who prepared the study, Francisco Parra, was hired by OPEC as its first chief economist and later became the price-fixing organization's secretary-general.

The idea that OPEC should use the "oil weapon" to enforce its demands for radically higher prices originated in the United States. A top investment banker with oil-industry connections has informed me that it was a New York petroleum investment analyst, a Palestinian Arab who is a naturalized U.S. citizen, who devised the plan. State Department Energy Chief James Akins's 1972 Algeria speech opened the door to this investment analyst's proposal. "Before Akins gave that speech, Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the Saudi oil minister, had thrown this guy out repeatedly as a fool and a troublemaker," the investment banker told me. "But after Akins told the Arab League oil conference that State expected oil prices to go up sharply due to a supposed lack of short-term alternatives to Arab oil, he suddenly got a respectful hearing." The Palestinian-American investment analyst is now a successful adviser on Mideast-oil-related financial matters.

Pollster Patrick Caddell is one of Jimmy Carter's top advisers. Five days after Carter won the New Hampshire primary, Caddell's firm, Cambridge Reports, Inc., was retained at $50,000 a year by the Saudi Arabian embassy in Washington—at the suggestion of lawyer Frederick G. Dutton—to provide quarterly reports on U.S. public opinion. For unexplained reasons the Saudis were willing to pay two and a half times what Caddell was getting from Exxon, Arco, Shell, and Sun Oil—also accounts that did not add to the objectivity of Caddell's advice to Carter on energy policy. Caddell contracted to give the Saudis

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

"Ilie Nastase introduced us to white rum and tonic."

"One day when I was photographing a match for a tennis magazine, Ilie Nastase came over to say hello. He displayed his usual charm—and then proceeded to tell me how much he hated one of my pictures of him in a recent issue.

That night, in a spirit of atonement, Ilie took Bob and me out to a Japanese restaurant. Before dinner, he ordered Puerto Rican white rum and tonic, a drink we had never tried before. We were intrigued, so we ordered the same.

When Ilie is right, he's right. White rum and tonic were made for each other.

A Rumanian in a Japanese restaurant introducing two Americans to Puerto Rican white rum.

That's how we got on to a good thing."

Convert yourself.

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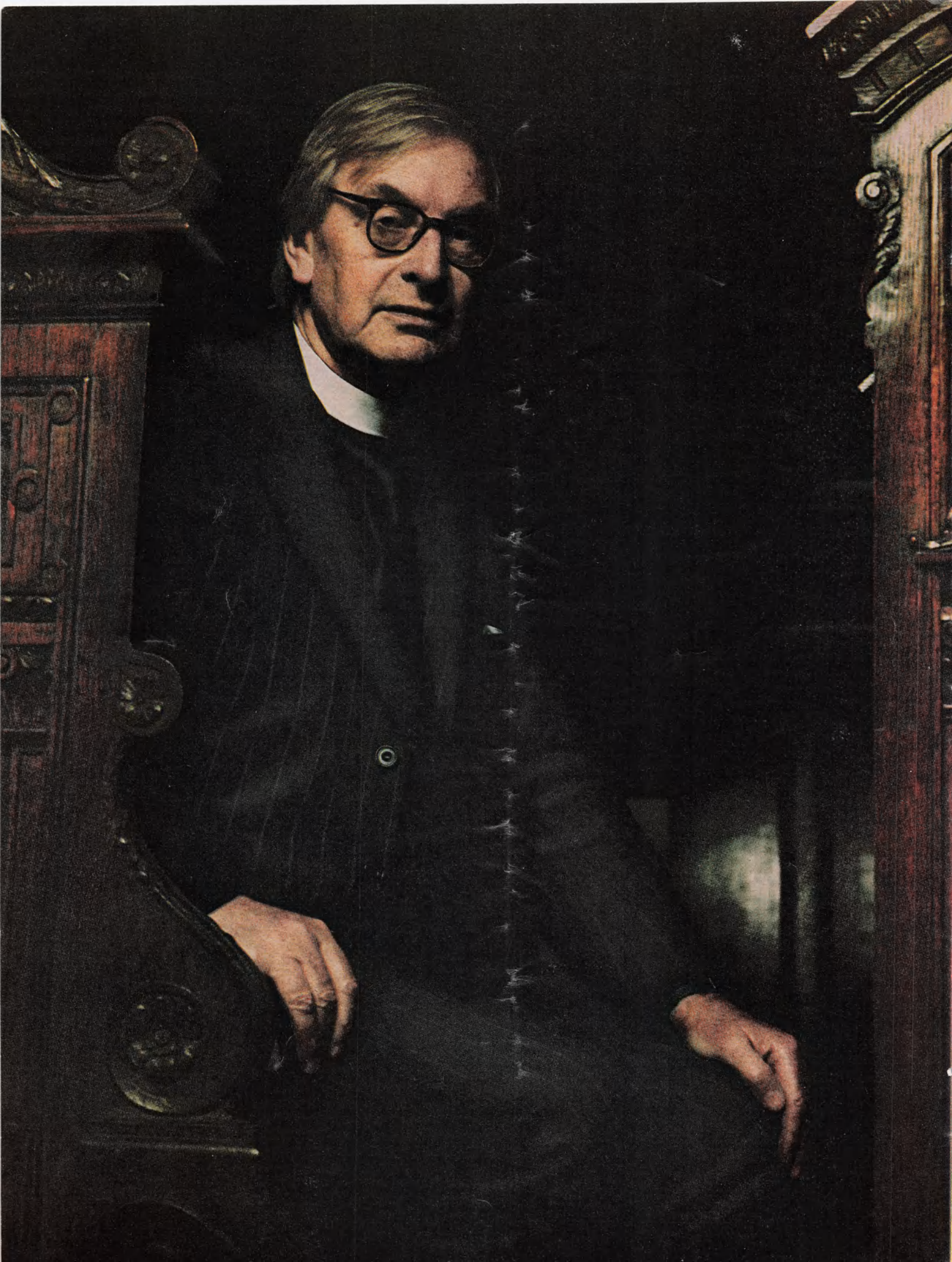

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

REVEREND CHAD VARAH

> People who compulsively
> condemn the sexual behavior of others
> are sick. We are dealing here
> with the phenomenon of people who need to feel
> excessively virtuous by forcing others
> to conform to their ideas.

Sixty-seven-year-old Rev. Edward Chad Varah likes to tell the story explaining how he got involved in sexual counseling as a young priest in England, more than forty years ago: "I had to officiate at the funeral of a teenage girl who had committed suicide when her menstrual periods started because she thought she had venereal disease. I said to myself: this must not happen again. I shall tell young people about sex."

Since then, Chad Varah has kept his word, not only telling people of all ages the truth about sexual functioning but also helping the suicidal—whether because of sex problems or not—by founding an international organization of telephone hot lines for those in despair. Chad Varah is founder of The Samaritans, the suicide prevention group that now has branches in every country of the world. For his services to humanity, he has been awarded the Order of the British Empire and, in February 1978, the award of the Paris-based Institut de la Vie, worth $20,000 in cash.

Diversity is the hallmark of this Anglican priest, who holds an appointment at St. Paul's Cathedral as well as the position of personal clergyman to the lord mayor of London. He has also been a journalist, written and illustrated children's books, and served as science-fiction consultant to a host of young people's publications. Moreover, Varah is one of the West's top experts on early Russian liturgical music.

But it is his special interest in sexual freedom that has gained Varah his biggest audiences in Europe, Australia, and the Far East. He once began a radio discussion in London with the provocative statement, "The more you are a good Christian, the more I would expect you to enjoy sex." His outspokenness was met with horror by Britain's defenders of officious Puritanism—people like Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, whom Varah has dubbed "Mrs. Mary Whited Sepulchre." He was met with equal outrage in New Zealand. Called upon by the defense in a censorship hearing, Chad was publicly denounced by the local antisex vigilante until the woman's credentials as a commentator were exposed: she revealed that, although middle-aged, she had never had sex and that most of her formative years had been spent as a novice and a nun.

Chad's argument on behalf of sexual freedom rests on a loathing of any form of tyranny. He has made this message clear in his current article in *Forum* magazine, to which he has been a valued contributor for more than five years. He has expanded the view in his conversation with *Penthouse* on the following pages, in which he elucidates his personal creation of a strand of emancipated Christian thinking he calls "Christian lib."

Chad Varah believes that the battle for the hearts and minds of Americans in a permissive society that is itself under attack may be one of the most important of the coming decade. He feels that neither the state nor any self-appointed group of moralistic "nannies" has the right to decide for individuals what they can read, see, or hear, whether it is of a sexual nature or not. "If we surrender our rights of self-determination," says Varah, "we immediately cease to be adults. We cease to be democratic, and we cease to possess any bulwark against the tyranny of those who would decide our ends for us. And we shall thus deserve our slavery."

U.K. *Penthouse* editor Gerard Van der Leun interviewed the fiery, iconoclastic priest at his home in London. Their first topic of discussion was the incongruity of Varah's positions as a priest and a spokesman on the subject of sex.

Penthouse: What prompted you—an Anglican priest—to become a reformer in the area of sexual morality?

Varah: Like Amos in the Old Testament, I never wanted to be a prophet, but when I saw all the unrighteousness committed in the name of God, I felt I had to speak out. I was the eldest of nine children of an Anglican clergyman and was brought up in a very remote country town in the north of England. There was not much sign that the Industrial Revolution had ever taken place, and so, since my father was fifty when I was born, I had a very Victorian upbringing. Now, this had both advantages and disadvantages. We are beginning to discover what admirable people the Victorians were—conscientious, inventive, full of energy, immensely ingenious. Still they were not liberal about matters concerning human sexual behavior, and they ended up causing a great deal of suffering.

Penthouse: What kind of suffering?

Varah: For one thing, the Victorian attitude toward women utterly ignored their sexual needs. Today some say that women are too preoccupied with their orgasms, but this has to be better than the Victorian's total lack of concern for a woman's orgasm. The vast majority of Victorian women never had an orgasmic experience. Back then, sex was regarded as a painful duty for a woman. Obviously, there *were* such things as love affairs, but a married woman had to submit to her husband and bear him innumerable children without anything to ease the pain. It was all regarded as part of her curse, inherited from Eve.

Penthouse: What happened when you left your country vicarage?

Varah: I went to a private boarding school and enjoyed it. It was, however, very tough, because the standards of most of the boys were not the same as mine. I had a great advantage, since I had always been interested in science and had avidly read any books I could find on the subject. This meant that I wasn't taken in by my school's campaign to convince boys that masturbation was harmful, sinful, and shameful. This propaganda just didn't fit in at all with what I had discovered in my science books. Then I went to Oxford, with a science scholarship, and had the three happiest years of my life.

Penthouse: Today most people no longer think masturbation is harmful, but many still feel it is either shameful or sinful.

Varah: True. There is a lingering belief in the horror stories about masturbation. Since I am both a Samaritan and a priest, people confide in me. I find that there is still a surprisingly large element of fear and difficulty in accepting that masturbation is a normal part of growing up—that it is learning to know one's own body and, indeed, learning the kinds of things that might aid in the pleasure you can give another person in lovemaking.

Still, there *has* been a great deal of change in the past twenty-five years—not just in attitudes toward masturbation but in feelings about sexuality in general. Things are being freely said and written, taken for granted, used in polite conversation at dinner parties, that would have been unthinkable in my childhood. They would have been unthinkable as well in the postwar period, when the idea of the Samaritans was germinating in my mind, and when I was spending a good deal of my time counseling people who had sexual problems. It may even be partly as a *result* of the activity of myself and other like-minded people—not that there were very many of us—that this change has taken place.

But the tragedy is that this change toward openness and honesty in the area of sexuality has, on the whole, come from *outside* the church. It has come from the pursuit of a science of sexuality, from humanitarian feelings, and from the natural desire of people to be free. It hasn't come from the natural moral leaders—the religious leaders—saying, "Let us have Christian liberation. Let us free ourselves from the repressive phantoms of our past." Very few in the church have called for greater sexual freedom or admitted that the church has had it all wrong about sex for generations.

> I couldn't belong to a totalitarian church or a totalitarian state without rebelling. I believe totalitarianism to be against the will of God.

Penthouse: Why did you decide to speak out?

Varah: Because my church, although more tolerant than most, shares the blame. I couldn't belong to a totalitarian church or a totalitarian state without rebelling. I believe totalitarianism to be against the will of God. I believe that we are here on earth to learn how to *love*: to love God, to love our fellow men, and to have a little love left for ourselves. This can be accomplished only through personal struggle and development. It can be done only in an atmosphere of adult freedom and moral responsibility. An infant has the duty to obey its parents and teachers, but an adult has the duty, painful as it might be, to make his or her own decisions. This requires courage.

Penthouse: But can an individual's courage prevent an institution like the church from imposing its own morality?

Varah: Unfortunately, no. Those who seek to take away human freedom—that is, take away the right of people to make their own moral decisions—are evil people. They are not necessarily consciously vicious, but they are serving the destructive, anti-God purposes of the Prince of Evil. And the horrifying thing is that this is usually done in the name of God, as though God, who gave us our freedom, wants it taken away, lest we should misuse it. Immature, frightened people are strongly attracted to totalitarian states and totalitarian churches, which tell them what to believe and what to do and guarantee them a place in heaven only if they toe the line.

Penthouse: Do you believe that many people today can be seriously attracted to a totalitarian régime?

Varah: In Nazi Germany or Stalinist Russia, people who had the guts to resist the totalitarian power were very rare. There would be just as few today. There may have been many in Germany who didn't like what was happening, but most people managed to convince themselves that the things they heard about were not really happening.

But my point in discussing Hitler's Germany and Stalinist Russia is that, even when tyranny is crude, brutal, and obviously diabolical, very few people will stand up to it. The majority shrug their shoulders, make excuses for it, or climb on the bandwagon. When it is done *subtly* and the only person who is likely to get hurt is "someone else," not you or I, then the incentive to rebel is greatly reduced.

Penthouse: How does one recognize this subtle kind of tyranny?

Varah: As I said in my *Forum* article, people who want to take away political freedom don't begin by saying that they wish to destroy liberty. They begin by playing upon prejudices against certain groups. Whether it is Jews, Roman Catholics, blacks, homosexuals, or "Reds," they are able to use a divide-and-conquer method. They set some of the population against the rest, and the manipulators end up with all the power.

It now seems to me that in the United States and England, one of the biggest threats to human freedom—that is, the wedge that will lead to total political censorship—is the attempt to censor what is commonly described as pornography.

Penthouse: How do you define pornography?

Varah: Etymologically, pornography is writing about the doings of prostitutes. The widely accepted meaning of the word these days is that of sexually arousing material, whether in printed texts, paintings, movies, video, or on the stage.

Now, you don't find the new enemies of freedom saying, "We do not believe that adults should be allowed to be sexually aroused." Rather, they try to make pornography into an evil. So these people who engage in this dishonesty hold themselves up as examples of outstanding moral stature. I call these types "holy terrorists." They are also known as "SMAGS"—Sex, Misery, And Guilt Spreaders. These people are not a joke. They are a danger to civilization, to the humane, reasonable, and free structure of society. They are also sick; people who

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compulsively condemn the sexual behavior of others are sick.

We are dealing here with the phenomenon of people who need to feel excessively virtuous by forcing others to conform to their ideas. You have one of these people in the United States, Anita Bryant. You know, people who have a need to feel excessively virtuous are people who are not able to accept themselves, let alone other people, as perfectly ordinary mixtures of good, bad, and indifferent, as human beings whom God loves in spite of their defects. God isn't surprised that they aren't perfect. But people who can't see this are led into the blasphemy of wanting to manufacture other people in their own images.

Penthouse: Who would profit from a repressive reaction against our current, permissive society?

Varah: The enemies of freedom would profit. A victory for the SMAGS would allow other totalitarians to regulate the behavior of human beings. The beginning of a Fascist victory occurs when some self-appointed group of supervisors establishes that it has the right to decide individual behavior. If freedom of sexual expression is destroyed, then the whole *idea* of freedom of expression is undermined. It is a very short step from censoring what people want to read, on the grounds that it would "corrupt" them sexually, to preventing them from reading what would "corrupt" them politically.

Penthouse: What is the role of Christianity in shaping people's sex lives?

Varah: Many people make the mistake of supposing that you can pick out things that Jesus did or said, as recorded in the Gospels, and use them as the basis for a new code of laws, rather like the one you find in the Pentateuch, given by Moses to the ancient Jews.

This is a fundamental, indeed, a *fundamentalist*, error. Just as you cannot tell what a person looks like by taking a photograph of a square inch of him that might include an eye or a wart, so you cannot pick out little bits here and there from the writings of Jesus's life and teachings and hope to encounter the person of Jesus Christ. You must read the Gospels attentively and imaginatively and let the person of Christ come out. Your total impression of Jesus Christ should be quite idiosyncratic—it should be just for you, just as in any other encounter. I couldn't pretend that my conception of Christ is the same as everybody else's.

This is where the church comes in. If we join together with others devoted to Christ and if we, so to speak, compare notes, sometimes we are enriched by seeing things in Christ we haven't seen before. At other times, when others see things that we would regard as warts, we are exasperated or offended. Taken in sum, we can discern two opposing Christian attitudes, one of which I believe to be orthodox and the other to be a more heretical viewpoint.

The heretical one is the one that treats Jesus as the same kind of lawgiver that Moses was and looks for detailed commands and regulations. This is the line followed by Puritans, who regard the flesh as evil and only spirit as good—whereas, of course, Jesus Christ himself taught that evil comes from the spirit. He taught that there may be evil spirits and good spirits, but that the body itself is morally neutral—innocent.

The orthodox view is that Christ was not a lawgiver but a man who translated God into human terms, so that we could understand God and serve him better, a man who showed us the way to live as true human beings. It is all summed up in one of the most difficult short words in the English language—*love*. Now, it is the meaning we find so often in the Old Testament prophets—that of "loving kindness"—that is the kind of love we are talking about: altruistic love, love that has nothing whatever to do with liking, let alone sexual attraction. This love expresses the kind of benevolent behavior that we, as Christians, are urged to show to all human beings. I believe we are alive for the purpose of making progress toward what St. Paul calls "the fullness of Christ" and to become more and more like the only perfect human being we have ever seen on earth. This doesn't mean becoming more and more like a character in a stained glass window, but becoming more and more a person who is capable in any situation of showing love.

> One of the biggest threats to human freedom—the wedge that will lead to total political censorship—is the attempt to censor what is described as pornography.

Obviously, it's shocking to many conventional Christians to think how a human being should show love in a sexual situation, because we have no information whatever about the sex life of Jesus Christ. Still, we do have indications of His attitude toward other people's sexuality. He regarded malicious thoughts as "evil" and the appetites of the body as "natural." He certainly believed that our material desires could lead us into sin, but His severe condemnation was always for the cruel, the hypocritical, the callous, and the inhumane. Christ was very tender to the people who erred through too great a lust for life and too great an enthusiasm for the good things in life, like feasting, which Christ himself enjoyed in reasonable moderation. He forgave Mary Magdalene her sins, which were many, because she loved much.

So the picture we get of Jesus Christ from the Gospels is that of a man who lives a life of loving dedication, who is an example and an inspiration as well as a teacher, who provides an example of the right way to live. He doesn't give commands, as the SMAGS and totalitarians do. He tells stories that convey truth. Jesus knew you couldn't force truth into people; you can't just push truth into people's ears and expect it to lodge in the mind. Truth has to be accepted. We have to see it for ourselves. It just isn't any good for other people to see it for us, and that's where these holy terrorists have got it completely wrong. They imagine that they can do our seeing and thinking for us.

Penthouse: Do you think it's possible to legislate morality?

Varah: No. Any state has the power to force its citizens to behave according to certain laws, provided that it can enforce those laws. But if people find the laws not to their liking, they ignore the laws, if they think they can get away with doing so. If you feel that a law is not only inconvenient but also actually immoral, you don't feel at all guilty about breaking it, as long as you aren't found out. Christ knew this well.

There is the well-known story of the woman who was caught in the act of adultery and dragged naked in front of Christ, who was teaching in the temple. The people said that the law of Moses commanded that she should be stoned. They asked for his judgment, hoping He would say, "Never mind what Moses says," in which case there would be great revolt against Him; or, alternatively, that He would say, "Yes, that's the law. Let it take its course," in which case the people who thought of Christ as gentle and humane would revolt. His wise reply was "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Christ had previously said that people are always committing adultery in their hearts. He didn't say that it was a bad thing to do; he just stated the fact.

Penthouse: Our current president has gone on record with a similar statement.

Varah: Yes, and I think one can admire Mr. Carter for it. I think many people thought to themselves, "My God, here is a politician speaking from the heart!" Whether we agree with him or not, we can respect him. Where Jimmy Carter quotes scripture, SMAGS take a sentence like Christ's "But I say to you that whosoever shall look on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart" as meaning that adultery is a very bad thing. But this isn't what Christ was saying at all. What our Lord meant, in my opinion, was "Don't go around feeling superior to people who have been committing adultery, when the only reason you didn't do it in actuality instead of your thoughts is that either nobody is having you or you are too scared." Christ is often misrepresented because He is seen as a lawgiver. He isn't a lawgiver. The parable of the woman taken in adultery shows Jesus at His most understanding and humane.

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AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND • 80 PROOF ©1978 CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

Penthouse: To move from the biblical era to the present, we have seen an explosion of erotica in recent years. What do you think of the ever-increasing censorship of this erotic material?

Varah: The very notion of censorship is antidemocratic. The rich, the privileged, and the well-educated can always have sophisticated eroticism. When I was a school boy, you could read all about sex in Ovid or Lucretius, if you could read Latin. The mass of people hadn't the remotest idea about such matters. What do "ordinary people" want from pornography now? They want photographs, which assure them that the erotic is real and not just some artist's imagination. They want to use their own imaginations, if only to the extent of substituting themselves for one of the characters in the pictures. To my mind, the availability of pornographic pictures in not-too-expensive magazines is a godsend to the sons and grandsons of those who never got to see what the female genitals looked like until they got married, if then.

Penthouse: "If then"?

Varah: Oh, yes. When I was a child, it was quite common for a man never to see his wife naked.

Penthouse: How did people make love?

Varah: I assume the husband and wife performed a kind of discreet minuet while attired in ankle-length nightwear. It was quite common for a man never to have examined the female genitals closely. Naturally, there was an immense curiosity about genitals, and medical books were eagerly sought after, because they might have detailed drawings—even though half of the drawings would be cut away or would depict some fearsome disfigurements by venereal disease. Today's generation cannot conceive of our terrible urge to know what girls looked like!

Penthouse: What do you think should be the purpose of erotic art?

Varah: To show the beauty of sex appeal and sexual activity. Art is aesthetic; pornography is practical and may be therapeutic. But the latter should be "confined" as a specific form of the media. One should buy it if one wants to—I am not in favor of the customer having something pushed at him that he doesn't want. I don't look for sexually arousing pictures or articles in the *London Times*.

Penthouse: In the last couple of years, there has been a marked increase in the number of obscenity trials. Do you think certain people should be brought to trial for publishing erotic material?

Varah: It's a coincidence that you should be asking about trials, because in a couple of days I'll be attending one at the Old Bailey, London's central criminal court. Last week I was asked if I would appear there to defend some pornographic magazines that had been confiscated and were being prosecuted by the police. Several times in the past, I have defended such magazines, and, I am happy to say, I was successful. This time, when I was asked, I said, "Look, it's somebody else's turn. I'm in enough trouble as it is; let somebody else stick his neck out for a change."

But they said there wasn't anybody else. They did not know of another clergyman in England who would stand in the witness box and defend these magazines, which are a kind of soft porn, chiefly valuable to lonely or frustrated men for masturbation purposes. I thought: My God, what a commentary on the church, that there isn't anyone who will do such a simple act of kindness to the men who are pouring out of the factories, looking for a little bit of glamour on their way home. What a commentary on the gulf between the church and the modern world when they can find only one clergyman who will go into the witness box and say, "Yes, it is a good thing that men who want these magazines should be able to buy them. Yes, of course, they probably use them for masturbation. Why not? Yes, they do show girls in undignified positions. The girls are reasonably well paid for posing, and they don't mind or feel humiliated."

> Those who seek to take away human freedom, who take away the right of people to make their own moral decisions . . . are serving the destructive anti-God purposes of the Prince of Evil.

And what a sad thing when people are so afraid of the sacred cows and the holy terrorists that they dare not say, "Well, what harm is there in that? It's for the men themselves to choose whether they buy these magazines or not." These magazines are not blasphemous; they do not involve children, for example.

Penthouse: In your *Forum* article, you argue for the complete legislation and acceptance of prostitution. How can a Christian priest come out for legalizing prostitution?

Varah: Prostitution is already legal in England, and we're none the worse for it. You can be arrested for soliciting or annoying people in the street. You can also be arrested for living off the immoral earnings of a prostitute. But you can't be arrested for being a prostitute. You are not allowed to solicit, to run a brothel, to live off immoral earnings. But any woman who meets a man who propositions her and has sexual intercourse with him for money is not committing any crime under the English law, and quite rightly not.

Penthouse: Many ideas in your *Forum* article seem to center around your concept of "Christian liberation." What is this?

Varah: The idea of Christian liberation is that the Christian church has had it all wrong about sex almost throughout its history. The purpose of Christian liberation is to liberate Christianity from Puritanism, Manichaeism, and all the antisex, antilife attitudes that have been largely responsible for turning the public away from the church and the Christian faith. I know this will be fiercely denied by the holy terrorists, but nothing has turned people away from Christianity more than the feeling that in their youth they had to choose between God and sex because they couldn't have both. You either had to be a "holy Joe," in which case you fought a grim battle against masturbation and didn't have anything to do with girls until you were married—and even then not too often nor too enthusiastically—or else you rejected the Christian faith as being a drag and something that would only cramp your style and, with a certain feeling of guilt nevertheless, indulged in some sexual experimentations. I know this is an oversimplification, but there's a lot of truth in the idea that, twenty or thirty years ago, youth had to choose between God and sex. And I think God would be pleased if they chose sex, because they would be choosing one of His beautiful creations, rather than choosing a god He Himself would not recognize.

Penthouse: Why do you think people felt they had to choose between God and sex?

Varah: Anybody who considers sex as dirty has got to consider that God is dirty, because God invented sex, just as He invented everything else that exists. Sex is a basic interest. Every young person is interested in his own sexual and emotional feelings and has hopes for love relationships in the present and future. Apart from sports, hobbies, and studies, it's difficult to see what *else* is of tremendous importance in preparing young persons for their life's work. So if you separate religion from the things that are important to them—including sex—you make religion irrelevant to their real concerns. You are in fact saying, "Do not be a normal boy, a normal girl. Become abnormal. Sport in moderation will be useful in taking your mind off sex—take long walks and cold baths." This attitude *demeans* the Christian faith. The Christian faith, to me, is a massive, impressive intellectual structure, coherent and inspiring, and to turn that into a mechanism for stopping boys from masturbating is to demean it to a point of extinction. One can only feel ashamed that minds capable of theology can sink to such pettiness. Christianity was never intended to be a religion of commands and regulations and prohibitions.

Christian lib is to liberate people *from* the old Pharisaism, to liberate them *for* an exciting and spontaneous way of living. Our society could be totally transformed by truly Christian dedication on the part of our young people, and this is not happening. The reason why it isn't happening is that we have allowed the holy terrorists to pervert Christianity into something that bears very little resemblance to what the Founder intended.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

Barbara Ann

"I love the perpetual motion of dancing. . .it's the closest thing to flying there is."

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Lighter than Aries

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

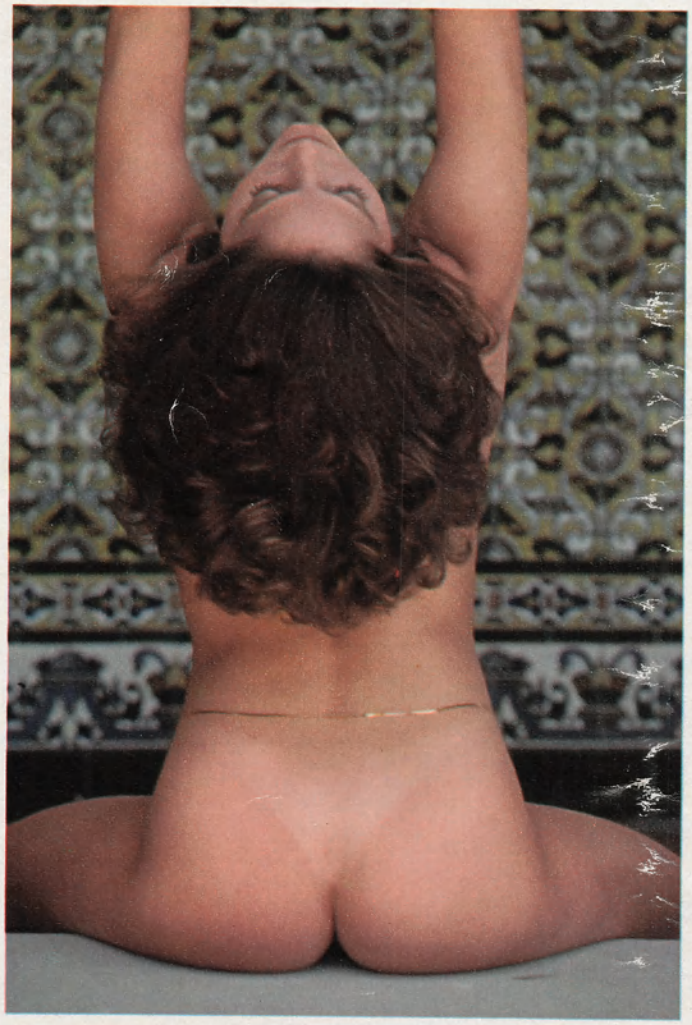
It's fitting that a girl with the glowing good looks of Pet-of-the-Month Barbara Ann should be an Aries, and that her hometown should be Star Island, one of the five islands composing Miami. "It's beautiful here," she tells us, describing palatial homes and huge, gleaming yachts floating in the bay. But she's equally enchanted with Florida's wilder side—the primitive, uncharted Everglades. "Posing nude on an airboat there, with all those hungry alligators around, made it just dangerous enough to tantalize me," she says, laughing softly.

"I'd like to make love in a helicopter. Not with the pilot, of course!"

But wonderful as Florida is, Barbara won't be tied down, geographically or otherwise. "I love to travel, and I could never be with a man who isn't as adventurous as I am," says this free-spirited twenty-year-old. "In fact, I'm just about to spend the summer exploring Europe with a friend." A *male* friend? "Well, yes, if you have to be specific," she answers, laughing. Her passion for dancing is commensurate with her Aries temperament. "I love the perpetual motion of dancing, the idea of my feet scarcely even touching the ground. It's the closest thing to flying there is."

Barbara is modeling professionally right now, but she's more interested in launching her dancing career. "I take lessons in jazz, ballet, and modern dance, and then at night I always seem to find myself going to discos." In her spare time she sets her poetry into even faster motion.

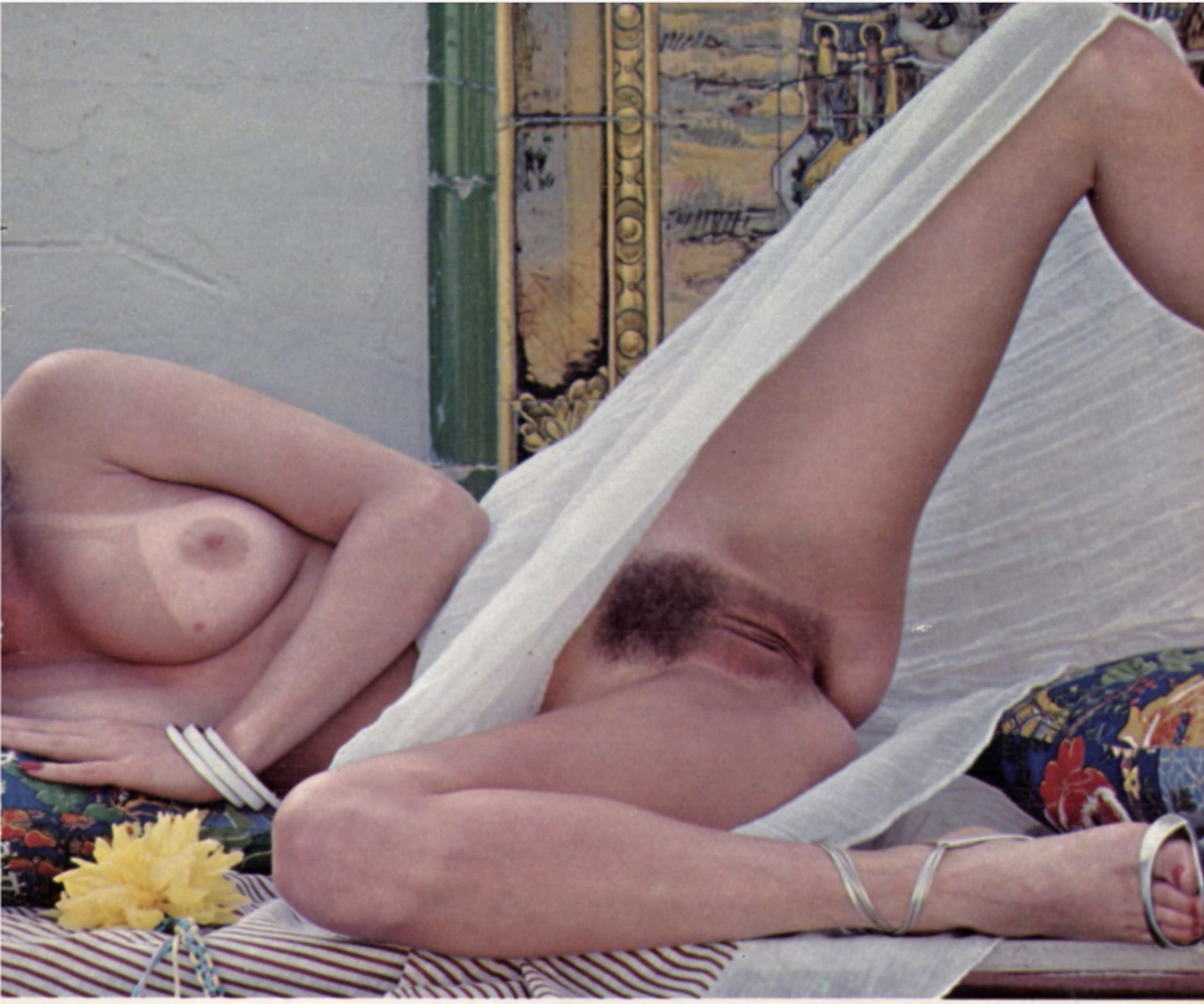
"I love riding my motorcycle to the beach and then commandeering a friend's speedboat," she says. Her favorite sex fantasy involves suspended animation: "I'd like to make love in a helicopter. Not with the pilot, of course —at least not when he's flying the thing!"



Hair and makeup by Jill Campion, Miami Beach; Accommodations courtesy of The Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach.

"I like to have occasional affairs, but I feel I'm too young for any really heavy involvement."

What about her family? "Oh, I've never been overprotected. When I told my mother I was posing for *Penthouse*, she just saw it as a practical, positive move for my career and made it clear that she trusted my judgment." Did Barbara enjoy her first experience posing nude? "Oh, I was a little skeptical at first," admits the owner of this heavenly,36-24-35-inch body. "But it was exciting, and we got some beautiful shots," an understatement, judging from the evidence.



Barbara's free-floating spirit also extends to romance. "I have a lot of men friends who are only *friends* (poor things). And of course I like to have occasional affairs, but I feel I'm too young for any really heavy involvement right now." How about marriage? "No!" she answers unequivocally. "It hasn't even crossed my mind." If she ever were to settle down, though, she wouldn't mind if the lucky man were rich. "I'd like to be financially comfortable," admits our candid Pet. "But, mainly, I'm attracted to intellectual men with a sense of humor. I really don't care that much about a pretty face," she adds, and we can see why. She's more than pretty enough for two.

"I'm attracted to intellectual men with a sense of humor. I don't care that much about a pretty face."

MISS BARBARA ANN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Since Jimmy Carter took office, *Penthouse* has been trying to determine the pattern or trend of his administration's actions in dealing with veterans' problems, especially those directly affecting Vietnam veterans. Today this pattern is increasingly clear and indicates an intention to do away—insofar as it is possible—with the special consideration given to *all* veterans based solely on the fact of their military service.

From the beginning of President Carter's administration, with his pardon of draft evaders and resisters, he has initiated only crablike actions, each of which has had the effect—intended or not—of weakening the government's commitments to all veterans. For example, on January 27, 1977, Carter announced (with considerable fanfare) the Help through Industry Retraining and Employment (HIRE) program, designed to assist Vietnam-era veterans who lack jobs. This $140 million HIRE program has been an unmitigated disaster. According to the Department of Labor's figures, the program has provided jobs for less than 200 veterans, although 100,000 was the stated goal. The blame for this failure lies squarely on Mr. Carter's doorstep. He neither sought nor heeded the advice of the business community in drawing up the HIRE program, nor did he act swiftly to establish, within the Department of Labor, a bureau to deal with the problems of veterans' unemployment.

Similarly, despite pious statements about the necessity for improved training and educational programs for Vietnam veterans, Mr. Carter has exerted no much-needed executive pressure or evinced any serious interest in the efforts of Congressman Lester Wolff and others to remedy the *structural* inadequacies of the GI Bill educational-benefits program. For the first time since 1944, the GI Bill, both as a concept and a program, is under attack by antiveteran elements in the Carter administration on the grounds of its being too costly and discriminating in favor of those with a greater "need" for educational assistance. From all that we have seen, it seems clear that the Carter administration does not intend to support needed changes in the GI Bill or to do much to expand veteran participation rates (notably, by those veterans who require technical and vocational training rather than a conventional college education).

When questioned about their malperformance in handling these and other veterans' problems, Carter-administration aides are quick to place the blame on Congress. There is some truth in this accusation, of course. But the greater blame is still Carter's—for not acting to enable the Veterans Administration to deal with veterans' problems in an active and positive manner. Today the VA is still a passive handmaiden to the Carter White House, and its Office of Management of Budget is unable even to plan or modify its own programs. This is President Carter's personal doing. He could have turned the VA into an organization able to play a creative role in the solution of veterans' problems, but he did not. As a result, the social-welfare planners in the Carter administration, who are obsessed with the notion of a centrally controlled statist society, believe, according to John Wasylik, commander in chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, that "no one is special and everyone is equal, regardless of contributions to our nation or the total absence thereof."

Underscoring Wasylik's concern is the fact that President Carter has formally proposed actions that, if allowed by the Congress to stand, would constitute a major change in the government's commitments to veterans. Two of these actions are especially significant. The first, part of the administration's civil service reform package, proposes to limit job preference that the federal government has given to veterans since 1944.

> President Carter seems determined to do away with the special consideration veterans have well earned . . . and to betray commitments made to those who answered their nation's call at a time of need.

The second regrettable action is Carter's decision to eliminate medical research at sixty-four VA hospitals. This will have the practical effect of ending efforts on the part of many doctors and medical scientists to find better ways of treating veterans' illnesses, and it will result in the closing of these hospitals. This denigration by Carter of the VA's medical-research effort—which, incidentally, produced two Nobel laureates last year—is no simple cost-cutting economy program. Rather, it is a clear indication of his intent to integrate the VA's hospital-and-medical-care system into a national health-insurance program.

We are forced to conclude, from these and other intended actions, that Jimmy Carter is determined to end the special consideration veterans have well earned. Such an approach is a travesty of immense proportions. It suggests, among other things, an illiberal callousness on the part of the president, a surprising lack of sensitivity to the fact that those serving their nation in times of war and uneasy peace deserve special consideration for their personal sacrifices. To argue otherwise is to allow President Carter, or any other president, to betray fundamental commitments to those who have answered their nation's call in times of great need.

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"If you smoke for taste, you've got to be smoking Winston."

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BY PHILIP NOBILE

The author, a syndicated columnist and contributing editor of New York magazine, writes frequently about sex.

THE SEX-SURVEY FRAUD

Sexual behavior is almost impervious to scientific survey. Of course, simply polling people about what they do in bed does not tax genius—even the witless can cast questions broadly. And that's just the trouble. *Whom* you ask and *how* you ask make all the difference. Special care must be observed to avoid lies and generalizations. An ideological approach or a sloppy method is a sure path to ruin. Unfortunately, these errors afflict three recent "nationwide" surveys—*The Hite Report, The Redbook Report on Female Sexuality,* and *Beyond the Male Myth.* These books, purportedly works of precision, are marred by such procedural disarray that few of their conclusions can be trusted—a point so far unnoted in the press.

Although made of flesh and bone, we are not all alike in our venereal pleasures. Sex is a highly conditioned activity, prey to the effects of age, social level, religion, and other factors. Freud projected a universal theory of sexuality from a small sample of middle-class Viennese neurotics; Havelock Ellis's research was similarly bounded by the narrow range of his inquiries in Edwardian England. Not until Alfred Kinsey (1894–1956), a taxonomist of insects, began to record the sex histories of a cross section of Americans in 1938 was there any truly systematic classification of the erotic habits of a national population. All subsequent studies must be measured against Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (1948) and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (1953), volumes now largely, though undeservedly, ignored.

First, a short primer on this forgotten biology professor from Indiana University. Kinsey was forty-four years old when he initiated a noncredit marriage course for seniors in 1938. Unable to find satisfactory data on the varieties of sexual behavior, he began to obtain the sex histories of his students. Despising the coldness and the inflexibility of written questionnaires, he insisted on personal interviews. Each history covered at least 350 items that could be recorded on a single page in elaborate code—in less than two hours! Kinsey was interested in what people did, not in what they felt.

How did Kinsey and his handful of colleagues who conducted the 20,000 interviews providing the statistical base of the male and female reports know that they were getting the truth? Two ploys were used for minimizing deception—rapid-fire interrogation reduced the chance of exaggeration, and interlocking questions exposed cover-up. For example, Kinsey devised twelve extremely subtle questions that would test the subject's experience with homosexuality before posing the direct question.

Sampling was a much trickier problem. Pure randomness is of course impossible in a sex survey. No researcher can be expected to stand on a street corner and tap every tenth person for his or her sex history. Kinsey's solution was ingenious: the 100 percent sample. Wherever he went, he attempted to secure the histories of every last individual within the social group—family, sorority, university department, etc.—as long as the unit was not linked by a common sexual interest. A quarter of the 12,000 histories in the male volume came from the 100 percent samples. Junking Gallup-style "proportionate sampling," Kinsey sought more or less equal sampling from each of the cells in the whole.

Despite Kinsey's care, neither report entirely met his ideal. (His eventual goal was 100,000 sex histories.) Ever the scien-

"Shere Hite's *Study of Female Sexuality* is actually a radical feminist manifesto in semischolarly drag. . . . Her selections tend to celebrate womankind and emphasize the lousy lovemaking of the opposite sex."

tist, he pointed out the soft spots and warned "the statistically inexperienced reader" that his data were "probably fair approximations, but only approximations of the fact."

"The present study," he wrote in the introduction to the *Human Male* volume, "is designed as a first step in the accumulation of a body of scientific fact that may provide the basis for sounder generalizations about the sexual behavior of certain groups and, some day, even of our American population as a whole." Despite his 20,000 histories, Kinsey refused to *generalize*. Would that Kinsey's modesty had inspired his modern imitators!

The Hite Report: A Nationwide Study of Female Sexuality is actually a radical feminist manifesto in semischolarly drag. "To us, in self-affirmation, I dedicate this book," Shere Hite declares, making no secret of her political intent. This survey appears to be the result of 3,000 questionnaires culled from an original distribution of 100,000. But with Hite, appearances are always suspect. The hard statistical base counts only 1,844 women, although she dips into another untabulated 1,200 responses in order to dress up her citations. The text is practically all documentary material quoting respondents on myriad erotic concerns. Given Hite's slant, her selections tend to celebrate womankind and emphasize the lousy lovemaking of the opposite sex.

The relatively few statistical tables in *The Hite Report* are a travesty. First, Hite sent out three different questionnaires, thereby blotting out any semblance of a standard survey. In order to "break through to a deeper level of communication with the person answering," Hite deliberately omitted questions about age, religion, education, and occupation on the first questionnaire. This is science by woman's intuition. Why Hite changed her mind on subsequent mailings is a mystery. The cautious reader will also be perplexed by the unexplained failure of stated answers to add up to the known total of the sample. It turns out that most of the respondents didn't bother to complete the questionnaire—on the author's advice! "Don't feel that you have to answer every single question . . .," she whimsically advised respondents; "you can just skip around and answer the ones that interest you."

The most annoying omission is Hite's neglect to classify precisely which type of woman—single or married, young or old, high school or college graduate, etc.—did or felt something. All she offers is faceless numbers, which is like announcing soccer scores without naming the teams.

Despite this statistical nightmare, the bias of Hite's sampling doomed the book from the start. For example, 37 percent of the responses to one questionnaire came from female readers of *Oui*, while another third were hooked by the *Village Voice*. That's tainted evidence—the women who read *Oui* and the *Village Voice* are hardly emblematic of American womanhood. Hite merely wound up affirming her own kind. And even when she thought that she was on to something important—for example, her key discovery that 82 percent of the women who masturbated almost always had orgasms with ease—Kinsey had preceded her. (See his chapter on masturbation in the *Human Female* volume.)

The people at *Redbook*, well-meaning meliorists to the core, share Hite's self-help point of view. They, too, want women to be sexually content. "You will find a sense of joy and a sense of fun, a sense of comfort and a sense of play," chirps *Redbook*'s editor in chief, Sey Chassler, about his magazine's kerygmatic project. And so *Redbook* subtitled its survey—*100,000 Married Women Disclose the Good News about Sex*. Indeed, the happy homemakers who read *Redbook* are ecstatic about their love life. In contrast to Hite's embittered respondents, they regularly had orgasm during intercourse and generally masturbated only when the man of the house was away, and only 3 percent were ever intimate with other women—as opposed to Hite's 8 percent.

The Redbook Report suffers from the bias of voluntarism (a major defect in Hite's book as well). The 100,000 women who painstakingly cut out the questionnaire printed in the magazine and checked all seventy-five questions were obviously interested and probably upbeat in the matter of sex. To narrow the sample even further, *Redbook* also eliminated single women. And despite the hallowed 100,000 figure, only 2,278 responses were in fact *processed* for the *Report*.

To their credit, the *Redbook Report* editors, Drs. Carol Tavris and Susan Sadd, admitted that their sample of recipe clippers is much younger, better educated, and more affluent than the average American wife. *Redbook*'s oversimplified tables, unlike Hite's, at least supply percentages. But the unscientific method is repeated.

New York psychiatrist Anthony Pietropinto and his journalist collaborator, Jacqueline Simenauer, decided to eliminate bias totally from their survey by enlisting a marketing-research firm to distribute their forty-item questionnaire. The sample of 4,066 men computed in *Beyond the Male Myth: A Nationwide Survey* is presented as a perfectly balanced piece of scientific polling with the proper percentage of respondents in proportion to their place in the population as a whole.

However, this obsession for proportionality is misdirected in sexual inquiries, as Kinsey noted back in the forties. Simply having nine times as many white respondents as black—because blacks are one-tenth of the population—doesn't tell us anything about the sex behavior of blacks. Pietropinto and Simenauer, both statistical innocents, ignored Kinsey's insistence on the necessity of extensive sampling in each subgroup. Whereas Kinsey cautiously refrained from mixing an inadequate sample of 1,000 black male histories into the male volume, they blithely proceeded with questionnaires from 240 blacks (5.9 percent of the sample). And only in the appendix do the authors admit using twice as many men with some college or more (65 percent) as exists in the national population (31 percent). Since male sexuality is class determined—the higher the class, the fewer the taboos and the greater the sophistication, again from Kinsey—this disequilibrium utterly destroys the book's pretenses and helps explain why Pietropinto and Simenauer's men are so myth-shatteringly considerate of women; e.g., physical beauty was irrelevant to most, only 15 percent failed to delay orgasm for their partners, half picked exclusive monogamy as the ideal life, etc. Therapy rather than scholarship was their aim. The authors candidly wrote that they devised their study for women—"to enrich their relationships with friends, lovers, and husbands."

In sum, owing to faulty statistics, each of these recent surveys is worthless except for impressionistic and anecdotal content. None was launched dispassionately; they all had points to prove and bent their research accordingly. This is ideology rather than science.

"Men began to appreciate me, and I began to appreciate myself. I began to have the sensual feelings of a woman."

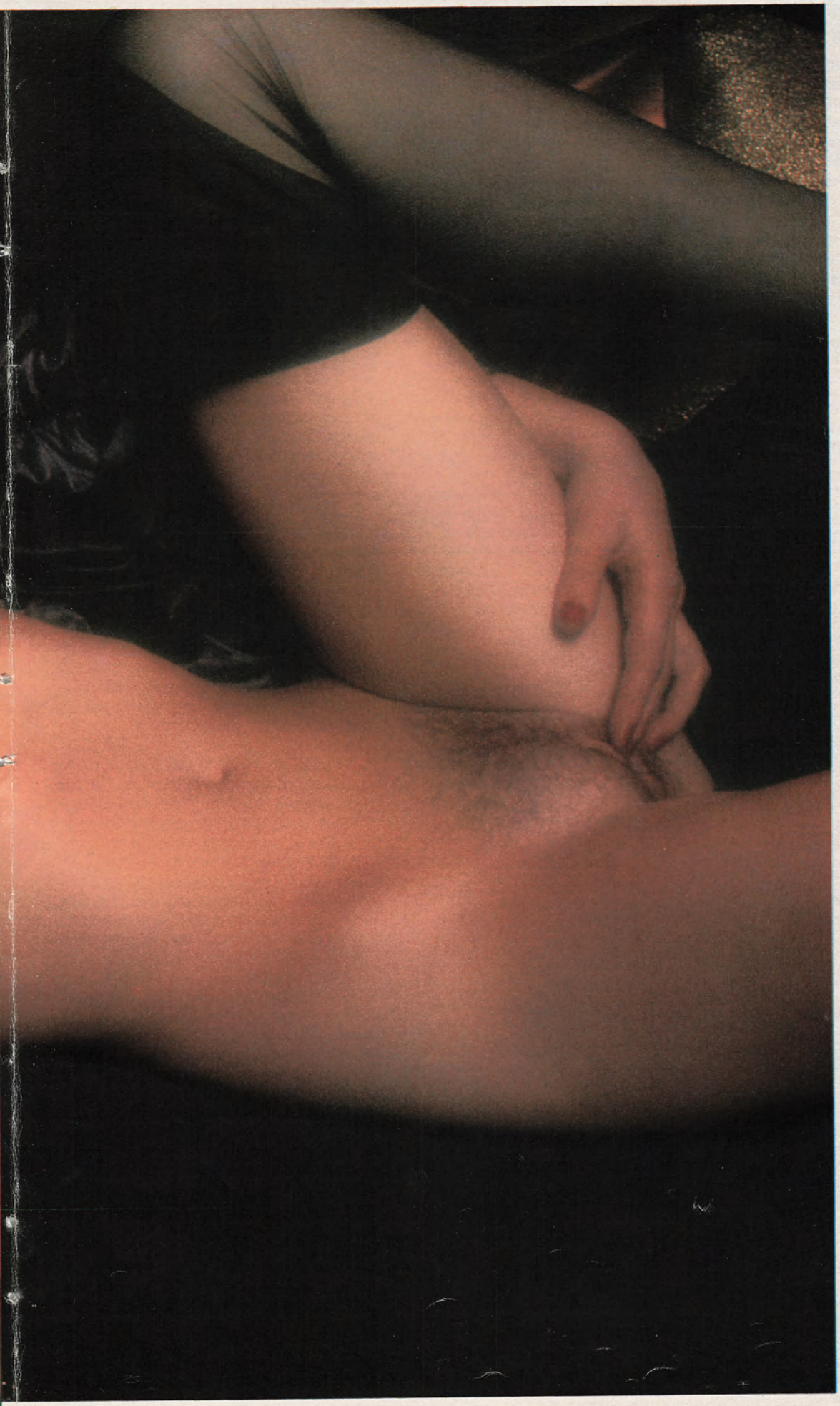
Little Lady of Spain

Marita, the daughter of a comfortable Andalusian merchant, was nurtured in a very sheltered world. The lovely bougainvillaea-covered walls of her family's nineteenth-century villa served as an ivory tower, insulating her from the modern world, from worldly things in general. Then, a year ago, Marita was allowed to go north, to live in the modern metropolis of Madrid, where she now studies art at the famous El Prado museum. "I love the startling contrasts between my old life and my new one," she tells us. "But when I marry, I'll return to Seville, to promote the arts there and, I hope, to raise a family."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JIM FOXX

"To me, my body is a precious work of art, something to be cherished and always shared."

Marita has discovered more than culture in Madrid—she has discovered the dormant sexuality within her. "Men began to appreciate me, and I began to appreciate myself. I was nearly nineteen before I first had the sensual feelings of a woman. I was dressing one night for a date with my sweetheart," she recalls. "I was still a virgin. Suddenly I found myself standing before the mirror and unashamedly admiring my body." Touching her rounded breasts stirred a sensation in her she'd never felt before. She caressed her soft, warm center and felt a liquid shudder pulsate through her. "I understood that it was the beginning of the ecstasy I could fulfill only with a man."



"He's been so gentle, so patient," Marita says of her boyfriend. And though she is faithful to him always, Marita feels no shame at allowing other men the pleasure of seeing her body, watching her explore the silken mysteries of herself. "To me, my body, like the paintings of Velasquez and El Greco and Goya, is a precious work of art, something to be cherished and always shared." Gracias, Señorita.

LETELIER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

Headed by one of the two Cubans who had participated in the Coral Gables restaurant meeting a month earlier, this workshop finalized the plan that was submitted a short while later for DINA's approval. Several days later the plan was approved, and the order was flashed from Santiago: kill Orlando Letelier.

The first step in the plan was an extensive surveillance of Letelier's daily routine. That surveillance, which began in August 1976, immediately discovered that Letelier was blissfully unconcerned about his safety in Washington. He took no special precautions at his Bethesda home (an FBI agent lived on one side; his other neighbor was a State Department official), and he followed the same route to work every morning. He walked about openly, a gregarious, charming Latin political leader who did not see the danger beginning to gather around him.

Some friends did see it. For example, they pointed out to him that there were a number of mysterious things beginning to occur, such as a houseguest's discovery of a man in the Letelier home surprised in the act of rifling though some papers. Another time Letelier returned to his car after a day at work and found the door open. He laughed at suggestions that somebody had been casing his car and, apparently fearing imminent discovery, had run off and left the door open. Then there were several cars spotted cruising Letelier's neighborhood. And there were the strange phone calls to his home at night.

But Letelier refused to believe that he was in any danger, even after his car keys suddenly disappeared one day.

Letelier might have refused to believe it, but the fact was that the surveillance around him was tightening. His friends were right: his car was under surveillance, since the Cubans had decided that he was to be killed by a C-4 bomb attached to his car. By September 15 the plan appeared ready and set to go, a circumstance underscored by two events: (1) four men inside a late-model gray sedan spent hours observing the Letelier home and (2) the Cubans, worried that their presence in Washington might alert authorities, decided to formulate an alibi. To account for their presence during the last week of September in the nation's capital, not their normal stomping ground, they held a phony demonstration at the Chilean embassy to "protest" the extradition from Chile to the United States of a Cuban exile who had sought asylum in Santiago after his conviction in this country in a bombing case. (Under intense pressure from this country, the Chileans reluctantly returned the Cuban to the United States.) The protest was designed as a "cover" to explain the presence of known Cuban exile leaders in Washington at that time.

Sometime during the night of September 20, 1976, several pounds of C-4 explosive were taped to the I-beam under Letelier's car. The next morning, around 8:30 A.M., a neighborhood resident walked out her front door and noticed a late-model gray sedan parked near the Letelier driveway. There were three men inside the car. Standing outside, leaning against the driver's door, was a fourth man. He smiled at her. Frightened, she ran inside her house but, for some reason, did not mention the incident to Letelier.

At 8:55 A.M., Michael Moffitt and his wife, Ronni, fellow workers at the Institute for Policy Studies, arrived at the Letelier home. Their car wouldn't start that morning, and they wanted to hitch a ride with Letelier.

At 9:15 A.M. Letelier and the Moffitts got into his car and began heading for downtown Washington. Letelier drove down River Road into the District of Columbia, turned south on Forty-sixth Street, and then turned left on Massachusetts Avenue. As the car passed the Chilean embassy, a violent explosion rocked it. The bomb in the car had been set off by a remote detonating device—probably a radio device of some sort—but it has not been determined whether the gray sedan spotted earlier near the Letelier home followed the Letelier car into the District of Columbia. Could the signal have come from the gray sedan? Possibly, but more likely it was set off by someone on the ground.

Minutes after the explosion, a Chilean diplomat placed a telephone call. "Are the boys safe?" the diplomat asked, referring to two DINA agents involved in the killing. "Yes," replied the other party.

The investigation into who murdered Orlando Letelier was immediately mired in complications and a number of curious events. First, the American government was in the position of investigating the murder of a man whose government it had tried so hard to topple. Second, it seemed a safe guess, when one considers Letelier's actions and the Chilean junta's reaction, that he had been murdered either by the junta directly or on its orders. This meant that the chief suspect in the murder was a government the United States had put into power.

And consider the irony of FBI agents arriving at the Institute for Policy Studies as part of their investigation of the Letelier murder. The institute just happened to be a leading target of the FBI's massive domestic spying and disruption program against left-wing targets during the past decade. The institute now has a damage suit pending against the bureau for illegal wiretapping, mail-opening, and other disruptive acts. "We're on the same side on this one," institute officials remember FBI agents telling them as the Letelier murder investigation began. Later, the officials would have some cause to wonder about the truth of that statement.

The FBI, of course, faced a number of complications in its investigation. In the first place, if the Chileans were responsible for the murder, that meant getting involved with another country's nationals, many of whom had diplomatic immunity. Furthermore, the probability of DINA involvement meant

"I'm an enchanted comic. Kiss my ass."

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intelligence-agency connections and cooperation with the CIA. But the FBI soon learned that the CIA officials were not about to knock themselves out helping the investigation. In fact, they played an old game: when asked a question, they gave a response that just answered the question, but nothing else was volunteered. Meaning, that if you didn't have the right question, you didn't get the right answer.

Then there was the puzzling matter of Letelier's briefcase. Detectives of the District of Columbia Metropolitan Police who were first on the scene found the victim's briefcase. They looked inside, saw several documents in Spanish, and subsequently turned them over to the Justice Department. A short while later, obviously leaked stories appeared in several newspapers to the effect that the documents in the briefcase "proved" that Letelier was a Cuban intelligence agent. But the stories were written on the basis of a "summary translation" prepared by either the Justice Department or the CIA. *Penthouse* has obtained copies of the actual documents, and they prove no such thing; they amount to some copies of innocuous correspondence and accounting of expenses for Letelier's overseas trips. Why were the documents leaked? Clearly, some officials in the government had been trying to take the heat off DINA through a clumsy smear attempt, seeking to assert that Letelier was in the pay of Cuban intelligence.

The incident might have remained a mere anomaly were it not for another development in the case. Very early, FBI agents on the case were ordered to investigate "other motives" for the murder, that is, Mrs. Letelier. Agents dutifully began checking and determined that her husband had a grand total of $30,000 in life insurance. Even if one assumes that the relatively minor estate was worth killing for, Mrs. Letelier was not known to be an explosives expert. Therefore, she would have had to hire a demolitions expert, a job that would have cost at least $30,000.

That would appear to rule out Mrs. Letelier, although agents were then instructed to track down any woman who knew Letelier so that it could be determined whether there was some sort of "vengeful woman angle." Again, agents went to work, although even the least experienced among them could have determined that such an expenditure of time and manpower would have been better spent concentrating on the key line of inquiry: did the Chilean government kill its leading exile opponent, and if not, did they hire outside help to kill Letelier? But there was still another cul-de-sac to be explored: agents were ordered to find out if the real target of the bombing was Ronni Moffitt. Check all her ex-boyfriends, the agents were told, and see if any insanely jealous former lover, who also happened to be a C-4 explosives expert, blew up the car. Again weeks were spent running down that blind alley.

"Hi! My name is Phyllis Happiness . . . and yes, money can buy happiness."

It was not until January of last year, months after the investigation began, that FBI agents finally went to work on the theory that the Letelier killing was a political murder. By then much of the trail had grown cold. Working with police agencies, the Cuban exile connection was gradually uncovered. But to date, although some information has been gathered, there is almost no solid evidence. At the same time, several police agencies that have worked with the Justice Department on the investigation now say privately that promising leads in the investigation have been ignored or sloppily handled. In one instance a Justice Department official threatened to arrest detectives of an outside police agency unless the police gave the names of informants providing information. The police refused, making it clear that they had become doubtful of the department's sincerity in trying to solve the murder. Police and Justice Department investigators almost came to blows before the Justice Department backed down.

There was an even more serious incident: a leading Cuban exile believed involved in the murder quietly put out feelers through an intermediary that he might be interested in a "deal" with federal prosecutors. The proposed deal included money, protection, and immunity from prosecution for crimes committed previously. But the prospective deal aborted when a U.S. attorney assigned to the negotiation badly mishandled it. In another instance a key figure connected with the plot—some sources believe he was directly involved—was reluctantly taken before a grand jury, asked a few questions, and then dismissed after reportedly denying any involvement. Justice Department officials took the witness to the grand jury only after *Penthouse* reporters, who had learned of his possible knowledge, demanded to know why he had not been formally questioned.

The only break in the case at the time of writing came several months ago when the United States extradited Michael Vernon Townley from Santiago, Chile. Townley, an American citizen who had been a contract agent for the CIA in Chile before Allende's election in 1970, was wanted for questioning in regard to his alleged connection with the Letelier murderers. However, according to *Penthouse* sources, Townley was not directly involved in the actual assassination.

As for the Chileans, a top DINA agent went before the grand jury last year, said he didn't know anything about anything, and then left. At the same time, sources say, investigators learned that the National Security Agency (NSA) has knowledge that might help the investigation but has refused even to discuss the case. The NSA involvement is apparently related to what that agency knows of communications between DINA officers in Chile and agents in the United States. Justice Department officials say that the NSA is the only agency that has not given at least some cooperation in the investigation.

It was also learned that two top DINA agents attempted to enter the United States in early 1976 under assumed names. Their applications for American visas were refused

by the State Department, which then warned the FBI that DINA agents were attempting to slip into the United States. Although warned, the FBI took no action.

It has also been learned that two other DINA agents did enter this country shortly before the Letelier killing. On the day of the murder, they sat in a van about a block from the murder scene. Armed with submachine guns, their assignment was to shoot Letelier in the event the bomb failed to detonate. After the killing, they fled the United States.

And what about the Cubans involved in the murder? The grand jury investigating the case has heard testimony from several prominent Cuban exiles, most of whom have said that they would go to jail rather than answer questions about the Letelier murder. One exile who appeared before the grand jury, Juan Dionisio Suarez, served a ten-month jail term for contempt after he refused to answer questions about the Letelier murder while under a grant of immunity. Suarez has said that the Letelier investigation is an attempt to destroy the Cuban exile movement.

The two Cuban exile leaders who accepted the original "contract" to kill Letelier at that fateful June 1976 meeting in Coral Gables, Fla., are both still active in exile affairs. One of the exiles, however, is keeping a very low profile and is rarely seen in his usual haunts. He is known to be carrying out secret negotiations with the Chilean government to sell the junta military arms. His compatriot boasts openly of his "immunity" from federal prosecution. He also boasts of his organization's planned assaults on Cuban installations throughout the hemisphere and is often seen with his old CIA case officer, who says he has retired from the agency.

What did the exiles get from the Letelier murder? Most important, at least $1 million in cash, which was funneled through a Caribbean conduit to a bank account of a Florida business firm that has been used in the past as a "laundry" for all types of transactions, including those of the CIA and organized crime. The transaction took place less than thirty days after Letelier was murdered.

But the Letelier killing has had an even greater impact inside the Chilean government. Sources say there is now intense squabbling among various factions over the wisdom of the killing. The former head of DINA and Pinochet's chief intelligence adviser—Gen Manuel Contreras—who had been linked in some published reports with the Letelier murder, was recently fired. (Earlier, in an attempt to whitewash itself, the Chilean government formally abolished DINA and distributed its agents to military intelligence units.) The Pinochet government has promised "full cooperation" with the American investigation of the murder. But so far—and it is not surprising—that "cooperation" has served only to cloud the issue and to protect the assassins.

As this issue goes to press, there have been some new arrests and developments in the Letelier case. However, none of them has brought it closer to a solution. ○

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HIGHWAY FIDELITY

Your car is a better listening space than your living room. So why not give it the best?

We ride our cars in solitary spendor—and in not-so-splendid solitude. Despite the urges and incentives to carpool, despite fuel shortages, we ride alone. The bigger, the more luxurious the car, the fewer people in it. Beetles burble cheerfully along with passenger jammed upon passenger, but Cadillac drivers drive alone. No wonder we need a bit of electronic company.

Bill Lear's first "Motorola" car radio, developed in the twenties, was viewed by many as a freak indulgence—not even every *home* had radio at that time. Today you can have your car delivered with built-in AM, stereo FM, cassette or eight-track tape, and two-way CB radio, separately or in any combination. The plain Jane AM radio is just about standard equipment, like a heater.

Name a sophisticated home-stereo feature, and you're likely to find its counterpart available for the car: high amplifier power, "bi-amplification," Dolby noise reduction, or even speaker systems that come in two-way, three-way, four-way, and five-way configurations.

There are several social and technological reasons for all this. For one thing, as cars proliferate, more and more of us do drive alone. And proliferating traffic—plus the 55-mph speed limit—gives us more time in our cars, even if we go no greater distances. For many of us, the car is the only place where we have time and freedom for long listening sessions, undistracted by the phone, the chores, the family.

And if we're going to listen, let it be good sound. Our tastes in sound at home are getting more sophisticated (though the average American home is still only about half as likely to have good stereo components as the average Japanese household is). At the same time, cars are becoming better and better listening rooms, isolated from their own and the surrounding traffic's noise by layers of insulation and by air conditioners that let us drive with our windows smugly closed against the noisy outside world. And though the car has little room for any but the smallest speakers, its acoustical peculiarities allow those speakers to deliver startlingly deep bass resonance.

With that and today's equipment in our favor, it's possible not just to have sound in your car but to have truly fine sound—as indicated by the nearly twenty manufacturers of home-stereo components that have entered the car-stereo field, in addition to the specialists who've been in that field for years (see box on page 168). Such riches are indeed an embarrassment: the question of where to start can become almost paralyzing.

You can begin by ignoring whatever's in your dashboard now and considering what you'd like to have. AM? FM? CB? Eight-track tape? Cassette?

AM is hardly hi-fi, but it's still pretty useful. It will let you hear the latest news and weather (important on the road) wherever you are. It can be heard in places where there isn't any FM or where the local FM stations have shut down for the night. And there are some types of entertainment (for example, country music) that are easier to find on AM than on FM.

But FM *is* high fidelity, with low distortion and high interference rejection for clear sound, plus wide frequency response to bring you all the highs and lows. It's also stereo. And as subtle as the stereo effect can be in the home, in the car it's even richer and more enveloping, like a just-right warm bath. (AM stereo is coming, probably within a year or so, but by then we may have quadraphonic FM, too.)

When you're driving in your local area, FM lets you hear a constant stream of music without juggling tapes. On long trips, it brings you more musical variety than any convenient quantity of tapes can offer.

But FM can't promise you the music you want just when you want to hear it. That's where tape comes in. The eight-track cartridge, the oldest and most popular tape system in the car, does have its advantages. Because its tapes are endless loops, there's no need to rewind or flip tapes over. Leave them alone, and they'll play through, get back to their beginning, and start over, all with no attention from the busy driver. (The only time a driver need concern himself about the tape is when he wants to pull it out.) It's still easier to find prerecorded tapes in eight-track cartridge form than in cassette. There are even quadraphonic tapes (and four-channel sound is probably at its best in the car), although, with four-channel at its current low ebb, they're not easy to find. You can also get "matrix" systems that do a fairly good job of faking quadraphony, but you can get those for cassette tape, too.

The cassette, however, has even more

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

Photograph by Eric Meola. /Aston Martin V8 courtesy of Wide World of Cars, New York City

HAVE MERCY

Arthur Montana was one of the great gospel singers. This is his brother's testimonial.

Fiction by James Baldwin

The damned blood burst, first through his nostrils, then pounded through the veins in his neck, the scarlet torrent exploded through his mouth, it reached his eyes and blinded him and brought Arthur down, down, down, down, down.

The telephone call did not go into these details, neither did the telegram : urgently demanding my arrival because my brother was dead. The laconic British press merely noted that a nearly forgotten Negro moaner and groaner (this is how the British press described my brother) had been found dead in a men's room in the basement of a London pub. No one told me how he died. The American press noted the passing of an "*emotion filled*" gospel singer, dead at the untidy age of thirty-nine.

He had been losing his hair, that rain forest of Senegalese hair. I knew that. Jimmy had not been with him; Jimmy had been waiting for him in Paris to bring him home. Julia had been clearing up their rooms in her house, in Yonkers.

I : sat by the telephone. I looked at that marvel of human effort, the telephone. The telephone beside my bed was black—like me, I think I thought; God knows why I thought it, if I did. The telephone in the bathroom was gray. The telephone in the kitchen was blue, light blue.

The sun was shining that morning, like I've never known the sun to shine before.

He had been found lying in a pool of blood—why does one say a pool?—a storm, a violence, a miracle of blood : his blood, my brother's blood, my brother's blood, my brother's blood! *My* blood, my brother's blood, *my* blood, Arthur's blood, soaking into the sawdust of some grimy men's room in the filthy basement of some filthy London pub.

Oh. No. Arthur. I think I laughed. I think I couldn't cry. My brother.

The house was empty. Ruth was out, shopping. Tony and Odessa were at school. It was a Thursday morning.

My brother. Do you know, friend, how a brother loves his brother, how mighty, how unanswerable it is to be confronted with the truth beneath that simple word? Simple. Word. Yes. No. Everything becomes unanswerable, unreadable, in the face of an event yet more unimaginable than one's own death. It *is* one's death, occurring far beyond the confines of one's imagination. Or, surely, far beyond the confines of my imagination. And do you know, do you know, how much my brother loved me? how much he loved me! And do you know I did not know it? did not dare to know it : do *you* know? No. No. No.

I looked and looked and looked at the telephone. I looked at the telephone, and I looked at the telephone. The telephone was silent. This was the black telephone. I stumbled to the gray telephone in the bathroom. Perhaps I thought that it might have mercy on me if I humbled myself on the toilet. Nothing came out of me, not even water, and the phone did not ring. I walked to the light blue telephone in the kitchen and looked at it and looked at it : it looked at me, from somewhere over the light blue rainbow, and it did not ring, it did not ring, it did not ring! It did not ring. *How* can you do this to me, *how* can you tell me what you have just told me, and, now, sit there like that, *over the motherfucking goddamn rainbow* and hold your peace? Oh. If you were a man, like me. Oh. Oh. Oh. Arthur. Speak. Speak. Speak. I know, I know, I wasn't always nice to you, I yelled when I shouldn't have yelled, I was often absent when I should have been present, I know, I know, and sometimes you bored the shit out of me, and I heard your stories too often, and I knew all your fucking little ways, man, and how you jived the people—but that's not really true, you didn't really jive the people, you sang, you sang, and if there was any jiving done, the people jived you, my brother, because they didn't know that *they* were the song and the price of the song and the glory of the song : you sang. Oh, my God my God my God my God my God, oh my God my God my God oh no no no, my God my God my God my God, forsake me if you will, and I don't give a shit, but give me back my brother, my God my God my God my God my God!

I did not cry. Nothing came out of me, not even water. I stood, as dumb and naked as a horse, under the shower. I dried myself, and I shaved—very, very slowly, very, very carefully : I was shaving someone else. I looked into my eyes; they were someone else's eyes. I combed my hair. The phone did not ring. Soon I would have to pick it up and dial a number and get on a plane. London Bridge is falling down. My fair lady.

Ruth found me, naked, flat on my back, on the bathroom floor, my razor in my hand : and the phone was ringing.

Two years ago : if Arthur were alive now, he would be approaching forty-one. I am the older brother, and I will be forty-eight this year.

My name is Hall : Hall Montana. I was born in California, but Arthur was born in New York, and we grew up in New York.

Our father, Paul, died several years back—died, I think, from having crossed a continent to find himself in New York. He had been born in Tallahassee, grew up in New Orleans, and had had a rough, rough time in California. He died, anyway, while Arthur was still Arthur, thank God; he split the scene before Arthur started down. Florence, our mother, once Arthur was in the ground, went back to New Orleans—where she and Paul had met—and she's staying there now, with one of her younger sisters. Ruth and I and the kids try to make it down there for a couple of weeks every summer, and sometimes I bring Mama up here, for Christmas. But she doesn't like it up here. Maybe she never did—but now, when she visits, I can feel her flinching. She

doesn't say anything; the pain is at the very bottom of her eyes. I catch it, sometimes, when she's just sitting still, looking at television or looking out of the window, or, sometimes, when she's walking along the street.

Two years ago : and I have never really talked about it—not to Ruth, not to my children, Tony and Odessa (who loved their uncle), not to Julia, not to Jimmy : and they can't talk about it until I can talk.

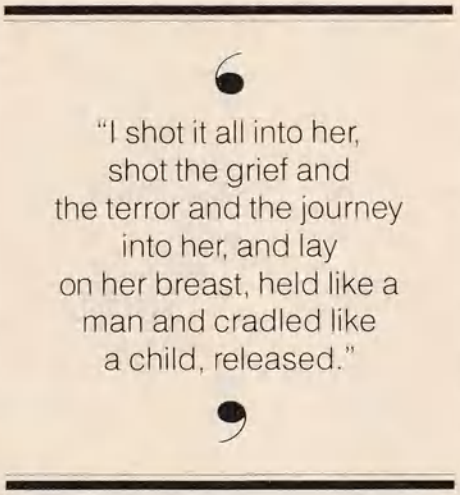
I know I'm wrong to trap them in my silence. Maybe it's partly because I was Arthur's manager. I had to talk about him for years, living, and, then, dead, as a property, as a star; I had to protect him because, Lord, have mercy, that nappy-headed mother did not know how to protect himself. That made me afraid that I'd lose him as my brother : that he would think that I also thought of him as the can of beans which anybody could buy and everybody sold—and down the river, baby, at a mighty handsome profit.

I don't think that he thought of me that way. I know he didn't. If he had, he would have died much sooner. I know it because I know that he never tried to hide anything from me, though, sometimes, he tried to protect me, too. I know I loved him, and he knew it; with all my heart, I loved him, even when he made me so mad sometimes that I felt like I wanted to beat his brains out. He made his life so hard! Well. That's not true, either. He lived the life he lived, like anybody else, I guess, and he paid his dues, like everybody. Maybe what I mean when I say he made his life so hard was that he always tried to pay his dues in front. That isn't always possible : it can even be called a bad habit. Maybe some dues are paid. Some dues may be just a bad memory, but you can't take that for granted unless you can trust your memory. The truth, anyway, is that I wouldn't really give a shit about all these abstract speculations if I weren't trying to talk about my brother. He was onstage. He caught the light, and so I saw him : more clearly than I will ever see myself.

I had this dream, this morning, this Sunday morning, just as I was beginning to come up out of the cave of sleep, just at the moment, down in that cave, I heard Ruth sigh and turn toward me, and, in my sleep, but beginning to rise up out of it, I turned toward her.

But the dream still held me. Me and Arthur and Jimmy and Julia were all someplace together, some insane place, like Disneyland or Coney Island. But the children weren't with us. It was night, and Jimmy said something to Arthur, something funny, which I didn't catch, because, at that exact moment, I felt Ruth move.

I kind of shifted my weight so that Ruth could move as she pleased, closer to me, closer : I was waiting. Waiting. Arthur answered Jimmy, and Julia held between them a doughnut, covered with white icing, and Ruth put her head on my chest, and my hand got tangled in Ruth's hair. Julia threw the doughnut way up in the air, and then my mother came along; she was carrying some breakfast dishes, and she said, *You better let that doughnut stay up yonder, where it belongs. You don't know doughnuts like I know doughnuts*. Then we all went away, to the country. I was in a wagon, going up a hill. There were lots of trees on the hill. Arthur was in the road, with his big shoes flapping in the dust. He was running to catch up with the wagon. He was just a little boy, about five, and he was crying, and snot was coming out from his nose. I was trying to stop the wagon, but I didn't know how. I couldn't make the driver hear me. Everytime I tried to crawl to the back of the wagon, to bang on the window of the cab and beg the driver to stop and let me pick up my brother, the truck shook and zigzagged all over the road, and it threw me from side to side. Arthur was still running and crying, and the trees were moving right behind him : some trees had moved right up close beside him, and a few trees were a little bit ahead of him. I decided to jump off


"I shot it all into her,
shot the grief and
the terror and the journey
into her, and lay
on her breast, held like a
man and cradled like
a child, released."

the wagon and grabbed for a tree to break my fall, but the tree moved aside. I grabbed for another tree, but this tree knocked me back against the cab window. I was determined to jump, and I crawled forward on my face and belly to the front of the wagon, but then the truck leaped upward, starting down a steep hill, throwing me all the way back again. The trees were laughing : I could still hear Arthur screaming. I crawled up, up, up to the very edge of the wagon, and the wagon rushed down this hill, and then water rose over my head, gray, salty water. My mother measured some baking soda into a cup. She said, *No. Not like I know*, and lowered the heat on the biscuits in the oven. I ran and ran and got into the subway train just before the doors slammed. A whole crowd of people just stared at me; most of them were white, but there were a couple of brothers in the car, too. I didn't know them, and I said to myself, *Well, hell, if you all going to be like that, I'll just be my own bartender*, and I walked over and poured myself a big vodka martini. Then I poured another one, because I figured Arthur needed a drink and Arthur was waiting for me in the next car. I started pushing through the crowd, trying not to spill the two big, cold drinks I had, and Arthur started singing, *Precious Lord, Take My Hand*, and I thought he was in the next car, but a woman said, *No, he's home, honey. He's home!* I was so happy to hear my brother's voice, a voice that could rise high enough to make you shiver and growl low enough to make you moan, that I almost pissed in my pants, and, just then, the subway stopped on my rooftop, and I ran out of the subway and down the steps, with these two big dry martinis in my hands. But I didn't know which door Arthur was behind. I wanted to knock, but I couldn't knock with a glass in each of my hands. The floor was so crooked I was afraid the drinks would spill if I set them down. I kicked a door, and it opened; suddenly, all of a sudden the door just flew open, on the sky. I couldn't catch my balance. I arched myself back, but my feet began slipping off the edge, into space. Then Ruth moved and put her lips on my chest. Then, in my sleep, I moved toward her, I turned to her, I clung to her, catching my balance; somewhere, between sleep and waking, I began to caress my wife. With my eyes still tightly closed, I clung to my woman, and her sigh, her moan, dragged me up from the deep. I was trembling. Her fingers on my back began to stroke the trembling out of me. My arms tightened around her, her thighs encircled me, her feet tickled my ass, the hairs in the crack of my ass, she opened, I entered; I entered and she opened. She stroked the dream out of me, she brought me to her, she brought me awake, she stroked me into a waking torment, and, slowly, slowly, as though preparing herself to carry it safely and spill not a single drop (*I thought of the two dry martinis*!), she dragged the dream upward from the base of my belly to the edge of my sex. I was so grateful, grateful, I felt such a gratitude, and I clung to my wife, who held me tight and waited for me, and, then, after a pause, a mighty pause, I shot it all into her, shot the grief and the terror and the journey into her, and lay on her breast, held like a man and cradled like a child, released.

By and by, I sat, sipping coffee in the kitchen, staring through the kitchen windows at the exiled trees, which lined the sad streets of a despairing void. It's better than the city (that's what we say; it's good for the children—my royal black ass). It's one of the blood-soaked outposts of hell. The day is coming when we will be forced to pack our things and go. Nothing can live here; life has abandoned this place. The immensely calculated existence of this place reveals a total betrayal of life.

So the trees, daily, with their expiring breath, warn me. They, too, are about to be cut down, will soon go to join their ancestors in the happy hunting grounds.

I see Arthur, standing in this kitchen, looking through the windows.

"I know," he said, "that you think I ain't never satisfied with nothing, and—I guess—that's true. In a way."

Then he stopped and looked at me. I was sitting where I'm sitting now.

"You don't know, and I don't know what *that* means—never to be satisfied with nothing. But, man"—then, he had laughed; he had been drinking scotch and milk; all of the landscape's waning colors turned to fire in his glass—"this place *sucks*. With a straw. You ever look into the faces of these people? Oh, baby. Shit. How did *that* happen?"

"We just want to be free," I said. "We couldn't all make it to Canada. Some of us had to stop here."

Arthur laughed, walking up and down this kitchen, but the sound was not the sound of release. Then he stood still before the window, his glass in one hand, his back to me, as still and as astounded as a prisoner.

The failing sun abruptly burned him, then, into what I would come to call my memory.

"Nobody," Arthur said, "is happy here." He sounded, really, like a child. I wanted to say—I think I wanted to say, *Oh, shit, man, get over that*—but I didn't say anything. "I wonder what goes on, behind all these careful shutters. It *can't* be *nothing*. But"—he finished his drink and turned to face me—"it sure don't seem to be *something*. It would show." He raised his eyes to mine. "Wouldn't it?"

"*I* show," I said. "*I'm* something."

He grinned, a dry grin, and poured himself another drink.

"I'll fucking well give you *that*," he said. "You a mother*fucker's* motherfucker."

Beams of heaven, as I go.

That was Arthur's favorite song, the first song he ever sang in public, in Julia's church. Our parents, Paul and Florence, had been there, though they were not members of this church. But Julia was the granddaughter of a neighbor, a friend of our mother's from New Orleans. Julia was a child evangelist, about eleven years old, and this was her home church. Her younger brother, Jimmy, was then about nine.

Our father, Paul, played the piano behind Arthur.

Through this wilderness below.
Pentecost Sunday : Arthur at thirteen.
Guide my feet in peaceful ways
Turn my midnights
Into days.

Julia's church had then been located in a dilapidated brownstone, on 129th Street and Park Avenue, in the shadow of the elevated New York Central Railroad tracks : and a train roared by as Arthur was singing.

When, in the darkness,
I would grope
Faith always sees
A star of hope.
And, soon, from all life's grief
And danger, I shall be free,
Someday.

It was a very grown-up song for such a tiny figure. I remember him as wearing a dark blue suit and a white shirt and a blue

Put a little Pepe in your life.

bow tie, and he was wearing highly polished black pumps, with pointed toes, and he had waves in his hair. The waves were very grown-up, too, for a boy so young, but it was the fashion dictated by his peers, and no one knew on what grounds to dissuade him from wearing his hair that way.

For that matter, our father, Paul, who was sturdy and attentive at the piano, wore *his* graying hair after the fashion of *his* peers, slicked down, flat, with Vaseline, seeming, almost, to be straightened.

But I do not know
How long it will be
Or what the future may hold
For me.
But this I know,
If Jesus leads me,
I shall get home,
Someday.

This was Arthur's debut, and it was a great success; the women's hats moved like breakers on the sea; the church was filled with the thunder of adoration. I was older, I was uneasy, I did not know why. I was happy for my father and mother, because they were happy. I told my brother that the way he wore his hair made him look like a sissy, and that may be the first time I ever really looked at my brother. He cracked up and started doing imitations of all the most broken-down queens we knew, and he kept saying, just before each imitation, "But I *am* a sissy." He scared me—I hadn't known that he was so sharp, that he saw so much, so much despair, so clearly. But he made me laugh until tears rolled down my face, and I ended up on the floor, both arms wrapped around my belly.

Perhaps, then, we really began to be friends.

Arthur wore his hair that way for a while, but, then, abruptly, he cut it, and he never conked it : during his professional heyday, he looked, with his rough rain forest of Senegalese hair, like a good-natured basketball player.

Hall Montana Presents

And here was Arthur's picture, full face, close-up, my baby brother's long, lean face, singing, the nostrils quivering like a stallion's nostrils, the big teeth faintly gleaming, the short upper lip, the wide lower lip, the cleft chin, the enormous eyes, looking upward—*my faith looks up to Thee!* I always saw the sweat pearling, curling, making a splendor of the hairline; I always see, beneath the unanswerable glory, the unanswerable fatigue. Arthur loathed his photographs and always insisted, because he did not want to be dishonest (that's what he said), on being photographed as he looked *now* and not as he had looked *then*, and I always did as he insisted, at least in the public domain : but the photograph, though Arthur never seemed to realize this, was always, somehow, the same.

Time attacked my brother's face, as time attacks all faces; but it was wonderful indeed, for me, and strange, to be forced to see (since publicity was my department) how the enemy, time, could also be an ally, a friend, and a witness. Arthur was photographed endlessly, for more than ten years, but whatever held the face together held, changing all the time, yet never changing; and, insofar as Arthur, eventually, was forced to suspect this, he was made mightily uneasy. Time could not attack the song. Time was allied with the song, amened in the amen corner with the song, inconceivably filling Arthur as Arthur sang, bringing Arthur and many thousands over. Time was proud of Arthur; so I dared whisper to myself, in the deepest and deadliest of the midnight hours; a mighty work was being worked, in time, through the vessel of my brother, who, then, was no longer my brother, belonging to me no longer, and who was yet, and more than ever, forever, my brother, my brother still.

Indeed : for I had to make certain that Arthur got out of his wringing-wet clothes and took a bath or a shower and had a stiff drink—scotch or vodka, depending on the night and the city—and got something to eat, and crashed somewhere. Until Jimmy came along—or, I guess I should say, until he came back into our lives—this had been an enormous problem for me, for Arthur was capable of picking up anybody, and I, after all, couldn't sleep in the same room. Many times I didn't sleep at all, and many times it was very rough, since Arthur had to be up around showtime : but I had to be up in the morning, the same morning.

Yet, in spite of all the shit, we always loved each other. I was always able to make Arthur listen to me because Arthur always trusted me. I miss him, miss, miss, miss, miss him, miss him worse than you miss a toothache, worse than you miss the missing tooth, worse than you miss the missing leg, even worse than you miss the stillborn baby. His voice is everywhere, but not even the voice can fill that space in which Arthur moved and walked and moaned and talked and belched and farted and pissed and shit and wept and wept and wept and wept and wept and cried sometimes and laughed sometimes and sometimes—making me know he loved me—put his big hand up side my head and tangled his fingers in my hair and said, *Shit, man, we don't get to hang out together most often; have another one! On me. Come on, now :* striding, striding, striding, in his big, flapping traveling shoes, all, all over my heaven.

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Amen
Let the brothers say

"An erection! This must be Heaven!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

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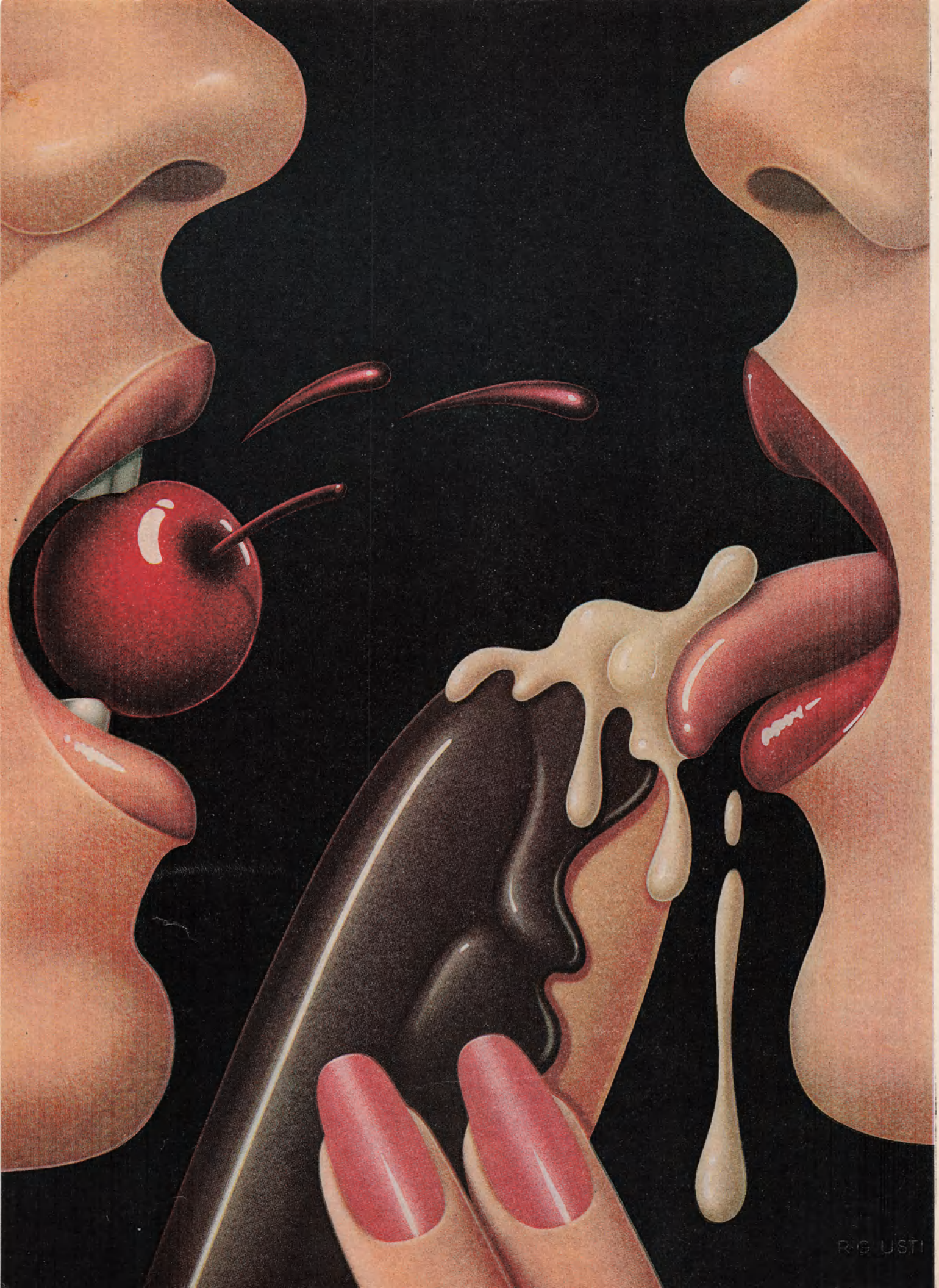
R·G USTI

Part Three

The climaxing adventure—in which
our young heroine learns that chaste makes waste.

June 5
I went straight to bed when I got home, and I took two sleeping pills and slept for twelve hours. When I woke up, I am glad to say that I felt much better.

June 6
I have been thinking a lot recently, and I have come to a decision about my life. I am not going to be a demimondaine, like Lea in *Cheri*, after all. I am going to be a nun and remain a virgin.

June 7
I don't mean that I am going to be a proper nun and go into a convent and wear black robes and sleep in a cell and get up

By Cindy Peach

From the forthcoming novel, *Diary of a Virgin*, by Cindy Peach (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Letterforms by Ray Barber.

at five o'clock in the morning and pray a great deal and do all the things that nuns do. I am going to live the life of a nun in the world.

June 8

I have been thinking about living the life of a nun in the world. It will not mean poverty, because I couldn't live in poverty now, after all these years of being very rich, and I don't think it would be right because it would hurt dear Pa's feelings terribly if I suddenly refused to go on accepting the very large sums of money he pays into my bank account every quarter.

That just leaves chastity, which is the one thing I shall be faithful to. I am not going to give my body to any man, and I am going to live without sexual love for the rest of my life. I know this will be difficult, especially for a person like me, because I seem to have quite strong sexual desires. But I am going to do it, all the same. I shall better my mind by reading a lot, and I shall pursue culture. This is called sublimation.

June 9

I went out after lunch to pursue culture at an exhibition of paintings in one of those very smart little galleries on Bond Street but got caught in a rain on my way. This was a real rain, all wet and puddles and swishing cars, and it was suddenly very cold, and I didn't have an umbrella, and I had only sandals on, and my car was at least twenty minutes away, and everything was awful, and suddenly I started to cry. I am not a person who cries often, but when I do, I do. I cried and cried, and I didn't have a handkerchief, not even a tissue, and it was all quite dreadful, and I wanted to die.

Really, I wanted to die.

I know that one shouldn't get into cars with men one hasn't met, but it was a red sports car, and he opened the door and leaned across and said, "Hop in!"

He had a northern accent—just a bit—I could tell, although he had only said, "Hop in," and he had green eyes and thick dark hair and dark eyebrows that almost met above his nose. He was quite small and square, and he had a short neck and a thin mouth, which was very determined, and white teeth. So I did. I just hopped in. I knew I shouldn't, because very often girls who get into cars with men are later found stripped and murdered on lonely commons or in woods, and it is a very dangerous thing to do. But it was raining, and he had such a straight nose and a sort of dimple in his chin. He drove on up Bond Street in the rain, very fast, and after a bit he switched the radio on, and the music was classical, all violins and very organized, which I know I don't understand, but I like it, and then he just put some tissues in my lap, not looking at me, and I blew my nose and dried my face. I didn't mind his hearing me blow my nose.

I said, "Where are we going?"

And he said, "Home."

His flat was surprising, because it was so large, with big rooms all with very high ceilings and a lot of white paint everywhere. I really saw only the living room, because that was where we went, and he knelt down and put on a fire, because I was shivering. He had on a blue-striped jersey and paler blue jeans, and his jersey had buttons so that it was really more like a shirt. His hair was very thick and springy, and it had some gray in it; so he was older than I but not old. When he stood up again, I found that he wasn't tall, only a bit taller than I, and his eyes were blue as well as green.

He said, "You must get dry. You're shivering."

But neither of us did anything. We stood and looked at each other, not even smiling. I could feel that my hair was coming down, and after a bit he said, looking at it, "Your hair's falling down."

So I reached up and took the pins out, and it all really fell down. It was damp but not really wet. I started to say something, but then he came to me and put his arms round me, quite gently, and kissed me on the cheek. As soon as he did this, I could feel that it was quite different from anything that had happened before. I put my arms round him, and he felt hard and square. Then he kissed me properly, turning his head sideways so that he could reach my mouth. I started to kiss him back, and no one had ever kissed me like that before. When he had finished, he stood back with his hands on my shoulders and we both started to smile and then to laugh, not at anything in particular—just laughing.

> The feeling became very much like hanging onto the edge of a cliff and almost falling over the edge and plunging into the dark, but not quite.

"Stand still," he said, "and I shall undress you."

He wouldn't let me help him at all. When he had finished, he looked at me for a long time. Then he knelt down in front of me, and he put his arms up round my waist and held me gently and kissed my left breast and then my right and then down my stomach, very gently, like nibbling. I put my hands on the back of his head in a sort of cup shape and held him. His hair felt quite rough and coarse when I touched it, not at all soft, like mine, and very thick.

"Open your legs," he said, and I did, and he kissed me there, too. I started to cry again.

Still kissing me, very gently, he said in a rather muffled voice, "You are a crier, aren't you?"

"Not usually," I said.

"You've been crying every since I met you."

"I hardly ever cry," I said.

"Turn round," he said, and I did. He began to kiss me again, still very gently. "Anyway, why are you crying?"

"I don't know."

"I do."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you later." He turned me back to face him, and he was still kneeling with his arms round me. He kissed me in the very middle of my stomach.

"You haven't done this before," he said.

"How can you tell?"

"I just know. Do you like me to kiss you?"

"Yes," I said.

It was so odd, because I felt perfectly calm and very excited at the same time, but there didn't seem to be any hurry, and I leaned down over him, and I kissed him on each eyelid in turn, and then I ran my tongue along just above his lashes. He closed his eyes as I did this, and I could feel his eyelashes flickering against my mouth, and it was like kissing moths.

"And you've never done that before," he said.

"No."

"How did you know?"

"Know what?"

"That I would like you to kiss me like that?"

"I just knew."

He smiled up at me. When he smiled, I could see his teeth, which were very even and very white, and his eyes were all crinkled up in little lines, but they were not lines of age; they were the lines that tell you what sort of character a person has.

"Instinct," he said.

"Is that what I've got?"

"Among other things."

He stood up, and we kissed each other again. It was more exciting in a way, because we moved more, but underneath it was all still absolutely calm. There didn't seem to be any need to hurry, and I hadn't any idea what time it was. The room was quite dim because it was raining outside and the curtains were half-drawn, and the fire made a little sighing noise, like that of someone breathing comfortably in his sleep; it could have been the middle of the night or the middle of the day. I didn't know, and the time wasn't important at all.

"Now," he said, "you can undress me."

Undressing him was quite difficult in a way because of his shirt buttons and because my hands were still rather cold and because, although I was so calm, I was trembling.

"You do my shirt first," he said.

"Why?"

"Always do a man's shirt first. A man with no trousers and only his shirt looks most ridiculous, but a man with no shirt, just his trousers, is quite all right."

He had a vest on underneath his shirt. I

was rather surprised because I had always thought vests were very unromantic, but this vest was dark blue and not a white, stringy thing as they usually are.

"Never stop wearing a vest until you're quite sure summer's settled in," he said, and he lifted his arms so that I could get it over his head.

"It's been so hot," I said.

"All the more reason," he said. "It helps to soak up sweat, and, anyway, I knew it would turn cool."

"How?"

"I'm good at things like that."

He had very broad, muscled shoulders and strong arms and just a little dark hair in the middle of his chest. His skin was a sort of pale milky color, and he was very smooth. In spite of my encounters with men, I suddenly realized that I had never stopped to look really closely at them. After I had looked, I bent down and kissed the hair in the middle of his chest and I put my hands under his armpits, where it was warm and there was more hair, but not too much.

"You shave your armpits," he said, checking.

"It's more comfortable."

"They're your armpits," he said, and we began to laugh again.

Then I undid the buckle of his belt and the button underneath and pulled down the zipper, and he stepped out of his jeans. Somehow he managed to take his socks off at the same time as his jeans.

"Is it the same with socks?"

"The same as what?"

"Looking ridiculous."

"Yes."

His underpants were blue, like his vest, and very small and flowery.

I laughed at the flowers, and he slapped my behind, gently. The rain was quite heavy outside. I could hear it on the window making sounds as if somebody had wanted to get in and were throwing handfuls of gravel. But I knew that no one was trying to get in.

There was a furry white rug on the floor in front of the gas fire.

"Is that your seduction rug?" I asked.

"I seduce all my ladies on that," he said. "That's what it's there for. Didn't you guess?"

It was very soft under my back. He picked me up and then laid me on the rug, very tidily, and then he knelt beside me and looked down at me.

"It's very comfortable," I said.

He put out his hand and touched me. I felt suddenly that nothing that had ever happened to me before was important at all. I wanted to cry again, but I didn't.

"It's all right," he said. He began to stroke the insides of my thighs, very, very gently and slowly. "No one's going to interrupt. Nothing's going to happen."

"How did you know—that I was worrying?"

He looked away from me for a moment, and from the side I could see the shape of his head, very neat and round at the back and compact, like a ball, and I remembered dear Pa telling me when I was quite small never to trust a man with a flat back to his head.

"I know because I love you," he said.

"I love you as well," I said.

He turned back again to look at me. The fire just lit up the side of his face, and it made a shining point in his eye and an edge all along his teeth, like white light.

"We can't really," I said.

"Why not?"

"We don't know each other."

"You don't have to know someone for this kind of love."

"Don't you?"

"I knew when I saw you in that doorway, crying in the rain, with your hair falling down."

"I knew when you gave me the tissues, and I didn't mind you hearing me blow my nose." I thought about this. "Is that what love is?"

"Our sort," he said. "Yes."

"It's very different from what I expected."

"It always is."

"It's supposed to be all moonlight and roses," I said.

"That's the sort that doesn't work."

"Yes, I can see that."

He knelt with his hands spread out, one on each side of me.

"This sort has nothing to do with marry-

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ing people," he said.

It could have been a warning in the usual run of things, but it wasn't in this case; it was a reassurance.

"I'm not a marrier myself," I said.

He smiled at me.

"You ought to make a profession of this," he said.

"I know. I'm going to."

"You'll have to learn your trade first."

"You're going to teach me."

"Am I?"

"Of course you are. That's what we're here for." I smiled back at him. There was no hurry, we had all of the time in the world, the fire was warm on me, and the rain went on. "You never know," I said. "I may not have the aptitude for it."

"You never know," he agreed. "You may not."

"So we ought to start finding out," I said.

"Yes," he said, "we ought."

So we did.

He took so long; he was so slow and so thorough. That was what I hadn't expected. I had thought that it would all be over quite soon, and I wouldn't be a virgin anymore, and that would be that, and I would get up and perhaps have a cup of tea and then say "thank you" and go home by tube if the rain had stopped. But it was quite different from that. It was ages before it really happened, and when it did, I couldn't even tell exactly when because it was all mixed up with so many feelings of so many different kinds and all so beautiful that I hardly noticed. But I felt him put his hand underneath and lift me up, and then he slid slowly into me and stayed there, and I could feel him, but only slightly because, as he said, one has to exercise the right muscles, which are only used for this purpose, really, and my muscles, of course, hadn't had much practice. He told me what to do, and I tried to do what he said, and at first it was an awful muddle, rather like John Snagge and the Boat Race, and I kept going up and down, instead of backwards and forwards, or it may have been the other way round, through ignorance of my own biology.

"You go this way," he said, demonstrating with his free hand. "So you must move like that, not like that. Try again."

It was so wonderful as it slid in, so warm and comfortable. I just wanted to lie there and do nothing, but he told me I'd have to do some work, too, and he explained what bits to tighten up and when and how to loosen again, and after a few more tries he said he really was beginning to feel me, as if it were fingers holding him. I felt very proud of this, because after all it was my first proper try, and all the time I was so surprised because he could talk to me and explain and laugh—with care—and I could talk back, and laugh, also with care, because I had always imagined that it was all silence except for moaning and heavy breathing. And I wasn't embarrassed by anything, not even by the rather unusual sounds produced by sexual intercourse, which I'd never thought about before and certainly had not expected, because I was realizing that love is not only beautiful and tender and passionate but also odd and sometimes very, very funny, particularly when you get in a muddle and slip out or miss in your aim altogether.

Then he said that he was sorry, but he really couldn't be expected to go on forever. He said it quite nicely, and I asked, also quite nicely, in that case, what he was waiting for. He also warned me that it might not be right the first time for me, and he hoped that I wouldn't mind if it wasn't, but I wasn't at all worried, because I was ready, too. I could tell that if I managed properly, we were going to finish quite nicely, if rather like the boat race, one behind the other, but at least only a length or two apart. He then began to go in and out of me with different, and much more violent and concentrated, movements, and I made similar movements, quite by accident, or it might have been instinct. Then the feeling became very much like hanging onto the edge of a cliff and almost falling over the edge and plunging into the dark, but not quite; my mouth was quite dry because I had been breathing for so long with it open, and I heard myself making crying noises that I had never heard myself make before.

> It was an awful muddle. I kept going up and down instead of backwards and forwards, or it may have been the other way around. I can't remember.

And then we went over the edge of a particular cliff together, and he looked at me all the time, smiling, almost laughing, and I didn't mind being watched; I loved it. I arched my back up, and I held him inside me, and he thrust and thrust with a long, sobbing breath each time. The sensation was like the movement of a pool into which a stone is thrown, circles spreading, spreading. I loved him and loved him, and when I burst into tears, I was really laughing, too, at him, and at me, and both of us, at everyone.

We lay still for a long time with the fire breathing contentedly and the rain on the window. We were hardly wet at all, except where one would expect to be, under the circumstances, and not tired, just comfortable and warm. We put our faces close together, sideways, and we touched tongues and made little dabs on each other's mouths and chins, as if we were eating ice cream.

"Was it all right?" I said.

"Guess," he said.

"It was all right for me."

"You know," he said, as if thinking it over very carefully before committing himself, "it's never been like that."

I didn't believe this.

"It must have been."

"You give so much," he said. "All the time I've never known anyone give so much."

"I love you."

"I love you."

We lay there, looking at each other.

"I'll get you a towel," he said. And, indeed, I was somewhat in need of one. But we didn't move.

"I don't know your name," he said.

"Cindy."

"That's pretty. Perfect for you."

"What's yours?"

"Harold."

June 10

It was true. It had been Harold all the time. At first I couldn't believe it, but I asked him about Elspeth, and it was true. So now I believe in fate, but not like Thomas Hardy, because I can see that it doesn't have to be malignant or indifferent, and it is quite clear to me that my fate is definitely on my side. Harold thinks I am quite right to be a demimondaine, because someone with my particular gifts should employ them as widely as possible, so long as he comes first. Of course he will, because I love him.

This love is probably quite different from what most other people would call "love," but I am not interested in that, and neither is Harold. We both do what we think is right, and if other people think this is odd, that is just unfortunate for other people. This is what Harold says, and I quite agree.

The morning after, I took him to a Hungarian place that I know about. It serves special tea out of glasses in metal holders with handles and lovely little cakes. I asked for a plate of these cakes, and when they came, they looked delicious, as they always do, some foreign, and some familiar.

"You first," I said, moving the plate toward him. But he was too polite.

"No, please, you choose."

So I took an éclair, which was long and covered with dark chocolate and oozing cream out of the end.

"Now you," I said, moving the plate back toward him.

He didn't take the nearest, which is what a well-brought-up and polite person is supposed to do. He looked at me, and he leaned across and picked up a sponge cake, which was shaped like a sort of rounded hill covered with very pale pink icing, with a bright pink cherry on top.

I picked up my éclair, and I carefully licked all the cream off the end, and then I bit it between my teeth so that cream oozed out into my mouth, and he took the pink cherry on top of his cake in his strong, white teeth and bit it off.

He began to chew, looking at me, as I was looking at him.

The mystique of Monte Alban Mezcal.

For years, there's been a rumor going around that in Mexico you can buy a certain kind of liquor that comes with a worm in every bottle.

That rumor is not only true, it's delicious. The liquor is called Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano. And the story behind it is fascinating.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Spanish *conquistadores* had done what they had come to Mexico to do: conquer the New World. And because the Spaniards were running out of their traditional rum, they celebrated with the distilled juice of the *agave* cactus. This they called Mezcal.

Today's Mezcal is an intriguing liquor, being both potent and smooth. Not to mention mellow and downright delicious.

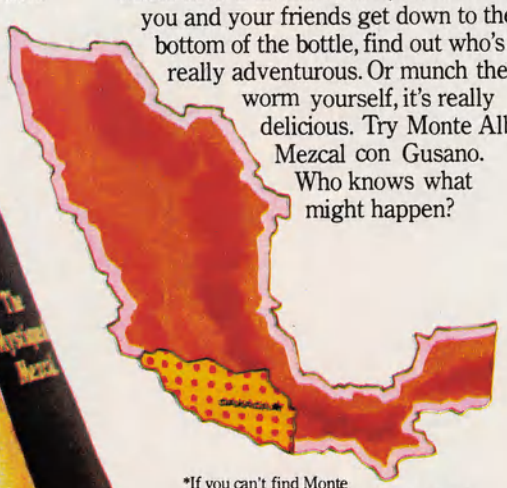
Now comes the best part. Inside every *agave* cactus live tasty little *agave* worms. *Agave* worms are so particular, they're only found in that one species. It

is for this reason that genuine Mezcal, made from the *agave* cactus in Oaxaca province, is bottled with a genuine *agave* worm.

As with other traditions that are hundreds of years old, a certain mystique has been built up around the ritual of consuming Mezcal and its *agave* worm. Most knowledgeable people drink it like tequila; that is, with a lick of salt and a bite of lime. For true tradition, use the mixture of sea-salt and spices in the bag attached to the bottle. The worm is said by some to be the key to wondrous experiences. Others claim it sets free a spirit of celebration. Whatever the truth, we know that *agave* worms are a very popular delicacy in Mexico.

And why should the Mexicans have Mezcal all to themselves? Now, for the first time, you can buy Mexico's leading brand of Mezcal—Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano—in the United States. Each bottle is genuine Mezcal from the region of Oaxaca. For proof, just look inside the bottle.

Monte Alban Mezcal opens up whole new worlds to conquer. Bring it along to your next party. Enlighten people on its heritage. Demonstrate how to drink it. Make mixed drinks with it, too. And when you and your friends get down to the bottom of the bottle, find out who's really adventurous. Or munch the worm yourself, it's really delicious. Try Monte Alban Mezcal con Gusano. Who knows what might happen?



*If you can't find Monte Alban at your favorite liquor store please drop a card to Bill Rogers, P.O. Box 1240, Chicago, IL 60601. He'll be glad to help.

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PLEASURE-

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FORUM

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HAVE MERCY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

Amen
Let the sisters say
Amen
And, all together, now!
Amen
Amen
Amen!

And, yes, the church, wherever it was, whatever it was—a football field in Montgomery, Alabama, a stadium in Tokyo, a music hall in Paris, Albert Hall, in London, or as far away as Sidney—rocked.

It was nearly four o'clock when I finally got into the car and started driving toward Julia's house. I might have got into the car by that time only because Ruth hadn't called me—or because I was afraid to sit in the house. I suddenly wanted to see Ruth and my children.

Getting from my house to Julia's house takes about half an hour, through a placid and terrifying landscape. It's terrifying because it isn't true. It's here, but it's not; it's present, but it's gone. Some people, some faces, make you feel this, like the face of a woman who knows that she is beautiful. If she knows that, then you wonder what else she knows or if she knows anything else; for it is not easy to know that you are beautiful. And she can be beautiful, really, smiling with you in the evening or crying beneath you at night or, naked, in the morning, with no makeup on : she can get your dick hard; she's got your nose wide open. And yet, and still, at the very bottom of the clear and candid eyes, something lives which gives the lie to the beauty of the surface and which, when you really must deal with it, troubles the beauty of the deep. You begin to sense, dimly, but powerfully, a lack of coherence—a smile on the wrong line, a cigarette awkwardly relit, an earring which should not be on *that* ear, one chewed fingernail and only one—and you wonder what this incoherence hides and begin to be frightened of what it may reveal. Finally, you begin to recognize that there is nothing you can do with this absolutely sincere incoherence; it is a desperate sincerity. Sincerity is so cheap a virtue—haggled over, daily, in every public square, written on walls, in toilets, on flags—so cheap a virtue that, mainly, it is not a virtue at all, but an abject reflex. So that one finally looks hard at the person who bought this particular consumer item at so extravagant a price. There is something unreal, then, about the reality of this beauty, something profoundly willed. Anything brought into existence by so powerful an act of the will is nothing less than a mask, a disguise, a lie, and is hiding something—from itself : this suspicion fucks with the mind and leads to terror. Or, for example, I remember a white boy Arthur knew once—briefly, thank God—a boy named Faulkner, who was beautiful and limpid as a Viking saga and as ruthless as the Russian steppes. He could not help it. He was a liar and a thief and a cockteaser; he was searching for the prison in which he could be raped forever by an army of black studs. Rape does not come naturally, and that child was hell unloosed. The only time I ever knew him not to be smiling was when he was sobbing out his innocence and begging not to be beaten to death. At least I thought that's what he was begging for. I once had to beat the living shit out of him, turned him upside down, and shook Arthur's money out of his pockets; but now I think that he was maybe begging me to kill him. Life in death or death in life : but a change has got to come.

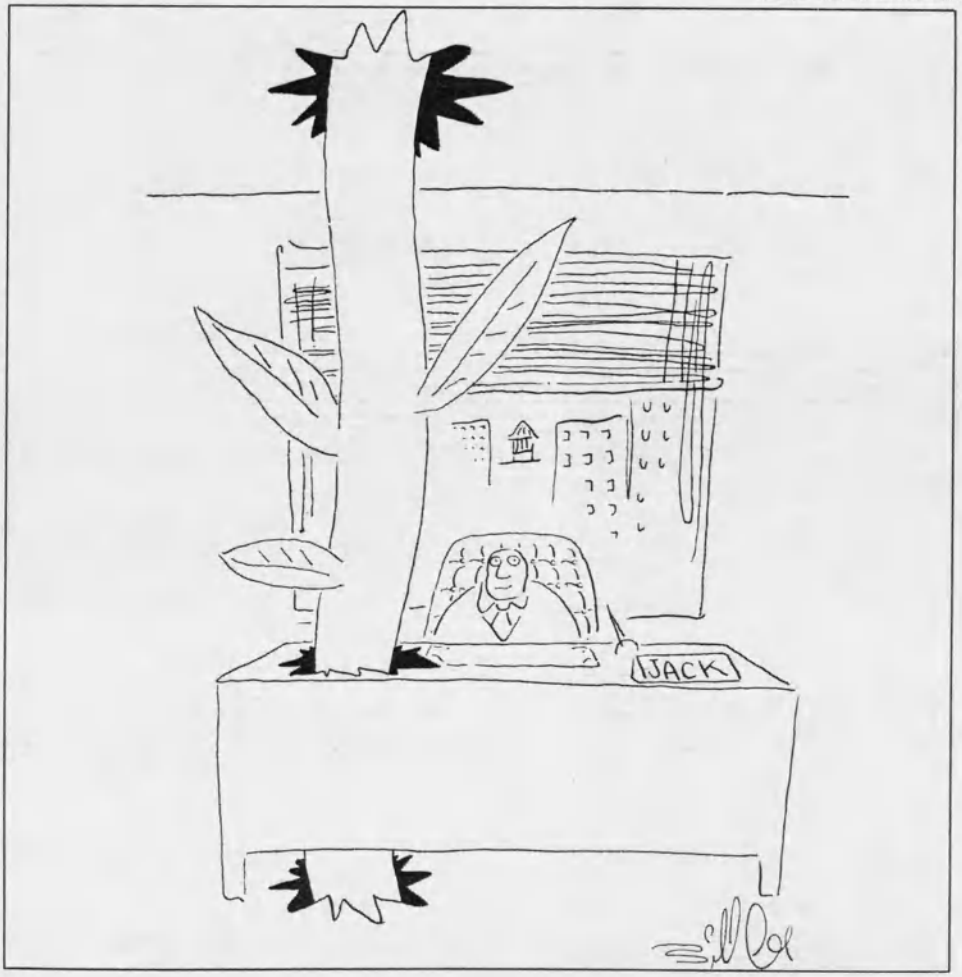
The streets I am driving through, to Julia's house, are, somehow, something like that. They frighten me like that, because nothing I am seeing is true. These houses, these penny-pinched lawns, the angular streets; for one thing, it was never intended that *we* should live here. This is not yet forgotten. The trees and the houses and the grass remember; the stoplights remember, the fire station, the churches, and the courthouse. The people do not seem to remember—very few are out—but then they have had to remember so little for so long that one simply awaits, now, numbly, their next convulsion. And, indeed, the smiles of the few people out walking, or riding, reveal clenched teeth and leaping jaw muscles. Their placid eyes reflect their placid surroundings (the church spire wavering at the bottom of the cheerful eye) and, by this time, for me, in any case, are capable of reflecting nothing more.

There was a time when I found this sad. Perhaps I still do, but pity is a dead-end street, a useless doom; sympathy, repudiated, turns to bile : forget it. Some hale and hearty white people walking around today are going to be butchered corpses soon—like tomorrow, but it is utterly absurd to pity them. The song asks, "Sinner man, where you going to run to?" and advises against heading for burning rock or boiling sea and wonders, from a distance, "Who shall be able to stand?"

The car ahead of me has a bumper sticker, reading, *America, love it or leave it*, and I want to get as far away from that car as I can. I want to see my wife and my children. Each stoplight takes forever; I cannot shake the car with the bumper sticker; it is traveling in my direction. I am ridiculously aware of the Sunday policemen, scattered sparsely over the landscape. I do not look at them. But I know that they see me. I know that they never expected to, never intended to, and are smoldering with the need to be revenged for this violation. *Up yours, Mac, and I hope it puts a hurting on you :* but I do not usually feel this way.

I park the car in Julia's front yard and stumble up her steps—red brick steps, which I hate, but Julia's very fond of them. I ring the bell, but the record player's going—Esther Phillips, "From a Whisper to a Scream"—and I stumble down the steps and go around to Julia's backyard.

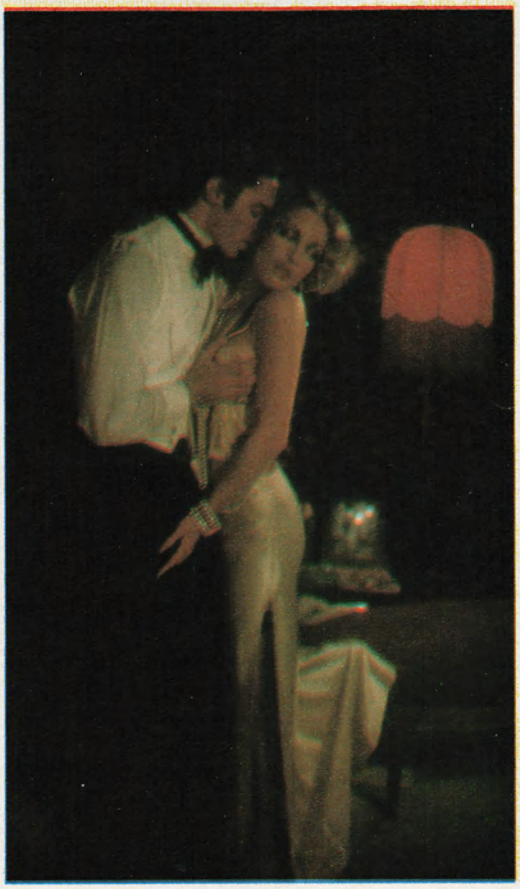
CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

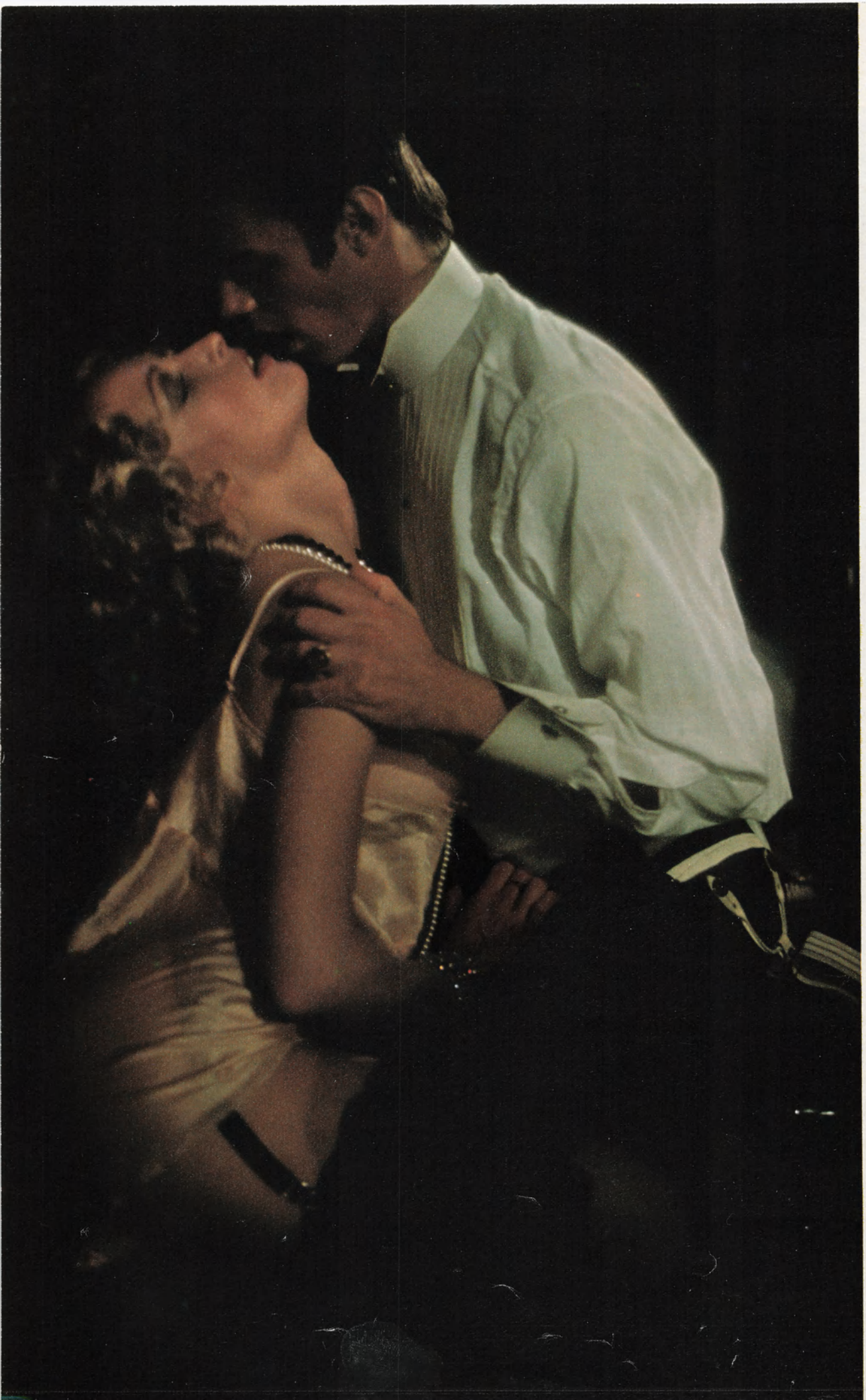


DINNER AT EIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

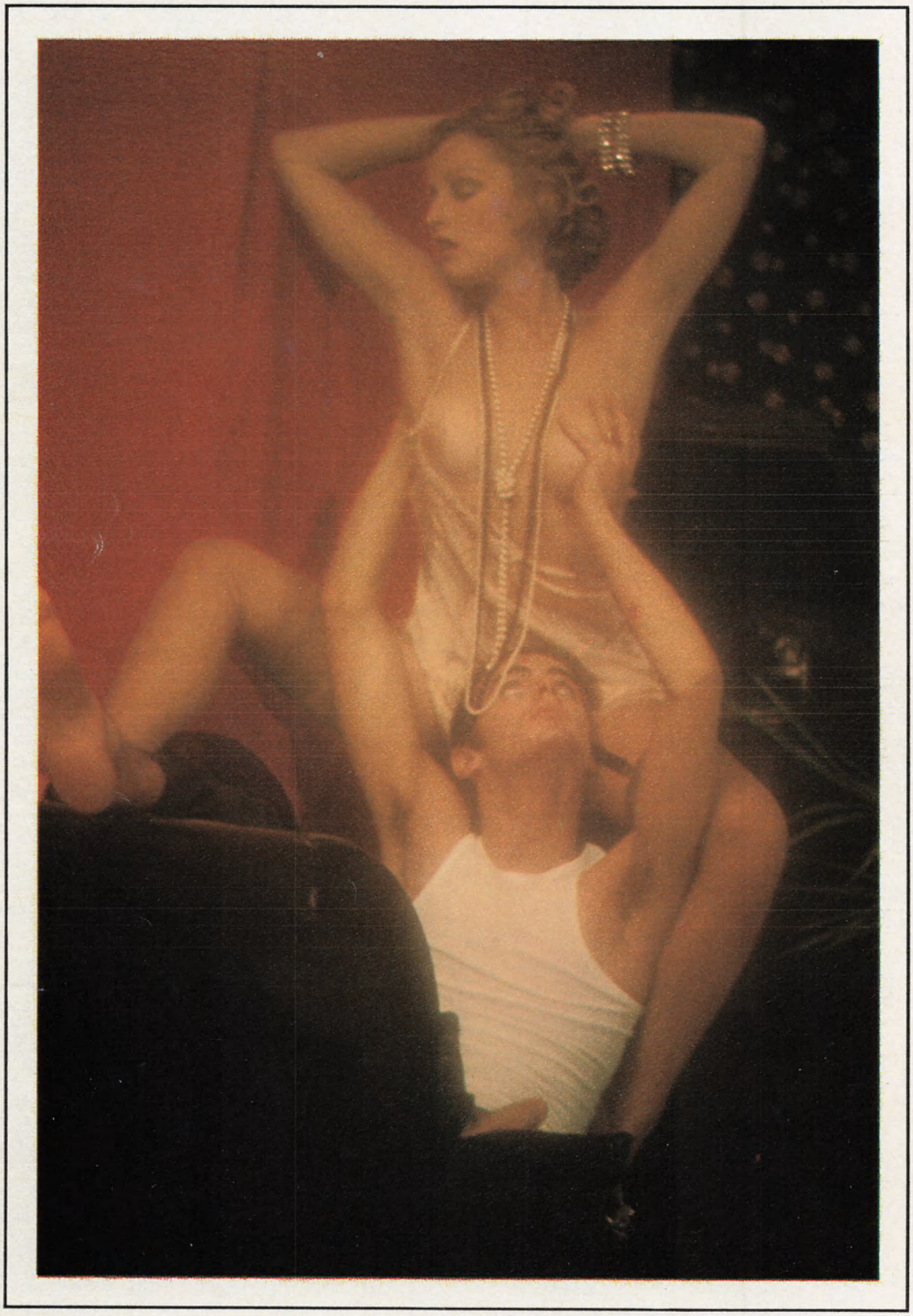
All the guests had gone. Except, of course, her guest of honor. Not that the others ever knew she considered him that. She was, after all, the perfect hostess: discreet about gossip, especially concerning herself. He had arrived late, as usual. The frowning butler ushered him in. The party had retired to the dining room. All were sated. She caught up with him eventually. "Stay behind," she whispered. "I'll meet you in the drawing room," he replied, undaunted.



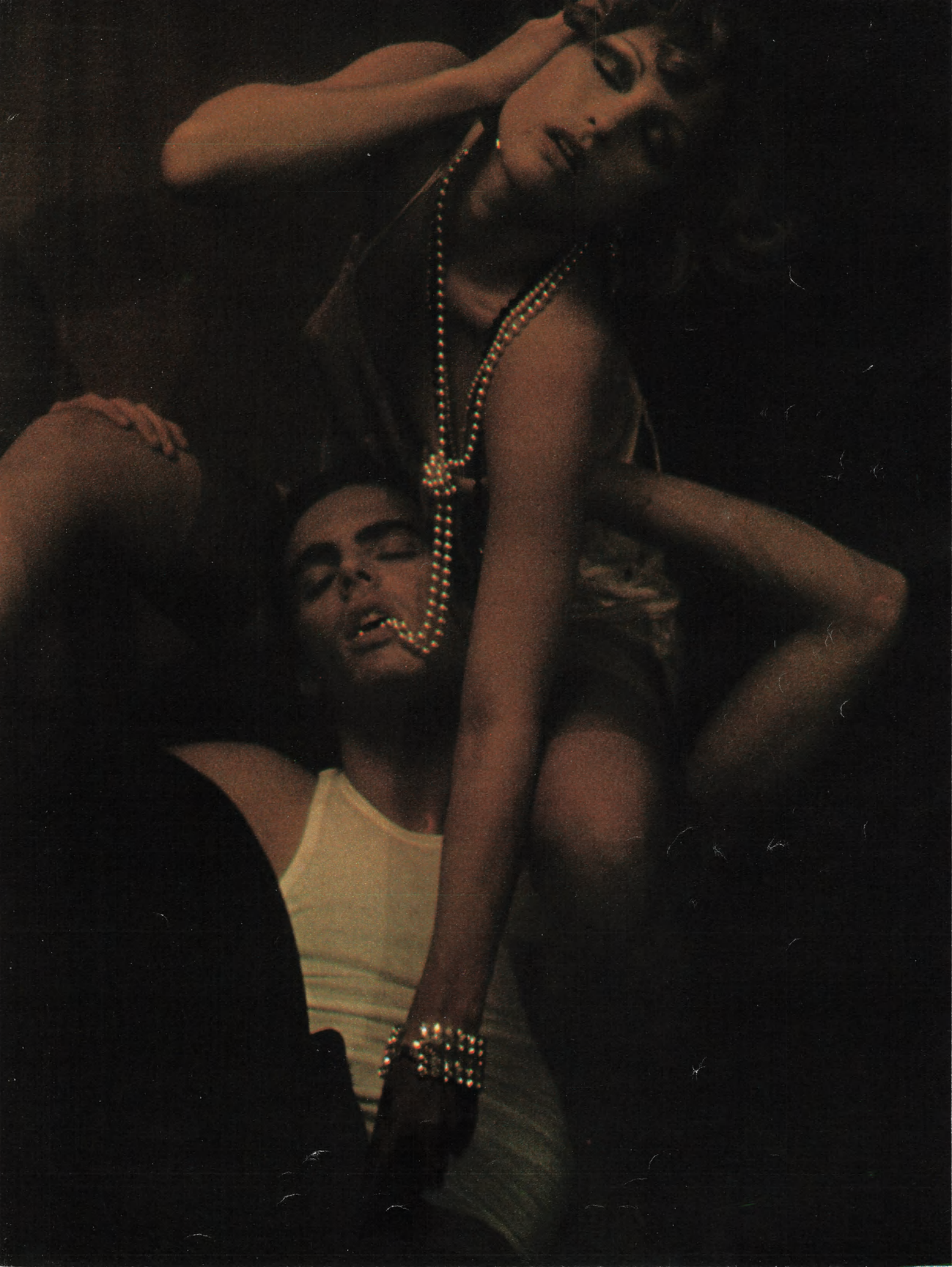


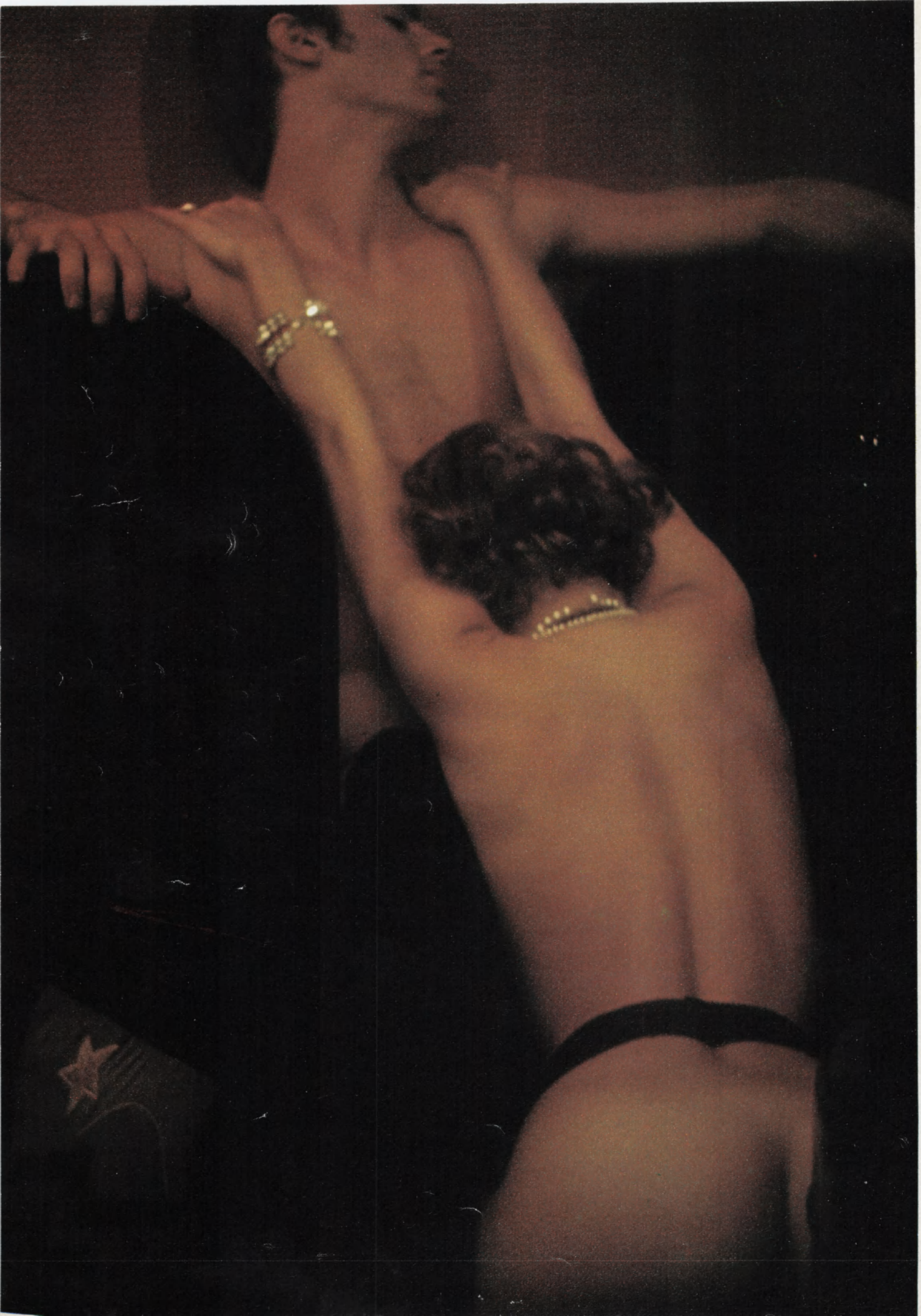
She did as he asked, as always. Politely bidding goodnight to her guests, she went to his side. Soon, her pale silk evening gown vanished; his suspenders were down.

In the dim golden light they regarded each other, admiring. He, the image of Valentino; she, radiant enough to rival Harlow. Such a feast for the senses, he thought.

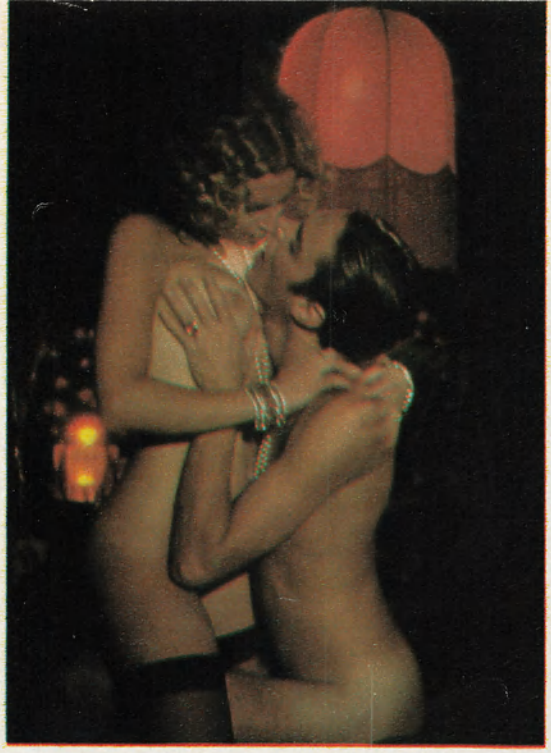


Her pearls felt cool against his face; his hands became new instruments of discovery. Their murmurs were muted, for fear of being heard. But their mutual clandestine passion provided an unspoken language of its own.





She wanted to taste his manhood, feel his shoulders flex, his body grow taut with each caress. He pressed her closer, one hand stroking her face, the other her hidden sex. Only with her did he find himself so guilty of conspicuous consumption.



Tasting and savoring the sweetness of her flesh seemed like a rampant form of gluttony, but then they'd never felt such passion. When she kneeled and offered herself to him, he took her hungrily, oblivious of future consequence. Clasping her to himself, they shuddered in unison, reconfirming their silent commitment.

PETRO-INDUSTRIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"an oral presentation of data." In other words, he wasn't even required to hand in a piece of paper for his $50,000. The president's pollster prudently registered with the Justice Department as a foreign agent for Saudi Arabia. The Saudis paid Cambridge Reports an additional $30,000, for which they were entitled to have thirty questions of their choice included in Caddell's polls. Caddell told columnist William Safire that "the confidentiality of my client's situation" kept him from revealing the content of those extra questions.

Cambridge Reports is considered to be the most reliable source of information about U.S. public attitudes on energy. It was crucial for Saudi Arabia to have access to such information in order to plan its pricing policy. If the American public is becoming aware that it is OPEC which controls oil prices, the Saudis must know so that they can soft-pedal increases. So far, Caddell told a fund-raising dinner for a Florida congressman—as he has undoubtedly orally informed his oil-producing clients—the public does not yet comprehend the full extent of the energy problem. Caddell has done his part to add to this lack of comprehension. Carter last October blasted the oil companies for seeking "the biggest rip-off in history," trying to "rob" American consumers, and engaging in "potential war profiteering on energy." His purpose in accusing the oil companies of being criminal masterminds, rather than being, as they in fact are, the getaway drivers for OPEC, was to throw the public off the trail of the true perpetrators, on whom his energy plan doesn't lay a glove. "President Carter," reported the *New York Times*, "trying to rally support for his battered energy program, singled out the oil companies for attack in the belief that they are unpopular, Patrick Caddell, opinion pollster, said here today."

Thirteen days after Richard Helms pleaded no contest to the charge that he had lied to a Senate committee, the former CIA director and ambassador to Iran announced that the Safeer Company "has been established to provide consulting services in international trade and business" with Iran. "I'm not trying to influence our government or our country," Helms said. "All I'm trying to do is help our balance of payments." It can be expected that Helms will indeed not be using his considerable influence in the federal government to interfere with the outflow of U.S. energy consumers' dollars to Iran, which creates the balance-of-payments problem that he so altruistically plans to help. *Safeer* means "ambassador" in Persian.

Columnist Robert Walters has discovered that Martin Ryan Haley & Associates, a New York public relations firm, has prepared a plan for oil countries to spend $15 million annually on a propaganda program in the United States. According to Haley, working "for an individual in the Middle East who, in turn, discussed it with several governments," he prepared a "confidential document," each copy of which was numbered and assigned to a specific recipient. "The Arab world," the plan notes, "has great potential power rooted not only in oil resources and financial reserves but also in untapped friendships and supporters. A long-term consistent and coherent plan is needed—a central system for identifying and mobilizing friends is needed." According to the Justice Department, there is no record of Haley's having registered under the Foreign Agents Registration Act.

Morgan-Newman Associates in Washington does consulting work for the Saudi Arabian Ministry of Finance and National Economy. The principals in the firm are both former Peace Corps officials who are applying their experience in helping the poor to helping the rich. The New York public relations firm of Doremus & Co. has been paid $328,500 by Saudi Arabia to design an extensive public relations campaign to convince the U.S. public of the benefits of close relations with OPEC's most powerful member. A public relations firm headed by Crawford Cook, who managed John C. West's successful 1970 gubernatorial campaign in South Carolina, has a $65,000 contract from Saudi Arabia to lobby for U.S. military aid and has received a $100,000 initial payment to promote closer Saudi-American relations. West, who introduced Cook to the Saudis, is currently U.S. ambassador to Saudi Arabia. Clients in Indonesia, Kuwait, Nigeria, and Venezuela retain Kearns International, a San Francisco-based economic and investment consulting firm. President Henry Kearns was formerly head of the Export-Import Bank, the federal agency that finances U.S. exports. Politically connected think tanks, such as Arthur D. Little and the Hudson Institute, have been retained by the Algerians, as have the management consulting firms of McKinsey & Co. and Booz, Allen & Hamilton.

"I'm afraid one of those wild oats has sprouted."

THE TRILATERAL COMMISSION

The chief consensus-building institution of the petro-industrial complex is The Trilateral Commission, the international council of industrialists, financiers, and politicians founded by David Rockefeller and Zbigniew Brzezinski in 1973, which recruited Jimmy Carter as a member when he was a political unknown and, in effect, ran him for the presidency. (See Cartergate I, II, and III in the November 1977, December 1977, and January 1978 *Penthouse*.) One of the essential reasons why David Rockefeller formed The Trilaterial Commission was to attempt to install an administration in 1977 that would not adopt any policies which might weaken OPEC. Rockefeller is chairman of Chase Manhattan Corp. The largest blocks of stock in Chase and in Exxon and Mobil, two of the members of Aramco, are owned by his family. The bulk of the family's

shares are voted by Chase, which in turn is the second-largest voter of Mobil stock and whose board of directors interlocks with Exxon's. Chase is one of the major depositories of OPEC surpluses. Not only is David Rockefeller one of the largest personal beneficiaries of OPEC's power outside the Saudi royal family, but he is also considered the spokesman for an international financial community that has become hooked on petrodollars and resists any attempts at detoxification.

The Trilateral Commission has published two reports on energy policy, both authored by John C. Campbell, senior research fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations since 1955, and counterparts from Japan and Europe, with the participation of Zbigniew Brzezinski. The Trilateral reports' emphasis is on "cooperation, not confrontation," with OPEC. Campbell advocates that the United States and its fellow consuming countries should "maintain solidarity among themselves," not to attempt to weaken OPEC, but to "set the framework of cooperation with the producing states." He insists that "economic bargaining power on the consumer side will still be limited owing to the quasi-monopoly position of the producers" but advocates taking no action to break up that "quasi-monopoly." He opposes every technique of moderating OPEC's power that he can think of. "Diplomatic argument," he says, is "not likely to prevail against counterargument based on tangible interest"—as if the American interest in assured supplies of reasonably priced oil were not "tangible." He claims that "attempts to mobilize collective economic pressure on them [OPEC members] are of limited effectiveness because the preponderance of bargaining power is on their side." He opposes "economic warfare, in the form of attempts to deny food or other supplies" to OPEC—despite the fact that it has been precisely OPEC's attempts to deny oil supplies to consuming countries that have given the organization its power. "Military action must be ruled out," Campbell opines, not feeling the need to explain why and despite the fact that the Arab members of OPEC, through their confrontation-state clients (Egypt, Jordan, and Syria), took military action in October 1973—against Israel, as a surrogate for the Western industrialized world—in order to put teeth into their demands.

Since the Trilateral reports preclude the use of diplomatic argument, economic pressure, economic warfare, and military action in dealing with OPEC, what method remains but negotiation? But Campbell would put limits even on that option: "[The European Common Market] must be expected to negotiate with the oil-producing countries on trade and investment, though not on prices"—when, of course, oil prices are the basic issue.

Far from attempting to weaken OPEC, the Trilateral reports advocate strengthening it: "The industrialized countries should encourage their [the OPEC countries'] increasing participation, both in existing and future international institutions and in informal associations, in dealing with the familiar questions of finance, trade, and development. This will mean giving them more voting strength and top-level appointments, and larger responsibilities as well, with a corresponding reduction of the role of others."

The lengths to which Campbell would go to build up OPEC are remarkable: "The building of petroleum-related industries such as refining and petrochemicals in the [OPEC oil-] producing countries is natural and inevitable. The consuming countries should provide help, even though the temporary effect will be to add to OPEC's bargaining power, create competition for their own industries, and aggravate their situation regarding the cost and supply of oil products."

Campbell's recommendations verge on petro-masochism: "Similar considerations apply to further exploration for oil and gas [financed and/or conducted by the consuming countries] in the producing countries. The effort required for it might be better used to develop energy in the consuming countries themselves. But if a basic purpose is to create a many-sided structure of cooperation with the producers, this side can hardly be omitted.

"The real challenge of the energy problem," says the Trilateral report, "is not a struggle with outside adversaries, as in most great crises of the past, but within and among our respective societies. . . . Our peoples need a wartime psychology to fight this war against ourselves."

The chief weapon we are to use against ourselves in this (to use the words of another Trilateral member) "moral equivalent of war" is to be increased government intervention in our lives. As Campbell puts it: "Economic factors will by themselves induce certain changes. But the situation will call for a considerable degree of voluntary cooperation and of acceptance, voluntary or involuntary, of governmental regulation of an increased sector of personal life."

VOLUNTARY OR INVOLUNTARY

Heavy equipment exporters, international construction firms, international banks, major oil companies, Washington lawyers operating as foreign agents, highly paid consultants, Trilateral Commission members—taken together, they function as the mutually reinforcing private sector of a petro-industrial complex that, to defend and increase its profits from high foreign oil prices, opposes any policies that would interfere with OPEC's ability to take money out of the pockets of American consumers and kick back a percentage to a small number of well-connected U.S. corporations and individuals.

But the ability of the petro-industrial complex to maintain the grip of despotic oil-producing régimes on American soci-

"To tell you the truth, Blanche, I've about had it with your 'unbridled passion'!"

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ety would be crippled if its constituent elements did not include a power whose support of OPEC is as effective as it is little known: the U.S. government.

YOUR HIGH GAS PRICES MAKE THESE PEOPLE RICH

In addition to the individuals and firms listed in the accompanying article, the following companies, banks, and Trilaterial commissioners have a vested interest in maintaining OPEC's ability to keep your oil prices high.

This is a sampling of U.S. companies that are being paid with dollars extorted from energy consumers by OPEC:

- Harbert Construction Corp., Birmingham, Ala., and Paul N. Howard Co., Greensboro, N.C., $50 million for a pipeline from the desalination plant serving Abu Dhabi City.
- J. Ray McDermott & Co., New Orleans, $200 million for oil rigs in Persian Gulf.
- Kellog International, $250 million for natural-gas processing plant in Kuwait.
- Foster-Wheeler, $70 million for oil refinery expansion in Kuwait.
- General Electric, $40 million for gas turbine engines for Kuwait.
- Parker Drilling Co., $10 million to drill a test well in Burgan oil field, Kuwait.
- J.A. Jones, Charlotte, N.C., $385 million in construction projects in Saudi Arabia.
- L.E. Meyer Co., prime contractor for $300 million electrification of Eastern Province of Saudi Arabia.
- Ralph M. Parsons Co., Pasadena, $6.5 million for a master plan for an industrial park at Yanbu, Saudi Arabia, with subcontracts to Arthur D. Little, Inc., Cambridge, Mass.; Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, Los Angeles; DeLeuw, Cather International, Chicago; and Tetra-Tech, Inc., Pasadena.
- Ward School Bus Mfg. Co., Conway, Ark., $20 million for 700 buses to shuttle pilgrims between Jidda port and Mecca, Saudi Arabia.
- Strickland Systems, Inc., Jacksonville, Fla., $1 million for concrete forms for a luxury apartment building in Saudi Arabia.
- Elliot Co., Jeannette, Pa., 1977 sale of $50 million worth of gas compressors to Saudi Arabia. Elliot's suppliers include Bently Nevada Corp., Minden, Nev.; Foxboro Co., Foxboro, Mass.; Custom Engineering Co., Erie, Pa.; Industrial Gasket & Shim Co., Meadowlands, Pa.; Abex Corp., Mahwah, N.J.; Philadelphia Gear Corp., King of Prussia, Pa.; Kraissl Co., Hackensack, N.J.; Arrow Foundry, Holyoke, Mass.; Empire Steel Castings, Laureldale, Pa.; Walworth Co., Greensburg, Pa.; Lukens Steel Co., Coatesville, Pa.; McInnes Steel, Corry, Pa.
- Waste Management, Inc., $243 million for a five-year contract to provide garbage collection services for Riyadh, Saudi Arabia.
- Fluor Engineers Constructors, Inc., Los Angeles; Foster-Wheeler, and Ralph M. Parsons Co., $8 billion for gas-gathering, treatment, and reinjection system for Iran. Fluor is also responsible for $4.6 billion worth of work on a natural-gas processing system to fuel industrial centers at Jubail and Yanbu, Saudi Arabia.
- Sanderson & Porter, Inc., New York, is supervising the construction of a $5 billion water desalination plant at Jubail, which will be the largest on earth.
- National Broiler Marketing Association, $40 million for frozen chickens for Iran.
- North Pacific Grain Growers Association, Boise, Idaho, $5 million in wheat for Libya.
- Holmes & Narver, Inc., Las Vegas, planner and contractor for mini-cities costing $131.4 million to house 27,000 foreign construction workers in Saudi Arabia.

The capital of the petro-industrial complex is Houston, where Aramco Services Co., the purchasing arm of Texaco, Chevron, Mobil, and Exxon's Arabian-American Oil Co., employs more than 550 people just to process purchases of $2.8 billion worth of contracts for goods and services destined for Saudi Arabia, ranging from a 320-ton boiler to 37,000 pounds of Oreo cookies. Bechtel Corp.'s Houston office is designing the $370 million Ghazlan power plant that the company will build in Saudi Arabia. Brown & Root is constructing $2 billion worth of port facilities for Iran. Hudson Engineering is providing engineering, design, and equipment for a $394 million gas-liquefaction plant in Dubai.

Houston's 3D/International is designing seventeen Mideast projects worth $3 billion, including a new city for 28,000 and twenty state guest houses for visiting dignitaries in Saudi Arabia as well as five hotels in the United Arab Emirates that will cost energy consumers $1 billion. Caudill, Rowell Scott, Inc., is being paid more than $55 million by the Saudis to plan the University of Riyadh, a complex that will cost energy consumers $3 billion and will have, say the Saudis, "10 million square feet of teaching space—more than Harvard." CRS is working on schools, hospitals, and housing in Bahrain and Kuwait that will cost more than $3 billion.

James M. Sink Associates of Houston is designing a teachers college in Riyadh. "We've spent a great deal of time in seminars on design of bathroom fixtures," Sink says. Motorists will be pleased to learn that they are paying more for gas so that Arabian teachers-to-be will not have to face within twenty degrees of Mecca when they defecate or urinate.

The reason why U.S. heavy-machinery exporters and construction firms are in favor of funneling more and more of the U.S. consumer's money to OPEC is that it is much more economical to sell to OPEC governments than to Americans. For instance, San Francisco's Bechtel Corp. has been hired by the Saudi government to supervise construction of an industrial center at Jubail, comprising petrochemical,

steel, aluminum, fertilizer, oil-refining, and other plants at a total cost for this single project of more than $45 billion—the largest construction project ever built. This represents one-half the assessed value of New York City, and the Saudis are building two such projects.

The only way Bechtel could build that much within the United States would be somehow to contract thousands of individual projects, each one involving political deals, construction and mortgage financing, zoning approvals, environmental impact statements, labor agreements—none of which is necessary when one is working for an absolute monarch with unlimited amounts of energy consumers' cash at his disposal.

C.&O. Developing Co. of South Kenly, N.C., recently built Abu Dhabi's first government-owned hotel—called, with deep respect for the traditions of the Persian Gulf, the Ramada Airport Inn. "Compared with Abu Dhabi," says C.&O.'s Norman Richardson, "construction in the U.S. is penny ante stuff."

U.S. banks are also shoulder-to shoulder at the petro-deposit trough:

- Fidelity Bank of Philadelphia has bought 80 percent of the Banque de la Méditerranée, Beirut's largest.
- Manufacturers Hanover Trust has an 18 percent interest in Arab Finance Co, Beirut.
- Bank of America owns a 24 percent share in Bank of Credit and Commerce International, a leading, Arab-dominated Eurobank, as well as a 29 percent share in the parent company of the Banque Arabe et Internationale d'Investissements, Paris.
- American Express Middle East Development Co. is joining in the creation of a merchant bank that will invest in development projects in Saudi Arabia.
- Chase Manhattan administers the Saudi Industrial Development Fund.
- Chemical Bank has obtained a majority interest in Beirut's Rabiyer Bank, which it has renamed Chemical Bank, Middle East.
- First National Bank of Boston has organized and undertaken to manage the investment banking activities of the Saudi National Commercial Bank.
- Morgan Guaranty Trust has purchased, through a subsidiary, 40 percent of Intra Investment Co.'s share in Almashneg Bank, Beirut.
- Texas Commerce Bank, First National Bank of Chicago, Security National Bank, Los Angeles, and New York's Bankers Trust own shares in UBAF Arab American Bank, the New York affiliate of the Union de Banques Arabes et Françaises.
- Chase Manhattan and Citibank have been retained to manage the investment portfolio of Kuwait.
- An Arab-American bank has been planned for Houston, whose participants would include the city's Cullen Center Bank, New York's Citibank and Chase Manhattan, Bank of America, two Saudi banks, and one in Kuwait.
- Chase Manhattan owns a piece of the recently established Saudi Investment Banking Corp., Riyadh.

David Rockefeller founded The Trilateral Commission, in large part, to implement a pro-OPEC consensus among elements of the business and financial community that benefit from high foreign oil prices. The commission's North American members include:

- Ernest C. Arbuckle, chairman of San Francisco's Wells Fargo Bank, one of the largest depositories of OPEC's surplus dollars and a member of the syndicate that has $1 billion out on loan to oil-producing Nigeria.
- Investment banker George Ball, who told a meeting of the commission that the reason "the entire financial structure of the non-Communist world" was threatened with "collapse" was "the strategy of confrontation" pursued by Kissinger and his determination "to confront the oil-producing countries rather than seek their cooperation."
- Lee L. Morgan, president of Caterpillar Tractor Co., a major exporter of construction equipment to OPEC countries.
- William A. Hewitt, chairman of Deere & Co., another major supplier of construction equipment to OPEC members (John Deere).
- Gerald L. Parsky, who in 1976, when he was assistant secretary of the treasury for international affairs, was quoted in *Time* as saying that "breaking up OPEC would be detrimental." It certainly would be detrimental to Parsky, who now heads the Washington office of the Los Angeles law firm of Gibson, Dunn & Crutchen and advises Arabs on politics and investments.
- John H. Perkins, president of Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Co., one of the largest depositories of OPEC surpluses.
- John D. Rockefeller IV, governor of West Virginia, who shares his uncle David's interest in the profitability of Chase, Exxon, Mobil, and Aramco.
- John C. Sawhill, president of New York University and former administrator of the Federal Energy Administration, in which capacity he took no action to counter OPEC.
- Edson W. Spencer, president of Honeywell, Inc., which is active in Kuwait.
- Caspar W. Weinberger, vice-president and general counsel of Bechtel Corp., which is building the $45 billion industrial complex at Jubail, Saudi Arabia.
- Carroll L. Wilson, director of MIT's oil-foundation-supported Workshop on Alternative Energy Strategies, whose major report, issued in 1977, said not a word about reducing OPEC's power.

An excellent source of information on options for a constructive energy policy that would diminish OPEC's power is Americans for Energy Independence, 1250 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Suite 502 A, Washington, D.C. 20036. Tax-deductible contributions are welcome.—*C.S.K.*

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THE WET SET

Windsurfing at Club Med in this summer's brightest swim wear

(left) A most unusual style is this clear vinyl "window" short with DuPont's Day Glo trim ($18) by David Leong; underneath is a bikini by Robert Buck. Both are for George G. Graham.

Bold bands of color highlight this back-pocketed, boxer-style trunk made of cotton sweatshirting ($13.50) by Trylon. The bigger cut is right for windsurfing.

Are you ready to hit the beaches? The latest summer swim wear is ready for you—in styles that are comfortable and will make you look good. It is important for you to get in good shape for the new trunks. You can take the plunge in a variety of styles, including briefs, volleyball trunks, and boxer shorts in bright colors that span the spectrum. Accenting some of the newer trunks are Day Glo parachute tapings and "runner" stripes for those who want high-fashion swim gear.

The best of the new season's swim wear is shown here modeled by "Club G.O.'s" (General Organizers) at the Club Med in Cancún, Mexico. They show off the newest water sport, windsurfing. It is a cross between surfing and sailing: you steer by manipulating a sail attached to a surfboard. Like surfing, it's another of nature's "free rides." But unlike surfing, the possibilities for experimentation are endless. Having a "full" sail to hold allows you to hang over the side and head-dip into a wave—or even body-dip—and still keep going.

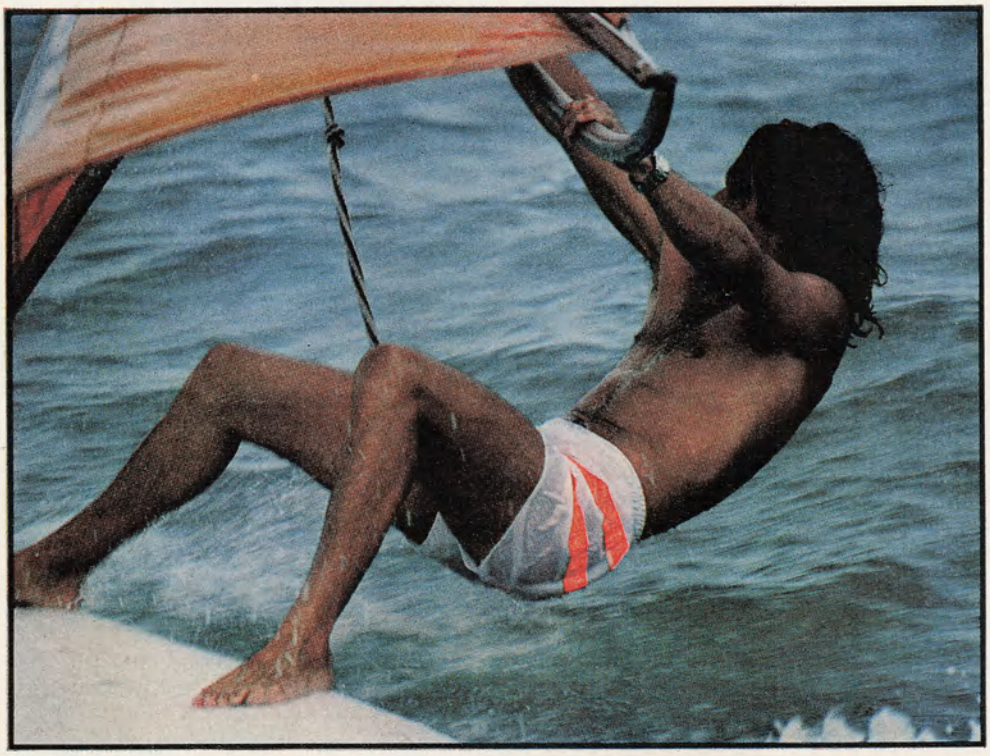
The club's windsurfing school enjoys ideal wave-riding conditions. As the onshore waves become choppy, the windsurfers are just getting ready to go out and ride the waves. Windsurfers don't need per-

(below) The colorful batik print is popular once again. In cotton and polyester, this surfing trunk has a button-through front ($13) and is by Jantzen.

fect conditions in order to have fun; they can ride almost any rolling wave, and they have one advantage that surfers don't have: they are able to sail back out to the lineup rather than having to paddle. As a result, they can ride many, many more waves. Going back out can be more fun than coming in, because the windsurf board can "jump" incoming waves!

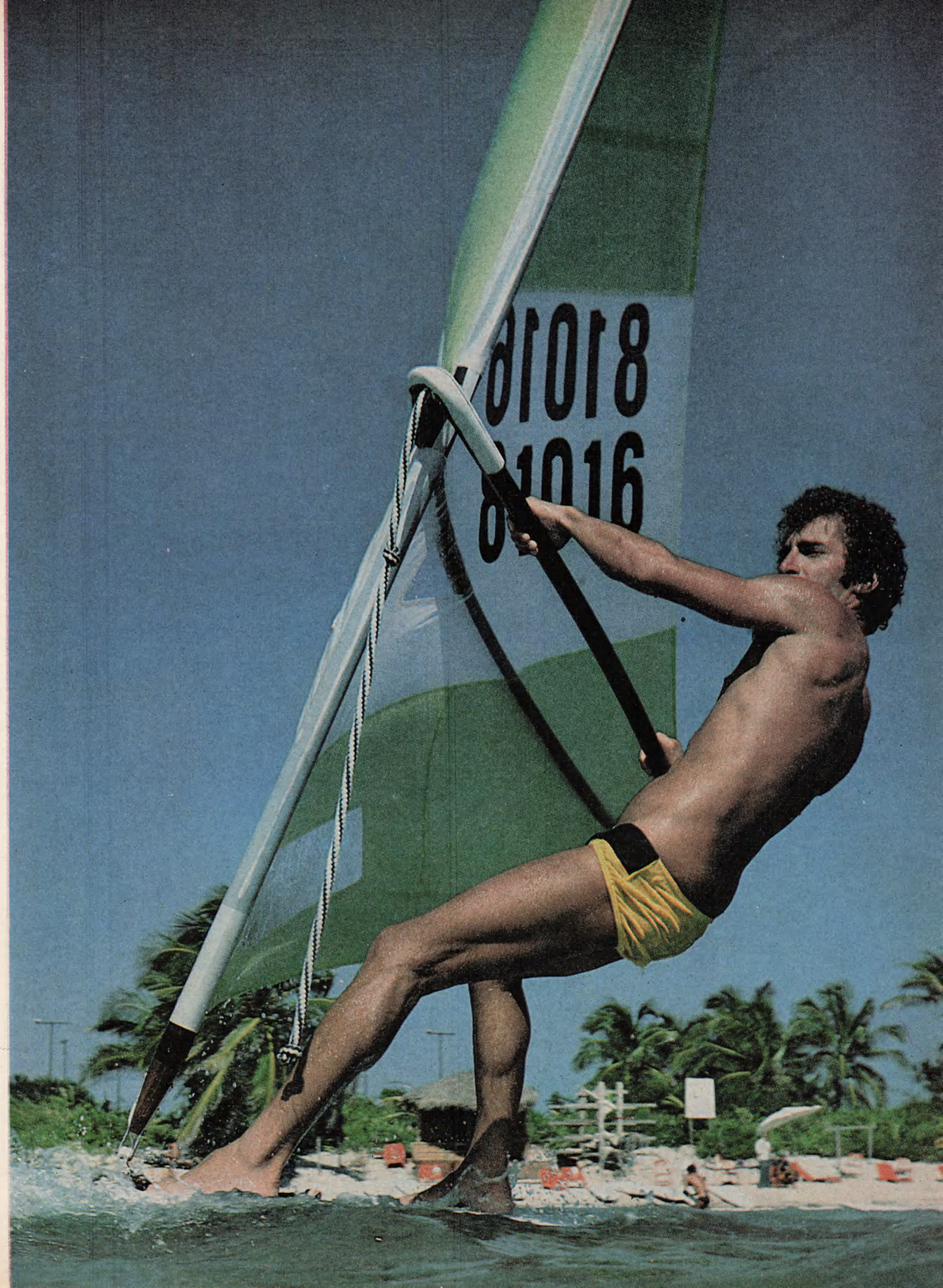
Windsurfing is rapidly becoming popular in the United States and is already well known in Europe, Hawaii, South Africa, and Australia. It's time that you gave it a try! Cancún's Club Med has the largest Club Med windsurfing school in the world, with expert windsurfers to prepare you for this sport.

The white, all-cotton boxer trunk comes alive with bright orange Day Glo runner stripes ($18.50) and is by David Leong for George G. Graham.



(right) The yellow knit terry brief has a contrasting navy stripe down the front ($5.50) and is by Gil Cohen for Boulet. A dual-purpose brief.

For information on mechandise featured here and on the Club Med Windsurfing School, see page **186.**



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THE SEXUAL ZOO

Many animals behave during courtship very much like humans, or is it vice versa? Compared with many animal species, our most bizarre sex practices are tame indeed. The list of sexual variations among animals is endless and astonishing. With more than a million different species existing on earth, one can expect more than a million different sexual drives, approaches, and techniques. Perhaps, as we learn about some of the incredible (to us) sexual performances of other creatures in the new book *Sex Link*, we will view our own sexual abnormalities with a less-jaundiced eye.

THE BOWERBIRD

Honeymoon in a Real Honeymoon Cottage The most spectacular foliage in the animal world, as noted elsewhere, is sported by New Guinea's bird of paradise, which also is a very accomplished singer, dancer, and entertainer. All this beauty and talent are directed toward one goal: favorably to impress the female so that copulation may soon ensue and thus guarantee the perpetuation of the species.

Several species of the bird of paradise family, called bowerbirds, have developed an additional talent as architects and undoubtedly are the most skilled builders in the bird world. The males construct little houses (bowers) in the forest, not to live in or nest in, but expressly for sexual purposes. These are literally honeymoon cottages.

The structures range from very simple "huts," which are composed of some branches, to impressive and elaborate "mansions." Some of the bowers are partitioned and contain several separate rooms. Most are tastefully decorated with varicolored leaves, flowers, berries, and other bright objects. Many of the floors are carpeted with colored pebbles. One species even paints the interior by rubbing berry juices against the walls.

Landscaping is not overlooked, as each little house has an attractive front yard brightened by colorful flowers and leaves. In front of most structures is a small stage built of pebbles, and the male spends most of his day during mating season onstage. When a female goes by, the male goes into his act, singing, dancing, entertaining, all in an effort to charm the female into entering his house.

Frequently, a female succumbs to his blandishments and enters the bower where, away from prying eyes, the couple can gratify its passions. However, it's not uncommon for the female to enter, admire the layout and decorations, and then coolly leave with her honor intact. She may check out several pads in this fashion before she finds the house and owner that are irresistible.

While the male is responsible for building the honeymoon cottage, the female reserves the decision as to which male will father her offspring. Once pregnant, she'll spurn the glamorous house, build a nest in the forest, and take all responsibility for the laying, hatching, and raising of the brood.

It should be noted that, like the sage grouse, the bird of paradise females will mate only with selected males—the largest, strongest, most comely. These males achieve their status by winning possession of the choicest sexually significant territories, building the best bowers, and staging the most interesting games. The others, the vast majority of the males in the group, don't even attempt to perform these activities, let alone try to mate with the females.

Such procedures of sexual selection improve the stock of the species, and all members abide by the rules for the overall benefit of the group. This is an extremely high order of social and sexual morality. Humans, who have always prided themselves for being far above the moral level of animals, could never succeed with the process of sexual selection, even *pro bono publico*. Our morality would quickly crumble under such demands. Perhaps we should be more cautious in our pejorative use of the word *animal*.

BY HY FREEDMAN

Illustrations by Wayne Anderson

THE STONE GROUSE

Beauty Contests—Winners and Judges Beauty contests are a familiar event in our culture, being staged in ever greater numbers throughout the world. The reason for such events is obvious: to select the most beautiful (that is, most sexually desirable) female. The winner of each contest is awarded a title and various valuable prizes. During the proceedings, the physical attributes of the lovely females are enjoyed by the viewing audience.

Animals, too, have their beauty contests, and the awards for the winners are not so different from those of the human variety. The stone grouse of South America stages an annual beauty contest during its mating season. It's conducted along the lines of any typical event of its kind. All the contestants step forward, one by one, and exhibit their glorious plumage and other physical charms for the edification of the judges.

So, one asks, what else is new? Well, there are a couple of such items. For one thing, the beauty contestants are all males. For another, the judges, who happen to be all the females in the colony, make their choices right on the spot with unmistakable awards to the winner, backing up their votes with everything they've got.

You don't need a program or a master of ceremonies to spot the winners—they're the ones copulating with the judges. The losers are equally recognizable; they're on the sidelines, observing the winners cashing in on their awards.

THE ELEPHANT

Call Me in about Five Years, Honey Probably the most elemental technique for population control is that practiced by the elephant. The female, which takes on all responsibility for birth control, has a gestation period of twenty-two months, the longest of all mammals, including the largest whale. She has no interest in sex during this period or during the following three years, which she devotes to her calf. Therefore, she mates no oftener than twice in a decade.

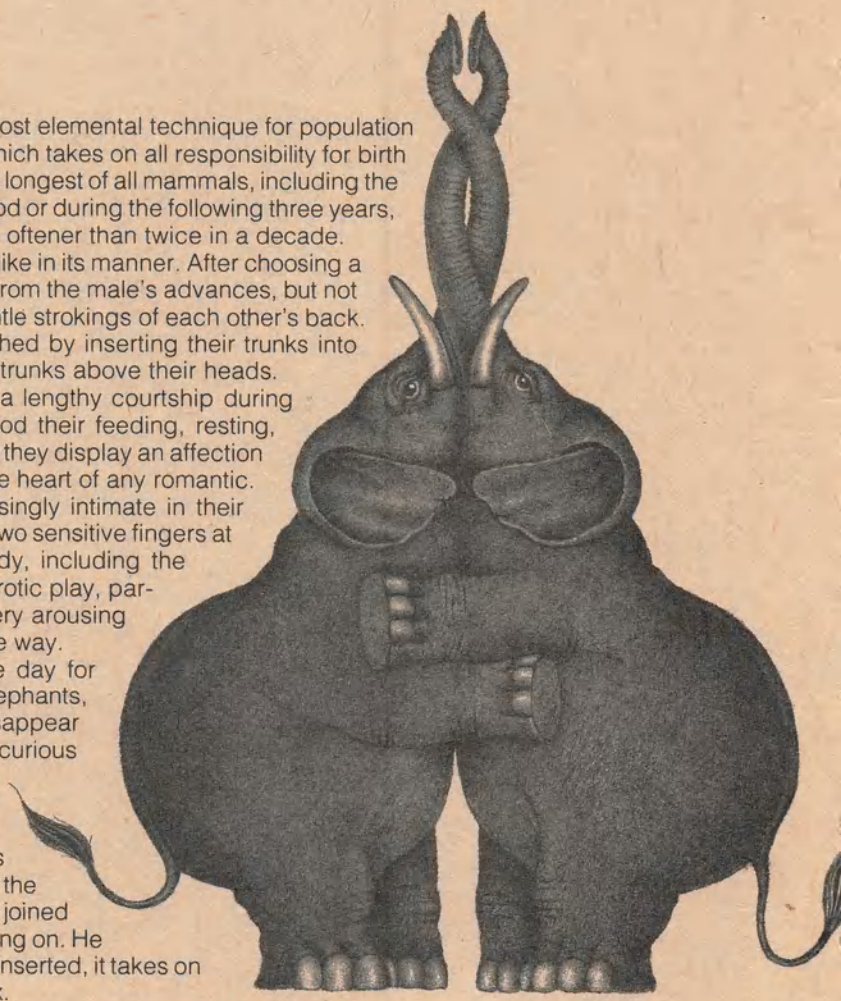
Elephant courtship is intense and surprisingly humanlike in its manner. After choosing a mate, the female is very coy and playful, running away from the male's advances, but not too fast or too far. Their engagement is signaled by gentle strokings of each other's back. This is followed by a tender, lingering kiss, accomplished by inserting their trunks into each other's mouth and then lovingly intertwining their trunks above their heads.

This mutual display of affection is the beginning of a lengthy courtship during which the elephants are inseparable. During this period their feeding, resting, traveling, and sleeping are mutual activities; all the while they display an affection and a tenderness toward each other that would thrill the heart of any romantic.

As their courtship progresses, they become increasingly intimate in their caresses as their eight-foot trunks, each equipped with two sensitive fingers at the end, explore, stroke, and titillate each other's body, including the genitals, which receive special attention. Though this erotic play, particularly the mutual masturbation, is understandably very arousing sexually, they show great restraint and do not go all the way.

Finally, the female's internal clock tells her that the day for mating has arrived. For this climactic moment the elephants, which are very shy and discreet in their lovemaking, disappear into the bush, where they can be alone and away from curious eyes.

Once they are ensconced within their honeymoon glen, the male gently mounts, lightly resting his front legs on her back. Then everything seems to stop; there is little movement or thrusting of haunches on the part of the bull. He remains in his mounted position, his genitals joined with hers, as though resting. However, there's plenty going on. He doesn't have to move because his penis is motile. Once inserted, it takes on a life of its own, thrusting and retreating until the climax.



THE CALLICEBUS MONKEY

Love Thy Neighbor—and Then Some The tiny callicebus monkeys of Colombia are unusual in that they observe lifelong monogamy. Upon mating, the couple marks off a piece of territory which, from that time on, they guard jealously and ferociously. A great deal of their time is spent in watching over their property and keeping it free of trespassers.

In such a rigid, tightly guarded, monogamous culture, obviously there will be few opportunities for extramarital hanky-panky. All year long, territories and spouses are jealously watched over. Then a day will dawn that will be different from all other days. It's the time when all the female glands in the community will proclaim that the time of estrus has arrived. At this, old quarrels will be forgotten, boundaries ignored, monogamy discarded, and lifelong faithful mates abandoned.

The entire adult population of the community will throw itself into a frenzied, nonstop, free-for-all group sex orgy for the duration of the estrus period. The bitter animosities of the past twelve months have built up tremendous tensions among all of the individuals and will now be released in sexual anarchy as erstwhile enemies make love, not war.

One would hope that there's a lesson to be learned here—that love conquers all. But it's not so. In a few days, when the "heat" passes, all couples return to their own territories and the traditional roles of abusive neighbors for another year.

THE SEAL

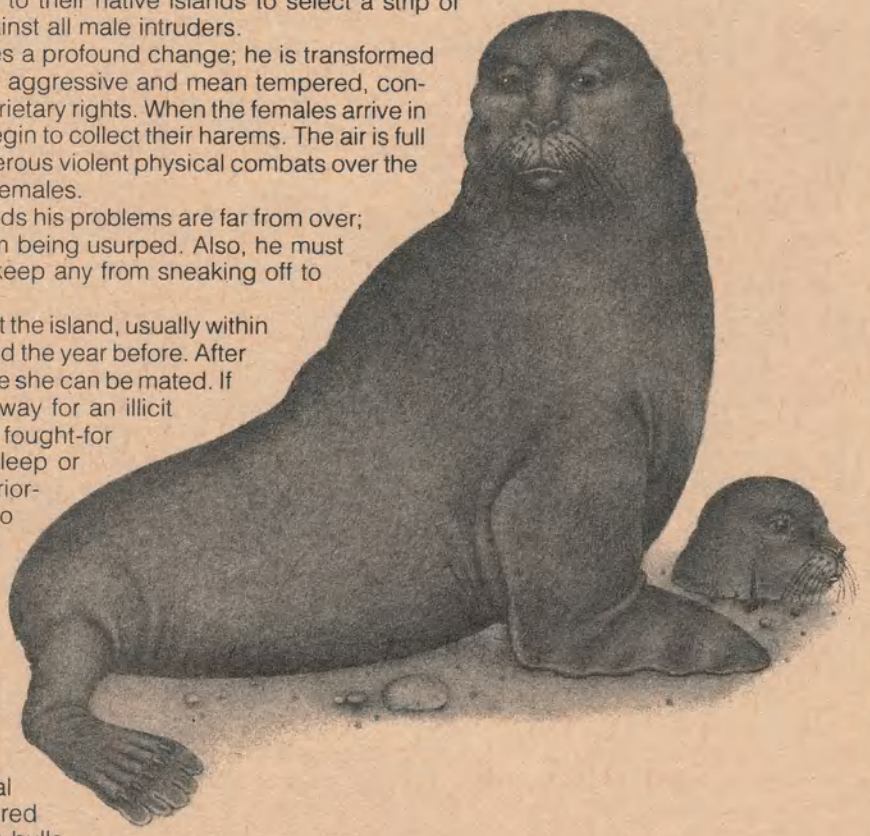
No Eating or Sleeping but Lots of Loving and Fighting The northern fur seals roam the ocean from North America to Japan during the fall and winter migratory season. When the mating season arrives in early May, the bulls return to their native islands to select a strip of territory on the beach and then defend it against all male intruders.

At this time the seal's personality undergoes a profound change; he is transformed from a peaceful, friendly animal to one that's aggressive and mean tempered, concerned solely with jealously guarding his proprietary rights. When the females arrive in early June, it's every bull for himself as they begin to collect their harems. The air is full of threats and counterthreats mixed with numerous violent physical combats over the possession of the mating territories and the females.

Even after collecting his harem, the male finds his problems are far from over; his job now is to defend his possessions from being usurped. Also, he must keep an alert eye on his flock of females to keep any from sneaking off to some other bull.

The females give birth shortly after arriving at the island, usually within forty-eight hours, the result of having conceived the year before. After giving birth, the female must wait a week before she can be mated. If the bull relaxes his guard, a cow may slip away for an illicit mating and he will have lost his fiercely fought-for privilege. Therefore, the proprietor doesn't sleep or eat during this supercharged period. His top priority at this time is to defend his territory and to keep the females in place until he's mated with them. Until she's been serviced, the female is not allowed to go into the sea for food or a swim.

A harem can number from two up to a hundred females, with the average being about thirty. Of course, the larger the harem, the more difficult it is to keep it intact. The larger harems are ruled over by the larger and more dominant bulls. This system of sexual selection warrants that the offspring will be sired by the largest, strongest, and most aggressive bulls in the herd.



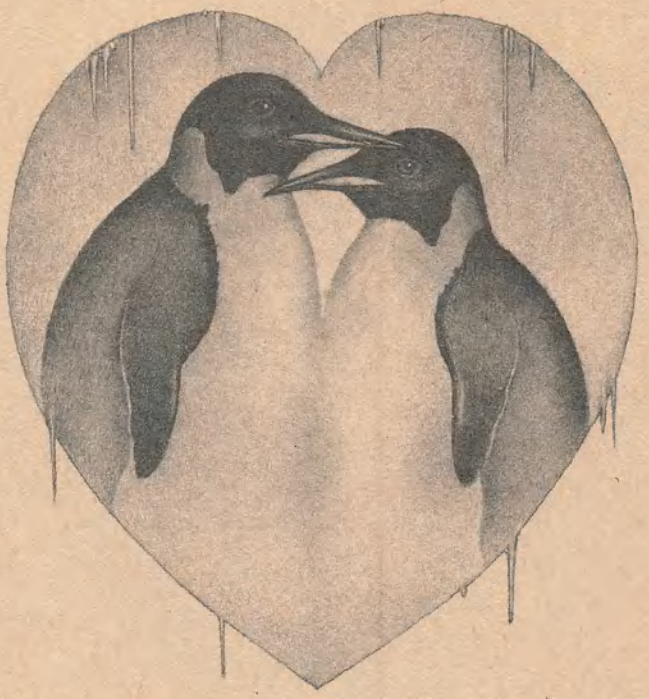
THE PENGUIN

Sex on the Rocks The top prize for love, affection, and unswerving responsibility to the family would have to be awarded to the penguin. During courtship a pair of penguins displays a devotion and tenderness that would provoke the envy of lovesick human adolescents. Their considerable hugging and kissing would seem to be handicapped by the lack of arms and soft lips, but that's not so. In their kissing they rub beaks, and the female inserts her bill inside the male's, while he hugs her tenderly and lovingly with his flippers. All this kissing and hugging leads inevitably to the act of copulation—which, in itself, is quite brief.

After the eggs are laid, their incubation is enough to test the mettle of even the most heroic male emperor penguin, which must keep the eggs from freezing in the Antarctic winter with its blizzards and temperatures that fall to 60 degrees below zero.

During this frigid period the penguin stands unmoving on the icy snow, because the eggs are perched on his feet to keep them from direct contact with the frozen ground. He holds this incredibly punishing stance for two solid months!

During this time his mate is away at sea on a feeding spree. Upon her return the mates exchange roles, and the male is finally able to break his fast while the eggs hatch on the feet of the female, where the infants rest until the weather becomes warmer.



THE FIDDLER CRAB

Colorful Beach Boys One of the most favorable environments for a romantically inclined young male to meet a young lady of like mind is on the sunny sands of a beach. That's exactly where the male fiddler crab hangs out, with not much more on his mind than meeting females. He evinces his desire by brandishing a large, brilliantly colored claw in the air. In fact, except for brief interruptions for feeding and mating, most of his day is spent in waving his claw.

The genders of the fiddler crab are easily distinguishable, as the female is smaller, with symmetrical claws, and colored in drab brownish-gray while the male has asymmetrical claws (the one he waves is much larger than the other) and overall coloring of several vivid hues. Upon awakening in the morning and when frightened, the male adopts the same flat hues that the female has. When the sun is up, the tide is out, and the beach is dry, the male rapidly changes to a beautiful medley of dazzling colors.

These colors announce that the crab is in a mood for romance. When an attentive female responds to his invitation, the sex hormones in his bloodstream cause his colors to become even more spectacular. The drab little females find these undulating, multihued pincers irresistible. When the females show up, the males explode in a frenzy of claw waving and frenetic dancing. We all know how nimble a two-legged dancer can be, but these crabs, using all eight of their legs, are veritable whirling dervishes as they execute variations of ballet, jitterbug, samba. In one dance, the female joins in and is passed from one male dancer to another. The objective of this terpsichorean display, to no one's surprise, is to rouse the female's sexual desire to the mating pitch. When the two reach this point, they sensuously stroke each other's legs. Then the male heads for his beach house, which is a hole in the sand. The female follows him down this hole. A moment later the male appears at the entrance with a gob of mud in his claw, which he uses to plug up the opening. At last, they're alone.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

AMBITION:
IS GETTING THERE REALLY HALF THE FUN?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions that rate your need to succeed.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Some guys hate the rat race; others love it. Some think that striving for position, power, and recognition is indeed a pursuit best left to rats (or, perhaps, asses). Others revel in their ambition and get nervous only when they feel that the other rodents in the race are gaining on them.

Obviously, these are two different ways of looking at life and work. Most men fall into one of the two camps. Some are driven by ambition; others get their psychic rocks off in less competitive ways. While one guy is dreaming of conference calls and corporate coups, the other is dreaming of birch-bark canoes.

The following quiz aims at giving you an idea of where you rank on the ambition spectrum. The questions are primarily designed to measure what psychologists call "*n* Ach": the *need* for achievement, the drive to be on top of the pack.

This need for achievement correlates highly with success in certain career fields. Men with large amounts of achievement motivation tend to need a continual sense of accomplishment and recognition. They usually make the best corporate executives, tycoons, and entrepreneurs. They see their careers as a continuing series of goals leading to a single pinnacle (the chairmanship of the board, the largest share of the market, and so on).

Men at the other end of the achievement spectrum are inclined to gain more satisfaction from accomplishment of the task immediately at hand. Indeed, they are the engineers, technicians, craftsmen, and professional men. (At first glance, a brain surgeon and a plumber may not appear to have much in common, but they do. Unlike the corporate executive or the entrepreneur, the brain surgeon and the plumber are less likely to see their careers as ever-ascending flights of steps. They want to solve *today*'s problem. One wants to fix your leaky pipe; the other wants to fix your leaky cranium. Tomorrow both will start the process all over again with a different patient or a different set of pipes. The hard-driving executive type, if faced with similar repetition in his job, would feel as if he were never getting anywhere.)

After taking this quiz, you should have at least a general idea of how crucial high achievement is to you. Are you driven by ambition, or do you find satisfaction in other things? Should you think about working in management or a technical field? Should you be in business for yourself, or do you need the security of a weekly paycheck?

We wouldn't advise planning an entire career based solely on the results of a quiz like this. Nevertheless, the following questions raise topics that you might want to think about. Most of us are so busy trying to rustle up the rent money and next month's car payment that we don't have time to think about whether or not we're in a field that is suited to our personalities. A little reflection now and then can produce big dividends.

By the way, you can't flunk this quiz. There are no correct or incorrect answers. There's nothing wrong with being driven by ambition. On the other hand, there's nothing wrong with *not* making ambition the focus of your life. So be honest. Answer the questions quickly. Don't try to psych out beforehand what each question means. If the quiz is to be at all accurate, it must reflect your instinctive responses.

1. Would you prefer a job that
   - (a) required you to travel and move often during your career
   - (b) allowed you to live and work in one city or town throughout your career

2. Do you feel anxious when you are not sure what time it is? Do you get annoyed when your watch stops?
   - (a) yes
   - (b) no

3. Look back on your upbringing. Was your father rigid and authoritarian?
   - (a) no
   - (b) yes

4. Do you feel in control of your life? Do you feel that *your* decisions play a significant role in determining your future?
   - (a) yes
   - (b) no

5. If you were choosing a partner to work with, would you be more likely to select
   - (a) an expert whom you didn't know
   - (b) a friend, even if you knew that he wasn't very well versed in the work you were undertaking

6. Which of the following statements best reflects your attitude?
   - (a) I prefer to delegate responsibility, because doing so leaves me free to concentrate on broader, more important problems
   - (b) If there's a job to be done, I'd like to handle as much of it as possible myself. Most people are klutzes, and you can't trust them to do things right

7. If you are in a leadership position, people are constantly sniping at you. Would that bother you?
   - (a) no
   - (b) yes

8. Are you a chronic goal-setter? Do you regularly evaluate and revise your long-range objectives?
   - (a) yes
   - (b) no

9. Take an honest look at your body. Is your physique
   - (a) relatively well developed for your size
   - (b) thin and fragile

10. Do you enjoy—or at least tolerate—office politics?
    - (a) yes
    - (b) no

11. Think of the books, magazines, and newspapers that you read in any given month. Do they
    - (a) reflect a broad range of interests and concerns
    - (b) focus almost exclusively on the single area in which you have most expertise

12. Let's say that you're going out to the racetrack to bet on a little horseflesh. Are you more likely to put your money on
    - (a) a horse with short odds and a low payoff
    - (b) a long shot with a big payoff

13. Do you buy lottery tickets regularly?
    - (a) no
    - (b) yes

14. Do you absolutely refuse to make any decision until *all* the facts are in?
    - (a) no
    - (b) yes

15. Would you work harder at
    (a) a novel problem never encountered before by you and requiring you to find a new angle
    (b) a routine, highly complex task involving procedures with which you're completely familiar

16. Do you enjoy making decisions?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

17. When you doodle, do your lines tend to be primarily
    (a) diagonal
    (b) horizontal and vertical

18. Imagine that you're in a car showroom. You've decided on the model, the engine size, and the options you want. Now you have to choose the color. Would you be more likely to select
    (a) a dark color, such as blue or green
    (b) a bright color, such as red, yellow, or orange

19. Do you usually dress in clothes that are just a little better and more expensive than you can really afford?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

20. Do you feel that a man's earnings and chances for promotion should be governed primarily by
    (a) merit, past performance, a proven ability to get results
    (b) seniority, level of education, "credentials" (i.e., union membership, graduation from the "right" schools, and so on)

INTERPRETING YOUR ANSWERS

This quiz has been arranged so that the (a) answer to each question correlates most closely with high ambition and the need for achievement. If you chose predominantly (a) answers, that indicates you probably have a hefty need for recognition and accomplishment. This is particularly true if you chose the (a) answers to fifteen or more of the twenty questions. In that case, there is a good chance that you are *indeed* driven by ambition and that you should look for outlets that will satisfy this need. You should strongly consider corporate management, for instance. Or perhaps—since there's a good chance of your having an entrepreneurial bent—you might think about going into business for yourself.

If you chose predominantly (b) answers, you probably take a less freewheeling view of the business world. You may have a stronger need for security than do men who chose the (a) answers. Accomplishing the task at hand is likely to be more important to you than striving constantly for bigger and better things. You probably enjoy developing expertise in a particular area that interests you. In our society men like you tend to become the specialists, the technicians, the artists, the musicians, and the professionals—the "experts in their field."

If your answers were split fairly evenly between the (a) and (b) choices, you may have a problem. Do you feel as if you're being pulled in two directions at once? Do you burn with ambition one day and then the next day decide that you want to chuck everything and move to Alaska? This sort of indecision may be hindering your career progress. On the other hand, this personality pattern has its positive points. You obviously have ambition, but you're not letting it dominate your life. You probably take a sane, balanced view of things. However, the next time your ambition is stirred up by something, follow it through. You've got the stamina to achieve something in that area, and you'll probably enjoy the ride.

WHY THESE QUESTIONS?

The questions in this quiz derive from the large body of research that's been conducted about the nature of ambition and the need for achievement. In fact, virtually every question has been based on the results of a specific experiment reported in the psychological and sociological literature. We thought you might enjoy knowing *why* each question relates to high and low ambition levels.

WHAT THE QUESTIONS INDICATE

1. Dr. David C. McClelland, the Harvard psychologist who pioneered the concept that ambition—the need for achievement—could be measured, discusses this question in these terms: "People with high *n* achievement are more willing to move about physically in space. The higher the *n* achievement, the greater the tendency to accept the desirability of leaving home for a good job." Men less driven by ambition tend to place stronger emphasis on such concepts as roots, stability, continuity, and family ties.

2. Since the late 1950s a long line of experiments has shown that highly ambitious men are extraordinarily concerned about time. They not only get nervous when they don't know what time it is but also tend to view time as a commodity constantly slipping away from them. When asked to select metaphors that represent how they feel about time, these men are likely to choose such images for time as "a galloping horseman," "a bird in flight," or "a fleeing thief." Men who were more likely to choose the (b) answer to this question are inclined to take a more meditative view of time and are more likely to view it as "a quite motionless ocean." To these men time appears to be something that surrounds them and doesn't run away.

3. McClelland's studies have shown consistently that rigid, authoritarian behavior by fathers tends to lower the drive to succeed in their sons. It's theorized that the son of a domineering father is more likely to depend on the old man and mistrust his own capabilities. In severe cases such a father can completely short-circuit his son's ability to act independently and decisively.

4. Psychologists Douglas Durand and Dennis Shea (of the University of Missouri and Washington University, respectively) conducted a recent study of entrepreneurs with a high need for accomplishment. They confirmed what other researchers have found in the past: men with high drive invariably feel that *they* play the major part in controlling the future. This attitude makes sense: if you're driven by ambition, you have to feel that you control your destiny; otherwise, your achievements would be no fun. Men less driven by ambition tend to take a more pessimistic view of their ability to control the universe.

5. Men with less need for achievement are often more interested in making life "comfortable" for themselves; so they'll choose a friend to work with, if possible. On the other hand, says McClelland, "the evidence is strong that the person with high *n* achievement wants problem solutions more than friendly interaction." He'll choose the expert every time.

PSYCHOGRAPH

6. Highly ambitious men love to delegate responsibility. They know that they'll never keep up with their achievement schedule if they get bogged down in details. Men with lower drive revel in details. That's why they make good specialists. Who would want a research scientist who didn't pay attention to details? On the other hand, you'd be a rotten president of General Motors if you spent sixty hours a week designing carburetors.

7. No one likes to take abuse from others. However, the man driven by ambition is less likely to take criticism personally. He sees hostility as just one more obstacle that his ambitious drive must—and will—overcome.

8. Men with lower achievement needs tend to be more interested in the job at hand. Thus their goal is usually immediate and recognizable: "Let's get this crap done." They don't have to worry much about defining goals. They choose situations where the goals are already evident. The goals of the ambitious man are long-range. Consequently, he must continually revise and review his objectives to make certain that he's still on the right track.

9. When psychologists began investigating the need for achievement, one of the first things they noted was that it correlates with physique. Mesomorphs—men with strong, muscular bodies—tend to have a stronger need for achievement than do endomorphs (thin, frail types). No one's quite sure why this relationship exists. Many psychologists think that the reason is that strong boys usually end up as leaders when they are children. This early dominance of others whets their appetite for future achievement and solidifies their ambition. It's logical: if you're captain of the sandlot baseball team when you're seven, you naturally want to be a captain of industry when you're thirty-seven.

10. Office politics—like criticism (see question 7)—is something that the highly ambitious man puts up with. Often it's a challenge he downright enjoys. To reach his long-range goals, he knows he must manipulate people. He can't get there alone. Becoming an adroit "politician" eases the way. To the man less driven by ambition, office politics just get in the way of accomplishing the task at hand.

11. Men driven by ambition are generalists with broad (but not always deep) interests. Solving problems is the fuel for their ambition. Since they never know where a problem may turn up, they need as much information as possible in as many fields as possible. The specialist delights in exploring his single subject deeply. This preoccupation necessarily limits the number of extraneous interests he can pursue.

12. University of Michigan psychologist L.W. Littig found that highly ambitious men are not fond of gambling, but when they *do* put their money down, they like the shortest odds they can get. Men on the make can't afford to fail often; so they shy away from long shots. Men with *lower* ambition, said Littig, "like a long shot, and they especially like it when there is a large amount to be won."

13. Lotteries by definition are long shots. You wager a little in the hopes of making a big score. Littig carefully traced lottery players over a long period of time and found the results discussed above (question 12). To verify his findings, Littig also studied poker players. The results were the same.

14. Since extremely ambitious people must constantly feel that they are moving ahead, they will risk making decisions without full information. They gather as much information about a problem as they can, but they never let an opportunity slip away from them simply because they possess less than total information. Men at the other end of the ambition spectrum are less opportunistic and like to wait until all the facts are in before they move. That's why they make good nuclear physicists, engineers, and research chemists, among other things.

15. According to Dr. McClelland, "People with high *n* achievement do not work harder at routine tasks, but only at tasks that appear to require some degree of mental manipulation, originality, or a new angle of approach for successful solution." That's why these ambitious men tend to make rotten accountants and great administrators. (Of course this rule isn't always hard-and-fast. A good accountant can become very creative around tax time.)

16. The average man tends to think of himself as a farmer, a basketball star, a salesman, a computer programmer, a cowboy, a writer, an astronomer, or whatever. But the highly ambitious man thinks of himself primarily as a "decision maker." That's his particular "skill," and he sees no difficulty in applying it to any number of jobs.

17. Studies reported by McClelland show significant differences in the way doodles of high achievers compare with those of less ambitious men. The "highs," according to one study, drew more S-shaped lines, fewer multiple waves, and more diagonal lines than vertical or horizontal lines. McClelland said, "The 'highs' seem to avoid repetition and to fill up more of the space available with discrete and *different* lines, which more often than among the 'lows' take the form of diagonals which physiognomically appear to be 'going somewhere.' "

18. Compulsive achievers tend to choose the darker, "softer" blues and greens. Men less driven by ambition prefer the brighter colors. No one is quite sure why, although one theory suggests that ambitious men choose darker, "background" colors because they are (in artistic and psychological terms) more diffuse, less defined, and more easily manipulated. (Come to think of it, you don't see many orange Cadillac limousines parked along Wall Street, do you?)

19. Because the ambitious man is so eager to move up, he is likely to imitate the idiosyncrasies of those above him in the success pyramid. The absent-minded professor can wear holey sweaters, but the man on the make must look slick. He thinks it a sound investment to spend a little extra to buy the clothes favored by those who have already made it to the top.

20. The highly ambitious man needs outside confirmation of his achievement. (Unlike a plumber, he can't simply turn on a faucet to see if his latest job has succeeded.) The measure of success in our society is money. Consequently, it's not surprising that the highest-achieving executives in America, according to McClelland, "believe to nearly the fullest possible extent that [only] deserving workers should be promoted." Production equals reward. Men less driven by ambition tend to take a more class-conscious view of wages and promotion. They are more likely to feel that everyone in their class or group should earn about the same.

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HAVE MERCY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

It's early spring, a little after five in the afternoon; it's beginning to be chilly, but it's not really cold yet.

Julia's standing alone in the yard, at the barbecue range, turning the ribs over. The hot, funky smell of the meat is marvelous, and Julia—standing alone, head down, in profile to me, studying the meat, judiciously adding her spices and sauce, a drink (gin), standing on the edge of the barbecue range, a cigarette burning in an ashtray next to the glass, dressed in a loose, vaguely African robe, her hair tied up in a gaudy cloth, one talismanic bronze earring dangling, eyes narrowed against the smoke from the cigarette and the smoke from the fire, standing in the shadow of the menaced trees of her backyard, platform sandals on her feet, and picking up her cigarette, dragging on it, putting it back in the ashtray, picking up her drink, and sipping from it, and turning over about three or four more ribs—was marvelous, too, and I said, "I guess I got here just in time."

She turned, with that smile, a child's smile, which had made her so moving a child evangelist, and, later on, so moving. "Ruth's just been on the phone to you," she said. "She figured you were on your way. How you keeping?" And she laughed. "You *look* all right."

"So do you," I said, and I went over to her and kissed her.

Julia and I had a big thing, a brief thing, a big thing, a long time ago, long, long after she had left the church and both of us were wandering, a long time ago. It gave us something which we'll never lose, a genuine freedom with each other, a genuine love, born of the fire and sorrow of our long ago *Be seeing you, baby. Please take care.*

Then I was much older than she; now I'm not. If Arthur were living, he would be forty-one. Julia is thirty-nine.

She doesn't look it. If she looked her real age, whatever it is, she'd turn to dust.

"Come on in the house," she said. "These be ready soon." She turned over a couple more ribs, picked up her drink, and stubbed out her cigarette. She took my arm.

Billy Preston has, at last, thank heaven, dethroned James Brown in Tony's soul, or value, system—not that I ever insisted—for it is certainly Tony who has put on the Billy Preston record that greets Julia and me as we enter the house. Tony is dancing with his mother, doing a bump to Billy's "Nothing from Nothing."

"Hi, Dad," says Tony, not missing a beat, and, "Hi, Dad," says Ruth, grinning and not missing a step and bumping Tony's fleshless behind. Odessa runs over and throws herself into my arms. "Come on, dance with me, Daddy," she says, and "Why not?" I say, and so we join Ruth and Tony, clapping and bumping, while Julie lights another cigarette and stands watching us at the door. How strange and beautiful—it must be one of the few real reasons for remaining alive or desiring to—to dance with your daughter, your son, and your wife, touching, really digging it, laughing, and keeping the beat, free. Odessa is a very aggressive dancer, or so, at least, she is with her father, whom she is using as the rehearsal for an event of which she, as yet, knows nothing. Ruth is very gentle with her son, who is, at once, very mocking and gentle with her—he, too, is involved in a rehearsal. Yesterday we were the children, Ruth and I and Julia : we're the old folks now, and this is what will happen to Tony and Odessa, please, God, be willing. Oh, life may be a field of corn, and one ear of corn may look very like another : but I'd a whole lot rather dig it as a cornfield than lie about it as a crock.

The number ended, Julia clapped. Tony said "Thank you" to his mother, and I said "Thank you" to Odessa. I sat down on one of Julia's cushions. Julia's house is dominated by cushions and pallets and low tables and African sculpture, genuine. I said that I needed a drink, and Ruth brought me a Scotch on the rocks.

> "I'm proud of my brother. You should be, too. Whatever the fuck your uncle was, he was nobody's faggot."

"Ruth," says Julia, "I think we better eat inside, don't you?" And Ruth and Julia immediately disappeared, followed, after a moment by Odessa, leaving Tony and me alone.

And, in the split second before Tony has actually said, "I want to talk to you, Daddy," I realize that this is a moment which Tony has been attempting for a long time and that I have been avoiding it.

I sip my drink and look into his eyes and say, "Okay."

Tony looks down at his enormous hands and then wraps them around his enormous feet, and I feel a rush of helpless love for my growing boy.

But, then, there are sounds from the kitchen, and, just like a man, Tony stands and looks at me and says, "Let's go outside a minute."

We walk to the door, and I yell, "Tony and me taking a walk in the yard," and we step outside. The air carries the sound of the growling meat, of spices, and dimly, beneath all, the odor of the earth after the rain has fallen.

We walk around the house, to the front yard. We have not spoken. We pass the brick steps and stop at the car, and we look at each other.

"What was my uncle Arthur like?"

"Well—why do you ask? *You* knew him."

"Come on. I was a baby. What did *I* know?"

"Well—what are you asking?"

"A lot of the kids at school—they talk about him."

I wish I had thought to bring my drink with me.

"What do they say?"

"They say—he was a faggot."

And Tony looks at me. I think I hear a dog bark somewhere. A woman screams at her child. A motorcycle farts monstrously down the street, into infinity.

"Well—you're going to hear a lot of things about your uncle."

"Yeah. That's why I'm asking you."

"Your uncle—a lot of people . . ."

"No. I'm asking *you*."

"Okay. Your uncle was my brother, right? And I loved him. Okay? He was a very—lonely—man. He had a very strange—life. I think that—he was a very great singer."

Tony's eyes do not leave my face. I talk into his eyes.

"Yes. I know a lot of men who loved my brother—your uncle—or who thought they did. I know two men your uncle, Arthur, loved . . ."

"Was one of those men Jimmy?"

Lord. "You mean—Julia's brother?"

"Yes."

Good Lord. "Yes."

Tony nods.

"I know, before Jimmy, Arthur slept with a lot of people—mostly men, but not always. He was young. Tony. Before your mother *I* slept with a lot of women"—I do not believe I can say this; his eyes do not leave my face—"mostly women. But—in the army—I was young, too, not always. You want the truth; I'm trying to tell you the truth. Anyway, let me tell you, baby, I'm proud of my brother, your uncle, and I'll be proud of him until the day I die. You should be, too. Whatever the fuck your uncle was, and he was a whole lot of things, he was nobody's faggot."

Tony leans on the car, watching me.

"Tony, didn't me and your mother raise you right? Didn't I—we—tell you, a long time ago, not to believe in labels?"

He looks away from me. Then, "Yes. You did."

"Can I ask *you* a question?"

"Sure."

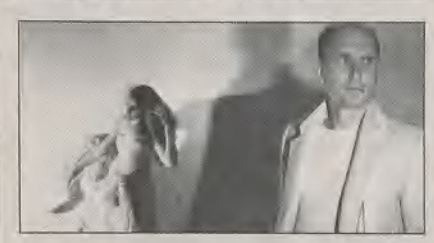
"What did *you* think of your uncle?"

He looks down; unwillingly, he smiles.

"I thought he was a crazy, beautiful cat." He looks at me. "I loved him—that's why . . ." Tears drip from his nose; he throws his head back. "I just wanted you to tell me," he says.

I do not dare to touch him, for fear that I will weep. Odessa calls, "Come on, you all—food's getting cold!" We hear the door slam. We stand there. Tony is nearly as tall as I.

IN THE JULY *VIVA*



CAROL KANE For years she *was* Gitl, the sad-eyed lady of *Hester Street*. Then she took a chance and cartwheeled out of the gloom and doom into Gene Wilder's *The World's Greatest Lover*. Now a gladder, wiser Carol Kane talks about perfection in one's career, the importance of taking risks, and her arduous pursuit of identity.

LIQUID PROTEIN You've heard about the remarkable weight losses . . . seen your friends effortlessly shrinking away . . . You may even have tried it yourself. What you didn't know is that the "miracle diet" may lead to heart damage—or even death.

MARSHALL BRICKMAN You'll say, "I don't know the name, but the jokes are familiar." As well they should be: he was the coauthor with Woody Allen of *Sleeper* and *Annie Hall*. Headed for cinematic stardom, he tells Roberta Grant about his obscure (but funny) past and his first solo efforts as screenwriter and director of *Simon*.

MY SECRET GARDEN Imagine having two gorgeous men at your service who will massage you, bathe you, obey your every whim. *Viva*'s intrepid reporter Julia Orange sends us back a personal report on the ultimate fantasy.

MADELEINE MONO Dressed to the nines and muttering "Death to the Natural Look," she started off peddling one product—eyeliner—to stores that had sworn women would never wear eyeliner again. Three years later, she has a million-dollar business.

PLUS: Petticoats for pretty girls; summer dressing: what to wear when you would rather wear nothing at all; how to live together at two addresses; and excerpts from Jane Howard's new book, *Families*.

FIDELITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

advantages and is slowly edging eight-track into oblivion. Cassettes are about one-fourth the size of eight-track cartridges, which makes a trip's worth of tape far easier to carry. It's much easier to record your own cassettes at home, and handy portables let you record meetings and lectures on cassette and review them through your car's stereo system as you drive. Some mobile cassette decks even let you record as you go—dictating a day's letters as you drive to work, for example. And if you listen seriously to music, you'll appreciate the ease with which you can rewind a cassette to hear a tape from its beginning; if you stop an eight-track tape in mid-play, getting back to the start is a royal pain. (This is one reason why classical music tapes are easier to find in cassette than in eight-track versions.) Also, cassette fidelity is higher.

Even the cartridge's biggest advantage, continuous play, is now available in cassette. It will cost you about $40 or $50 more, however, for a cassette deck with automatic reverse.

CB should probably *not* be included in your stereo system, since good speakers only make CB's distortion and static easier to hear. CB is worth having for emergencies (and entertainment, if you find it such), but as a separate unit.

Knowing what sound sources you want and don't want in your car is the first step in creating your vehicular sound stage. Then comes the question of whether to mount your stereo in or under your dash or to divide it between both locations. If there's something in your dash already, you might consider adding other sound sources beneath the dash. If you already have AM, for example, you could get an FM/tape combination to hang underneath it. If your dash already holds a *good* FM-stereo radio, you might want an under-the-dash tape unit only; and even if your dash is bare, you might want an under-dasher so as to "share" a single stereo among several cars. Slide-in mounts that take care of the connections make these interchangings easy.

Otherwise, your best bet is probably an FM/tape combination that mounts in your dashboard's radio slot. In-dash units are harder to install, but that makes them harder to uninstall, too; so they're relatively safe from theft. Besides, the radio slot in the middle of your dash or console is probably the most convenient spot for all your stereo controls.

Once you've determined the basic type of stereo that you want, you can start winnowing out the models. Here are some specifics to look into.

Radio: Since you can't do as much dial diddling while driving as you can when sitting at home, look for a set that lets you preset your favorite local stations for quick tuning by push-button or other one-touch switches. If your area has many stations, look for a component each of whose buttons brings in two stations—one AM *and* one FM—rather than just one station apiece. If you have no favorites, or if you drive frequently into areas where the stations are strange to you, look for "seek," "auto-scan," or "search" tuning that homes in on stations automatically. If it scans in both directions on the dial, so much the better; and if a set has both push-button preselect and scanning, better still.

"Local-DX" switches help assure that the tuner will be sensitive enough to pick up distant signals without being swamped when it's near a station. But many quality sets are flexible enough to do without them.

Some of the better stereos list their FM specifications, so that you can compare their performance with that of their competitors. Such specifications as sensitivity and capture ratio should be as *low* as possible, whereas separation and any type of interference rejection or suppression should be as *high* as possible.

Tape (cassette or eight-track): The specifications (if they're given) should show wow and flutter and distortion as low as possible and signal-to-noise ratio (S/N) as high as possible. These specs are generally better on cassette units.

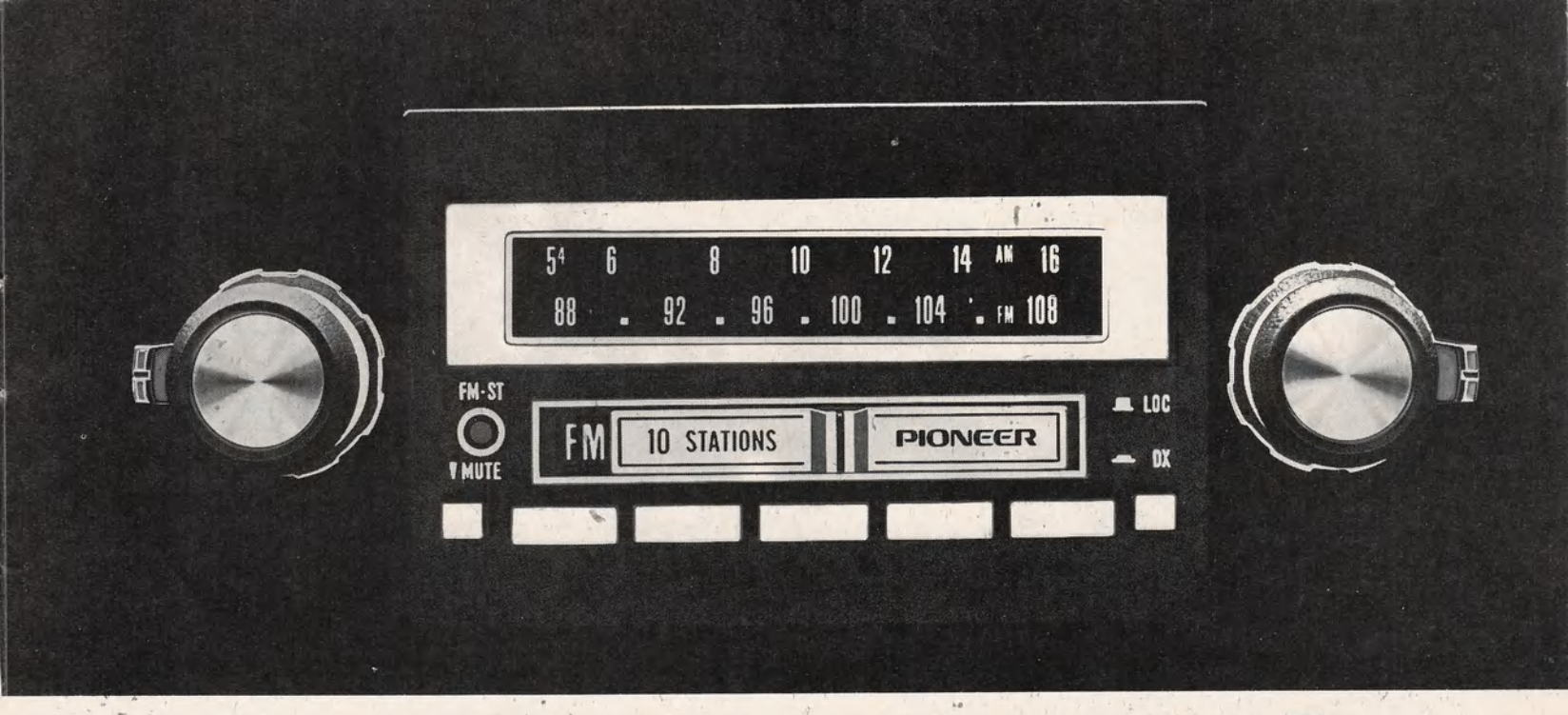
Controls on cassette units should include fast-forward or rewind, preferably both. Fast-wind controls that lock for hands-off operation make long rewinds easier. Automatic reverse gives you the convenience of continuous music without your having to take out the tape and flip it over to the second side. Automatic repeat halfway through one side matches that convenience, if with less musical variety.

Eight-track cartridge units automatically switch from track to track and keep on going endlessly, but units that can also be set to stop the tape once it comes round to its beginning again are handier. Cartridges can't be rewound, but some eight-track players have a fast-forward switch of sorts. It's a lot slower than the cassette equivalent but still a great deal better than nothing.

Amplifiers: The more powerful the amplifier (up to 25 watts or so per channel), the clearer the sound. But look at the fine print: too many car-stereo units advertise the power they can deliver with a screaming 10 percent distortion. To find out how much power they can deliver without screaming, look for the power level at 1 percent distortion.

If a stereo meets all your other requirements but you're not sure whether the power is sufficient, don't worry. Car interiors are small, and car speakers use power efficiently; so you need less power on the road than at home. And if you do need more, you can always add a "booster" amplifier to bring the power up to as much as 100 clean watts a channel or more.

Some booster amps are combined with "equalizers"—tone controls that give you independent control over five different fre-



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quency bands, instead of the usual "bass" and "treble" pair. These let you fine-tune the sound to your taste but require more attention than do conventional tone controls.

Still, the object of all this exercise is *sound*. And though the signals that generate that sound come from the FM or tape and amplifiers, the sound itself comes from the speakers. Before you buy those, you have to know just where they'll be situated.

Wherever your speakers go, it will be a compromise. In the dash (assuming there's a space for them), they'll give you fantastic treble clarity but little bass. In the doors beside you, they'll give good bass and super stereo, but placing them so that they won't interfere with the window-cranking mechanism may position them somewhere where the treble is soaked up by the driver's seat, your armpit, or your socks. If you mount them in the rear deck (easy, since most U.S. cars already have speaker cutouts there), you'll get good highs and fantastic bass. But there will be a dip in the lower-middle frequencies, and you'll feel as though your back is to the concert.

Speakers that mount in their own wedge-shaped housings, rather than in holes carved in your car, alleviate these problems, but most of them lack bass and will interfere with interior room or your rear vision in all but the largest cars.

Yet all these compromises are still not bad, and there are ways to improve on them. If door speakers with coaxially nested woofers and tweeters can't be placed where their highs have a clear shot at your ears, you can add auxiliary tweeters in ultracompact surface mounts or get systems whose tweeters and woofers aren't nested but mount individually. If the easy mounting of a rear-deck speaker and its deepened bass appeal to you but its mid-range dip does not, you can iron out the dip with an external equalizer—or you can even buy a speaker with its own amplifier, equalized against the problem.

For wedge-mount speakers on the doors or rear deck, open the backs of the cabinets and make corresponding holes in the panels beneath them. This will allow the speaker's back wave to resonate in the big cavity inside the door or trunk and give you deeper bass response.

Speakers come in a variety of sizes, magnet weights, and high frequency-driver types. If you're replacing an existing speaker or using speaker-mounting cutouts already built into the car, the size is picked for you. Otherwise (except for rear-deck speakers), you'll find your choice makes surprisingly little audible difference.

Magnet weight, however, makes an easily heard difference: stronger magnets make speakers more efficient, which lets your stereo play louder with less distortion; and the bass from large-magnet speakers is more tautly controlled. Many listeners prefer the stronger, less-controlled bass of speakers having smaller magnets. Which you prefer will depend on your taste, the individual speaker design, and your car's acoustics. Some combinations will just make the bass pleasantly "juicier"; others will make it unpleasantly boomy. You'll have to hear the speakers demonstrated in a car similar to your own in order to know which will sound best to you.

For good high-frequency response, the best compromise between cost and quality is generally a speaker system with separate (though usually coaxially nested) drivers for the highs (tweeter) and the lows (woofer)—a "two-way" system. For a bit less, you can get single-driver systems with "whizzer" cones—short, stiff, subsidiary cones that project from the center of the main cones. Like separate tweeters, these extend high frequencies (though not quite as well). If you're willing to spend a bit more, you can get three-way systems with separate woofer, mid-range, and tweeter cones—or even a four-way or five-way system—for still greater clarity. Perfectionists may even bi-amplify, using separate amplifiers for the high- and low-frequency drivers.

The ultimate in sound—and cost—are systems that come packaged with their own enclosure boxes and amplifiers. These are good enough to use with home systems. And since they're a bit too valuable and vulnerable to leave alone in the car, you'll probably want to take them inside when you park—in which case you can get special power supplies that will enable you to run them from your 120-volt AC house current instead of from your car's 12-volt DC.

Of course, great stereo in your car presents just one little problem: when it's not so lonely in there, you can't suggest "going home to hear the stereo" any more. But if that bothers you, you can always start collecting etchings. ○+—◘

CAR STEREO MANUFACTURERS

The following is a selected list of some of the leading manufacturers of car stereo equipment. For information, write directly to the company.

afs/Kriket
P.O. Box 50829
Indianapolis, Ind. 46250

ADS
1 Progress Way
Wilmington, Mass. 01887

Advent
195 Albany Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Audiovox
150 Marcus Boulevard
Hauppauge, N.Y. 11787

Automatic Radio
2 Main Street
Melrose, Mass. 02176

Blaupunkt
Robert Bosch Corp.
2800 S. Twenty-fifth Avenue
Broadview, Ill. 60153

Clarion
P.O. Box 749
5500 Rosecrans Avenue
Lawndale, Calif. 90260

Craig
921 West Artesia Boulevard
Compton, Calif. 90220

Epicure
1 Charles Street
Newburyport, Mass. 01950

Jensen
4136 N. United Parkway
Schiller Park, Ill. 60176

J.I.L. Corp.
737 W. Artesia Blvd.
Compton, Calif. 90220

KLH
145 University Avenue
Westwood, Mass. 02090

Kraco
505 East Euclid Avenue
Compton, Calif. 90224

Marantz
20525 Nordhoff Street
Chatsworth, Calif. 91311

Midland
1900 Johnson Drive
at Stateline Road
Shawnee Mission, Kans.
66205

Motorola
1299 E. Algonquin Road
Schaumburg, Ill. 60195

Nakamichi
220 Westbury Avenue
Carle Place, N.Y. 11514

Panasonic
1 Panasonic Way
Secaucus, N.J. 07094

Pioneer Electronics of America
1925 E. Dominguez Street
Long Beach, Calif. 90810

Sankyo Seiki
149 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10010

Sanyo
P.O. Box 5177
1200 W. Artesia Boulevard
Compton, Calif. 90220

Sharp
10 Keystone Place
Paramus, N.J. 07652

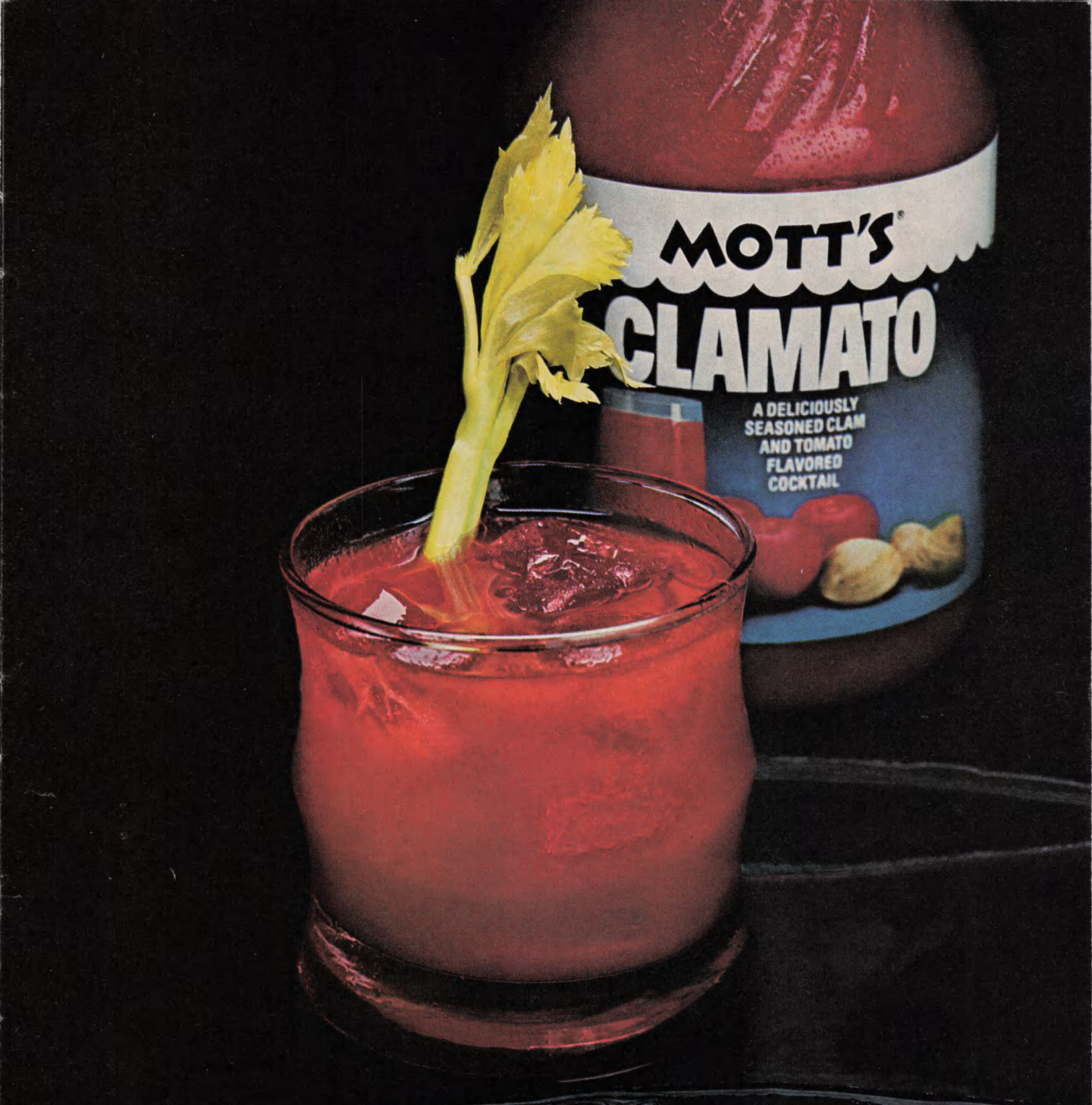
Sound Source
P.O. Box 12167
1435 Jacqueline Drive
Columbus, Ga. 31906

Sparkomatic
Milford, Penn. 18337

Superscope
20525 Nordhoff Street
Chatsworth, Calif. 91331

Uher
85 Lawrence Street
Hackensack, N.J. 07601

Ultralinear
3228 E. Fiftieth Street
Los Angeles, Calif. 90058



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Ralph Steedman /IMAGE BANK

An Island Affair

There are more than 700
islands in the Bahamas, all easy to love
and hard to leave.

BY SANDRA HART

An affair with an island is pretty much like any other affair: a matter of personal preference. But if your island affair is with the Bahamas—700 variations on island living fifty miles south of Florida—you will find a lot of siren calls to succumb to, or resist, if you can.

Nassau: the refined English expatriate gone slightly native, her British restraint softened by drowsy trade winds. Freeport: a Vegas showgirl, merely a teenager, covered with pine and palm, and offering the largest gambling casino in the Western Hemisphere. The Out Islands: known to Bahamians as "Family Islands," these little sisters are pristine, virginal, and hard to approach (they are reachable only by yacht or charter flight).

Nassau can be as funky as the song ("Funky Nassau"), with the low life "over the hill" and the high life in the big hotels, discotheques, small clubs, and casinos. But the place can also turn surprisingly proper, with policemen at the Government House "changing the guard" in starched white tunics and gold-spiked helmets—a vestige from the days of British rule, which ended in 1973 with the installation of Prime Minister Lynden O. Pindling's administration. Should a visitor get a little too heavily involved in the "low life"—maybe at Cumberland House, The Pink Pussycat, or Charley Charley's—he may find himself hauled up before a supreme-court justice in full wig and scarlet robes.

If you're interested in more than discos, though, arrange to be hauled up instead in front of a true Bahamian dinner table, where you can sample the island favorite: peas, rice, and conch—boiled, broiled, stewed, fried, frittered, or cracked. You can dine with any one of 600 Bahamian hosts in Nassau or Freeport who have volunteered to entertain visitors. This "People to People" program was launched in early 1977. Social hostesses at all major hotels take down your vital statistics—age, occupation, particular interests—and try to match you with compatible hosts. There's no charge for this courtesy.

Bob Fitch /BLACK STAR

Kim Hart /BLACK STAR

We can't guarantee that you'll meet the lovely Oakes sisters, Virginia and Felicity, but would-be equestrians might arrange a riding lesson on one of Ginny's champion jumpers for fourteen dollars an hour at the Eastern Equestrian Society in Camperdown. Ginny and Flossie—granddaughters of Sir Harry Oakes, who developed more than 7,000 acres in Nassau alone and owned, among other things, what is now the Sheraton-British Colonial Hotel (known locally as the "B.C.," a pink-faced Nassau stalwart)—are part of young Nassau. Their haunts are where both the Bahamian-born and the international set travel.

One of their favorite lunch spots is the Traveller's Rest, which is a short drive out of town and has a Bahamian menu—the *de rigueur* peas and rice, local fish fried and baked in tomato sauce called "smudder," curried mutton or lamb, turtle steak, fried grunts or grouper, and conch in some form or other. On Sunday afternoons the owner, Joan Hanna, brings in a small jazz group and there's little rest at the Traveller's Rest. Weekdays you can catch the young Bahamians in town at the Green Shutters, a very English pub, with hunt prints on the wall and fish and chips on the menu.

Choices of dinner spots vary with the offspring of the island's basically British settlers. Sometimes it's the Buena Vista, which features continental cuisine and outdoor dining in a garden setting. Graycliff is another favorite, a 225-year-old "great house" with restored colonial architecture. When the Earl and Countess of Dudley bought it in the late 1960s, such folk as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Lord Mountbatten, Lord Beaverbrook, and Aristotle Onassis came to call. The original furnishings have been retained, and the atmosphere is sophisticated, with diners and cocktail sippers scattered among countless rooms and verandas. The cost for a nice evening runs about $65 per couple.

The ranking in late-night, away-from-the-tourist-track dancing joints shifts with winds and whims, but one old faithful is Cumberland House—really funky Nassau, with neon lights, silver wallpaper, and recorded disco music. Waterloo, once the estate of Sir Stafford Sands, is now a weekend discotheque alongside—and sometimes in—the swimming pool. The old marble statues, now backlit, still stand in the garden, and a lake shimmers through the

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THE VMS CARTRIDGES

trees. The late, late night may find the troops gathered at The Gallery, a tiny bistro and restaurant that is owned by three young native Bahamians, Carla and Greg Cole and Cathy Bancroft. All the bars in the Bahamas feature a treasured British tradition, dart throwing, and the competition is fierce. Wednesday night is usually "home team" night at The Gallery, with "The Gallery Pirates" taking on another bar dart team or sometimes the sons of actor Richard Harris, who keeps a home in Nassau, as does Bahamian-born Sidney Poitier.

The Nassau Beach Hotel is a favorite nightprowl of Bahamians—black, white, or whatever. The main draw is Peanuts Taylor, who holds court in the Drumbeat Club. Peanuts owned his own nightclub, also called "Drumbeat," located "over the hill" (a long-ago geographical division of rich and poor, whites and blacks). But Peanuts, a black Bahamian and a self-taught master drummer, still sends out his island's drumbeats, using his nonstop hands instead of sticks. Another black Bahamian, Eloise, follows Peanuts, singing the Yellow Bird calypso that she launched many moons ago when she, too, lived "over the hill." The Nassau Beach, situated among the row of posh hotels on Cable Beach, is one of Nassau's finer hotels. Double rooms are in the $65 to $85 range; suites, $110 to $215 (mid-December through mid-April).

For many years the Balmoral Beach Hotel has been the mainstay for tourists who come to Nassau often. With its yellow-and-white stucco colonial architecture and flowing fountains, the hotel has an atmosphere typically Bahamas. Tennis courts and swimming pool are attached, and in-season prices range from $56 to $103 per couple; a suite is from $125 to $185.

The Ambassador Beach Hotel and Golf Club has just opened the island's second casino, The Playboy International Casino. It's not fully completed, but the project manager and designer, John Ansell, promises that all slot machines, a baccarat table, roulette wheels, and crap tables will be in place for the 1978–79 winter season. As far as he knows, this will be the only Bahamian casino with a view: it features large glass windows facing the swimming pool and the ocean. The decor is chic, with crystal chandeliers, a fireplace, and flirty female dealers. The price range for double rooms in season is $56 to $102 for a double, $125 for a suite.

Sailing pros or just those who enjoy ship shopping can indulge their hobby at the Nassau Harbour Club. Some distance from the other hotels, it overlooks a yacht basin filled with expensive floating toys and offers moderately priced rooms in villalike accommodations, with views of Paradise Island across the harbour. Double rooms are $65 to $85 per couple. If any of the major sailing races are going on—S.O.R.C. or Star Class—their Eight Bells Pub, Clipper Lounge, or Commodore Room are the places where the weary racers race to the bar. You're also welcome to drop in and eavesdrop on the racing lies at another favorite eating and watering hole, the Poop Deck. It's simple and sailorish, the kind of place where no one wears shoes.

Speaking of sneaking, you won't be able to worm into the newest of Club Med's seventy-six villages—which is located on Paradise Island and reached by bridge or ferry from the "mainland"—unless, of course, you make this your vacation headquarters and arrange a stay in advance. If you're a tennis type, that's not such a bad idea. This Club Med features twenty floodlighted tennis courts with Har-Tru surfaces (the same used at Wimbledon), practice walls, ball machines, and video-replay equipment for checking out errors or improvements. As at all Club Meds, all sports (equipment, instruction), including the tricky art of windsurfing, are free. A seven-day stay until the end of October ranges between $320 and $365.

And if you stay at Club Med, you'll be sure to meet another Bahamian-born individualist, Stafford Morrison, who owns the forty-four-foot *Flying Swan*, which he charters to Club Med for daily snorkeling or picnic expeditions. A mean skin diver as well as scuba diver, Stafford has tried to break the skin-diving record, but, as he says, "I failed. I only got to 138 feet."

Club Med is the newest facility on Paradise Island, making it part of a growing resort development. Two other hotels—Loews Paradise Island Hotel and Villas and the Britannia Beach Hotel—connect to the casino via arcades. Dedicated gamblers who stay at either hotel never have to see the light of day. The casino, which is open seven days a week, offers a Vegas-type operation, with 350 slot machines, 26 blackjack tables, 7 crap tables, 2 fortune wheels, 8 roulette wheels, and a baccarat table with a $20 minimum and a $1,000 maximum. If you still have the price, the glittery ladies stalking the glittery room ask glittery prices—$50 to $500, "depending."

About that fabled duty-free shopping, basically, forget it. It's not really duty free, and it's anything but a bargain. But if you must, males and females find the most interesting European styles at the Matinée Boutique or at Tempo.

Over this boutique is the Matinée Art Gallery, representing eight of the Bahamas' leading artists, including R. Brent Malone, a part owner of the gallery. Several of his paintings hang in the home of Mr. Pindling, the prime minister. Other major Bahamian artists shown here are Alton Lowe, Rolfe Harris, Max Taylor, Eddie Minnis (who also writes calypso), and Amos Ferguson, the only Bahamian primitive painter among the group. There's also some excellent local handmade pottery pieces. Ask the Matinée's manager, June Knight, if the gallery happens to be holding a champagne showing while you're there. If it is—and if you manage to get yourself invited—you'll

meet every dignitary in Nassau.

You will undoubtedly be waylaid by one of the persistent lady artisans working in the Straw Market. Give in and play tourist. Mistress Cooper in stall twenty-three says that it takes her more than a half hour to make a plain straw hat, more than an hour to make one decorated in raffia. She's asking four dollars for the fancy model, but if you care to bargain with a lady who's been in the same stand for fifteen years, go to it.

When exhaustion finally sets in, call Island Excursions and let them sail you aboard the forty-three-foot *Sandy Cay* out to Treasure Island, a deserted strip of land just offshore. For $25, it's an easy, lazy day of sailing, snorkeling, and chomping on a Bahamian-style picnic (included in the price). You also get to meet owner King Ingraham, another Bahamas-born boy with stories to tell. Some of them are even true.

Freeport was created out of sand and pine groves only fourteen years ago. It is now second only to Nassau in tourist attraction. The name of the main game in Freeport is El Casino, an enormous gambling emporium that packs the betting boys and girls in around the clock.

On one of your gambling breaks, check out the International Bazaar, an architectural mélange of Taj Mahal–inspired domes and Japanese pagodas. More than seventy-nine boutiques offer goods from around the world, and if a gentleman drops into Hong Kong Custom Tailors before he drops into El Casino, he can have a suit, jacket, or pair of slacks custom tailored in the finest British fabrics. A full suit takes from four to eight days to make, requires two fittings, and ranges in price from $165 to $225.

If money is no object or if you just appreciate high-quality craftsmanship, talk with jeweler and gemologist John Heath at Greenfire, where he designs pieces for four high-quality boutiques within the bazaar's complex. Each year he designs a theme collection, and this year he's featuring "Island Beach Treasures," with gold and silver shells, sand dollars, and star fish and sea horse pendants ranging from $7.50 to $345. Men's eighteen-karat gold pinky rings with diamonds or emeralds can be snapped up in the $250-to-$1,750 range. He will also do custom work to your specifications.

The Princess Hotel people have the largest and three of the most luxurious hotels in Freeport, all near the casino and bazaar: the Princess Towers (about $80 per couple), the Bahamas Princess ($70 per couple), and the Xanadu Princess ($66 to $100 per couple).

Night action in Freeport centers around the clubs in the big hotels. Some of the wildest and smoothest moves are made in the Wreck Bar of the Castaways Resort. The music is recorded, but it's native, ranging from soul to goombay, and wild. Dim lights, an island driftwood decor and furniture, hanging fishnets, and old ship's lanterns add to the effect. The place begins to jump after 10:00 PM and stays open until the last dancers and drinkers leave.

About a five-minute cab ride (and $3.50) away is the native revue at Island Fever, in the Cap'n's Quarters, tucked away in another luxury hotel, the Lucayan Bay. For an hour-and-a-half show of goombay and limbo dancers, who dance on glass and eat fire, the $8 cover charge (which includes two drinks) isn't bad at all. The show time is 10:30 every night except Sunday. The Lucayan Bay Hotel actually wouldn't be a bad place to call home in Freeport, particularly if you're sports oriented. It features an "Underwater Explorers Club," with snorkeling and diving trips arranged to nearby reefs for the beginner or experienced diver. The in-season Lucayan Bay rates are from $45 to $85 per couple. A first-rate golf course is nearby.

If you're into sunning, swimming, seclusion, snorkeling, scuba, golf, and some of the best fishing and sailing waters anywhere, get into the Out Islands.

If you're not an expert sailor or can't afford to charter a boat or a small plane, one of the best ways for getting acquainted with these Caribbean gems is to sign aboard Windjammer Barefoot Cruise's 282-foot *Fantome*, which is the largest commercial schooner in the world and plies the Out Islands on weekly six-day trips at costs

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

time. You may have similar sentiments.

The "cheese" is standard science-fiction-film face putty of approximately *Blob* vintage, a pasty glop that leeches through the adjoining bun and meat to create a kind of *gluten* burger.

Some kind of sauce cowers near the middle in a little salad-dressing flash of stimulus for the taste buds, but this is two-thirds of the way through the burger and, even then, a false alarm. You could get the same culinary excitement if you stayed home and grilled your arch supports.

"Hold the lettuce / Hold the pickle /
"Hold it all / Give back my nickel."

Foster's "Old Fashion" Freeze

The oases of the Interstates in the 1950s with their dancing-ice-cream-cone road signs, these whitewashed walk-up contraptions had hand-painted menu boards that were free-form, garish, corny, even artistic. A Foster's was as much fun to read as to eat at.

I took on the Deluxe Basket (a one-quarter-pound patty—100 percent beef—with fries), $1.26.

Foster's sells fish, pastrami, burritos, chicken, chili dogs, and B.L.T.'s, without smelling like it, and there's more grease on your nose than in their burger.

It's not quite so big across as a Honda Civic hubcap, but it's considerably thicker and not much lighter. With a lot of burgers this size, you'd *rather* eat the hubcap or only tackle it in old clothes. But the Connie Mack of roadside burgers here has something you can get enthusiastic about.

The patty was nicely charcoaled, grilled, and downright edible, even with more juice than optimum. It contained none of the small, hard, unidentified nuggets so frequent at several burger colossi and, unlike most wide-body burgers, didn't disintegrate halfway through.

Nor was it a half-assed concoction: lettuce, two tomato slices, *fresh* mayo, and an onion slice with *character*. (Get catsup, though, and a sesame bun big enough to contain it all.)

The fresh produce, meat, and bun give the Foster's burger a bit more life than most others, but, alas, there's more seasoning on the back of your hand, and the beef is just about as flavorful as soybeans. It's a nice try, but the absence of pickle stands out depressingly.

In short, the Foster's burger is one of the few that can get by *without* protective seasoning. Even so, the Bland Plays On.

A&W

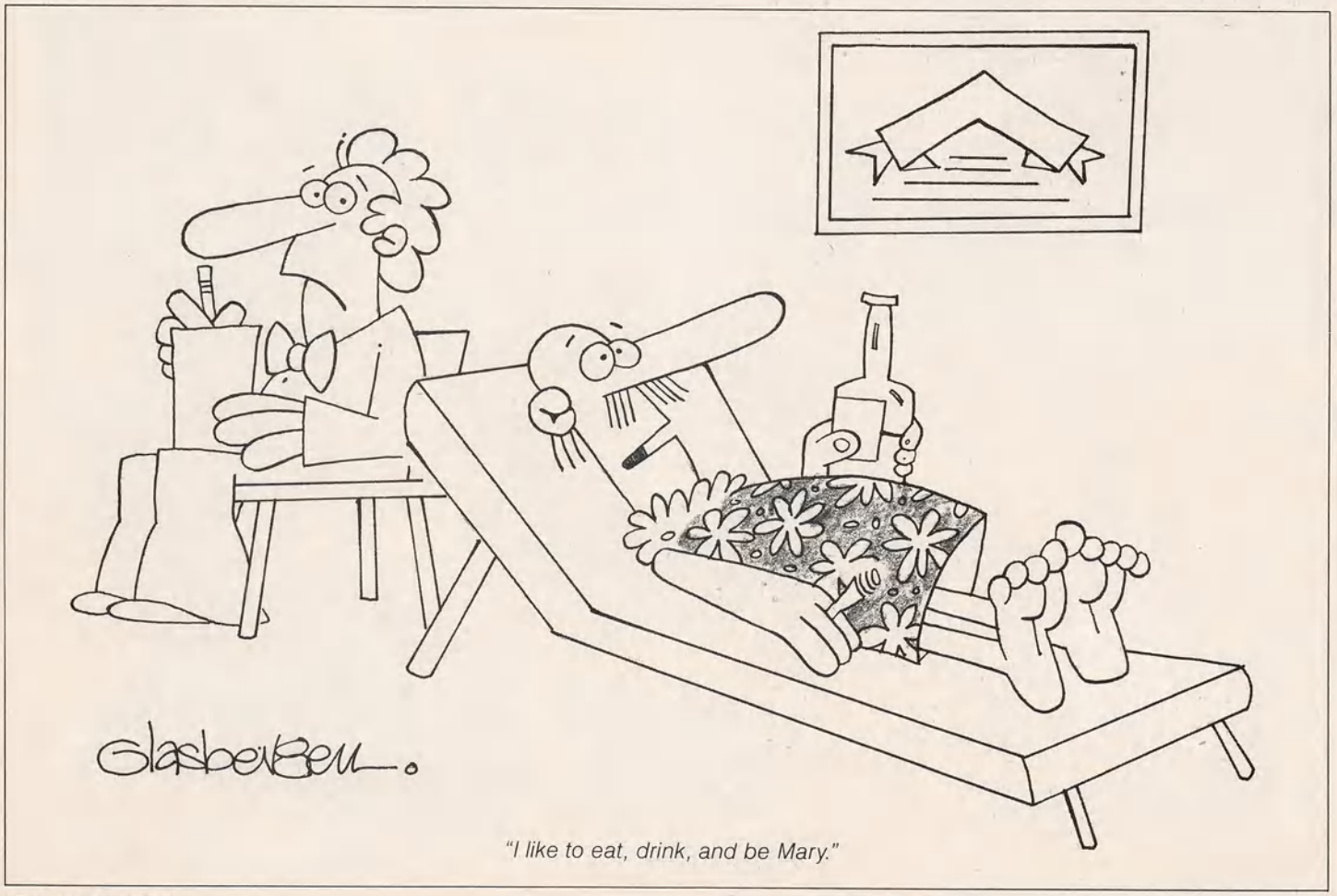
The oldest roadside burger chain—begun in 1921—is now the last of a noble, dying breed: the carhop-staffed drive-in. For generations it provided one of the major rites of passage of adolescence—ripping off A&W root beer mugs. This is thus a crucial test: do they still make 'em like they used to?

The drive-in islands are still there, but the walk-in area has gone pure NASA—shag pile carpeting, mirrored walls, decorator brick, circular fireplaces—and the traditional in-booth jukebox terminals are replaced by ten-minutes-for-ten-cents portable TVs. An Addressograph "Documentor" now records your tab silently, digitally, while room deodorizer wafts the taco/corndog/fishwich/onion-ring odors out of range. The overall effect is sort of that of an IBM lunchroom.

I pick the Super Papa burger with cheese at $1.20, as opposed to the Teen, Mama, and GrandPapa varieties.

The Super Papa comes in a foil bag and is medium sized at best—some would say *puny*, since a grown man could palm one of these. On a moist, fairly fresh sesame bun are two smallish patties separated by a thin film of, it is assumed, cheese. Beneath this are mayo, about as much chopped lettuce as Don Rickles has hair, two wafers of tomato, and a pickle chip or two. Catsup and salt are included on the side and come in handy.

The S.P. is a juicy mother, one of those you worry about putting down because (1) you may need a sand shovel to pick it back up and (2) a sizable puddle quickly collects underneath it. The cheese film actually has a real cheese flavor—a good thing, since the meat has all the beefy taste of orthopedic padding. This and its chewy



"I like to eat, drink, and be Mary."

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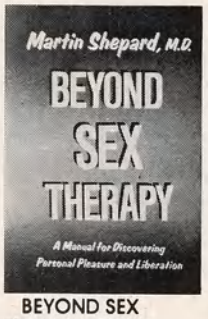
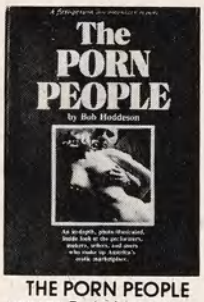


BEYOND SEX THERAPY (PH60) Martin Shepard, M.D. A Manual For Discovering Personal Pleasure and Liberation. Reg. Price $7.95/Sale Price $5.95.



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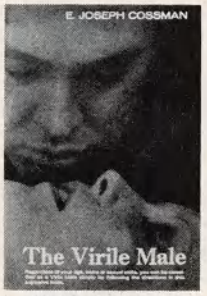

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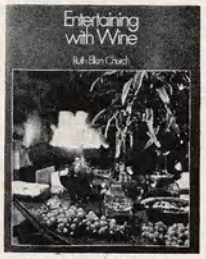

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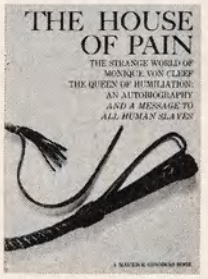

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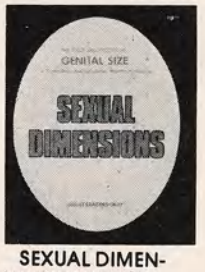

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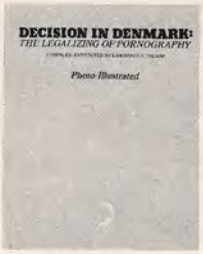

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consistency give it a vague outdoor-carpeting character.

As to size, if this is a *Papa* burger, Papa should be on chemotherapy. Two of these would barely dent a healthy appetite. Basically, here is your classic eat-and-forget roadside burger. You could do worse.

International House of Pancakes

Welcome to the breakfast capital of Mary Hartman America, whose familiar pseudo-chalet outlets spread nationwide the idea that Switzerland is 85 percent formica, Naugahyde, and wall paneling. Despite the massive burger business International House of Pancakes does, everything smells like pancakes. Don't bitch. Count your blessings.

I take a chance on the Mighty Burger Banquet for $2.50—"It's a mighty feast: two pure ground-beef patties and processed American cheese stacked on a grilled sesame seed bun with our Mighty Special Sauce." A lettuce-and-red-cabbage salad and fries are included.

Anyone over the age of ten feels like a simpleton asking aloud for a "mighty burger banquet," and this overblown hype is on the order of calling Bert Lance a "financial pillar." As for "processed" cheese, processing is what your body does to food, and you know what comes out, don't you?

The Mighty Special Sauce is a mighty disappointment—a mundane, lightweight barbecue sauce (mostly catsup and red relish), with all the life of the ERA bill. There's some mayo, a transparent slice of limp lettuce, just enough tomato to show up in a photograph, and two meat patties you could run individually through a typewriter carriage.

The bun holds together bravely, and the burger is grilled, which helps keep the grease below flood level. There are the usual one or two UFOs—Unidentified Frying Objects—mysterious little nuggets of something that IHOP burgers are famed for.

Aside from the fact that you can watch it soak into the bun, it's not a totally bad burger, if you don't mind the Elmer's Glue cheese.

In essence, this isn't quite enough to drive you to vegetarianism, but it is enough to set you to thinking it over.

Denny's

This is the Las Vegas of fast food—always open, jangling with cheer, and a Day-Glo Early Methedrine decor. It takes strong nerves or a big-family background to eat here. The place oozes slick atmosphere, the kitchen invisible in its bowels and aromatically drowned by the homey scent of polyvinyl. A four-color photomural menu as big as a tombstone presents the "Hamburger Hall of Fame"—Burger Italiano, British Burger, etc., each in Regular or Jumbo versions. I order the DennyBurger (made, one assumes, from freshly ground Denny).

I was two bites into the D.B. before I hit meat and two bites into *that* before I realized it. The bun had evidently just completed a long desert crossing and was as moist and tasty as chalk. On it trembled a small, translucent lettuce leaf, a tomato slice, and two pickle chips. On the side was a little paper cup of some off-pink substance resembling Thousand-Island dressing, but this is conjecture, since upon application it was instantly swept from taste, as it were, into the vacuum of the Denny-Burger.

(There was a strong hint of chili powder, but this is so out of character as to probably be accidental.)

The patty, found hiding under the tomato, was of Denny's classic potato-pancake consistency—about the same effect as a blend of oatmeal and beef jerky.

Bad news: the cheese is scarcely detectable. Good news: you're grateful. But you could save time and money—cook your own burger at home and gargle with Novocain before eating.

Sambo's

Black Sambo, the bigot's Ronald McDonald, has been tactfully phased from sight, leaving a classic 1960s-coffee-shop milieu of industrial carpeting, a madness of yellow and orange and pink, and more plate glass than one sees in a Ford showroom. The burger is nearly indistinguishable from Denny's, even to the "Please Wait to Be Seated" sign. But this is hardly the Stork Club of Interstate 80. Give them two minutes; then blow.

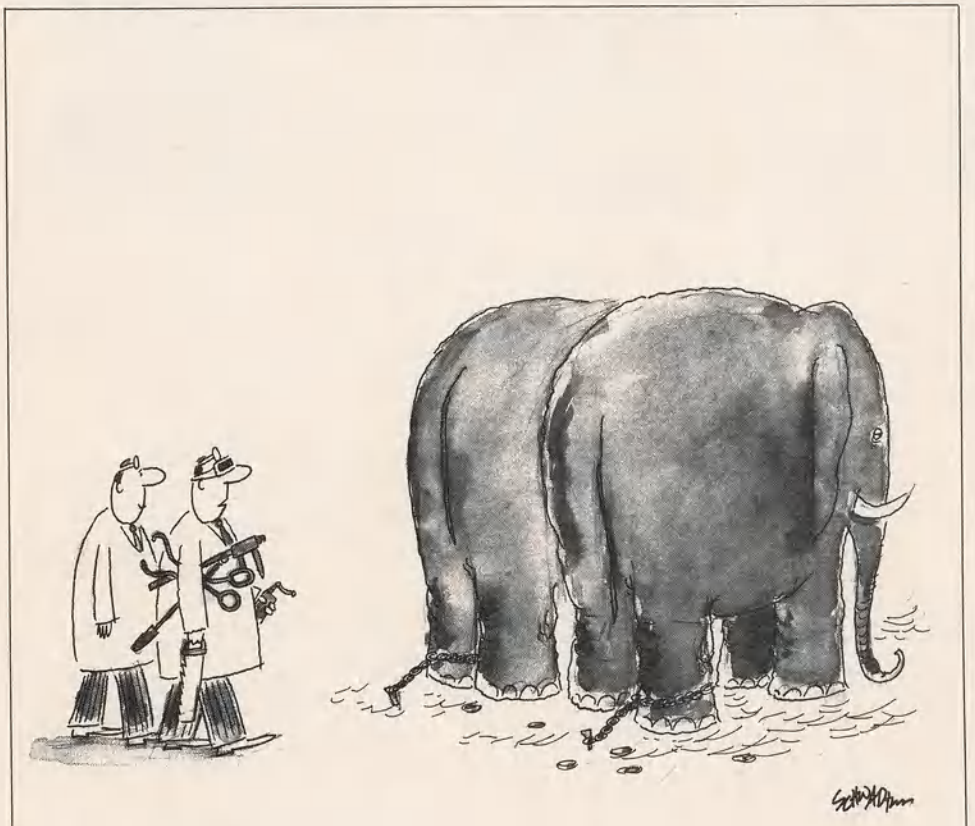
The Cheeseburger Deluxe ($1.60) arrives desolately open faced. On one bun is a dollop of relishy pastel dressing the color of the counter top, just enough to cover a poker chip. On the other is the patty, whose ski mask of limp cheese is filmed with a patina of grease. A respectable tomato slice, three face-saving pickle chips, and a large, crisp lettuce hunk come on the side. Use them.

The sesame-seed bun has seen better days—a couple, at least—and instantly shows signs of saturation and early collapse but manages to hold together valorously. The meat is as tasteless as nerve gas, and the patty should be tagged like a car aerial in a parking lot so that you can find it quickly in an emergency. It is kept from disintegration by (1) grilling, (2) scanty dressing and no mayo, and (3) insufficient meat to produce a good grease-out. "One quarter lb. patties, before cooking," claims the menu. A *month* before cooking, maybe.

The dominant taste of the burger is the cheese. This is like saying that the dominant taste in music is Donny and Marie. In general, it's saved by the produce. "Sliced onion on request," it says. For God's sake, request! Otherwise you find yourself giving thanks when you hit the first pickle chip.

The Sizzler

This assembly-line fast-steak operation—a "Family Steak House"—is clean as a hospital tray. It's a blend of McDonalds and the Hyatt Regency: big, open, lit-up, with hanging plants and wood beams everywhere.



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The Muzak system bleats unbearably from an endless "Begin the Beguine" play list, but you can get a carafe of wine with your order. It's the Ritz of burgerland, where factory workers bring big dates.

A neon display board on the wall shows photos of the fare, including the Super Burger Platter ($1.59). This is depicted arriving open faced, around a logjam of fries and a shot glass of pink dressing. A thick patty spills over one bun, which barely stays on the platter. The other is obscured beneath a sheaf of lettuce and a tomato slice big as your hand.

What the waitress brings to your table (after you've ordered at the counter) is a patty with a stake through its heart—a small "medium" chef's marker. The meat smells nicely charcoalish, but the sole lettuce leaf has been used to buff shoes or as a wind indicator, and the tomato is sickly and translucent from exposure. There are some pickle chips but no onion.

The complete burger won't give you a hernia, but it's a good handful—bigger than the Big Mac and several others. The meat is actually fresh and greaseless and has a good grilled-beef flavor you can *taste*.

Despite the display photo, the cup of dressing must be gotten from a central sauce bar. Don't waste any time. The sauce bar also features A-1 sauce, catsup, Worcestershire, and other meat cosmetics. The house dressing is mostly mayo but is interestingly seasoned with pepper, garlic, and so on. It goes well with the meat—they know their stuff—but add catsup.

The salad bar—eighty-nine cents with the burger—isn't just a bargain but a necessity. Its lettuce and tomato are fresher than the burger's, and its mushrooms, bacon bits, and other garnishes open countless customizing possibilities. Be creative. You can get as finicky here as a bureaucrat.

All in all, this is a sensational do-it-yourself burger workshop and probably the sleeper of the fast-burger industry.

Orange Julius

All O.J.'s look as if they should be next to the Mirror House on the Ocean City boardwalk—cement floors, bare-bulb lighting, green-and-orange play-school tables with the seats welded in place, and separate windows for ordering and pickup, to confuse the issue of who's responsible for the outcome.

The lineup of "Quarter Pound Burgers—$1.15" includes a Chiliburger, a Pizzaburger, a Juliusburger, and a Cheeseburger. When dealing with exotic or vague labels, stick to the familiar: the cheeseburger, with its "Mustard, Pickles, Onions, and Special Dressings." (I avoid mustard, a common taste-deodorant for meat from industrial-waste-fed herds.)

The burger comes in a foil bag with little packets of catsup and salt. The message is clear: once you leave the pickup window, you're on your own.

It turns out to be your basic Ballpark Burger, which is not praise. On the compact side, its sesame bun has been around; and although the patty is grilled, you could rub it on yourself to prevent sunburn. Under the three pickle chips, one finds the "Special Dressings"—a plaster-base Thousand-Island-flavored discharge with evidence of relish—and just enough onion confetti to pass the truth-in-advertising regulations. (But not enough to taste.)

The bun, thank God, has a good absorption rate. This is a drippy bastard but is fortunately a five-bite burger and is gone before you know it, mercifully. The "quarter pound" claim must mean "while still living." This patty weighs four ounces only by coke-dealer standards.

What taste there is ain't hamburger. It's hard to identify, which may be for the best. Think of an Adidas product with tartar sauce.

Dairy Queen

Say "fast-food chain," and people think of McDonalds, the Colonel, or Burger King. Anything but Dairy Queen, those shabby little whitewashed, glass-box, country-road walk-ups that always look like one of the last few holdouts. Ha. DQ is the fourth largest fast-food web in the United States, topped only by the three above and ahead of HoJo's, Pizza Hut, and other enormities. They work the rural market like a pump from Maine to Maui.

A photo depicts the SuperBrazier "half pounder" ($1.49) thus: bun, patty, cheese, patty, catsup, mustard, two pickle chips, bun. Let's see.

Within its cardboard carton, the burger is meticulously wrapped in paper. Take the hint—put a bow on it and send it off.

It's no midget—a good handful, with cheese and juice oozing out to mush the paper quickly. But the photo wasn't kidding. There's no relish, lettuce, tomato, onion. It's basically a big lump of meat with a dough holder, a kind of grilled tumor.

Its two mid-size patties appear to have been cooked by hair dryer to the consistency of Frisbees and then epoxied together with something cheese colored. It takes a superior burger to go it alone, ungarnished, and this one isn't. To overcompensate, the thing has been drowned in catsup. It looks like the tollbooth scene in *Godfather I*. More horse anchor than hamburger, it's rather like eating your own fist.

It takes all the prizes for sheer bulk—as solid as an Earth shoe and similarly textured, this meal is as much isometrics as lunch. But the density comes from meat you could patch blacktop with, as tasteless, odorless, and chewy as any DuPont product. Charred around the edges and wan with dehydration, it's strictly drive-in-movie, snack-bar material. Only a coyote would, or could, put away two of these.

No wonder that they stick to the hinterlands; if they tried peddling this stuff in the cities, there would be trashings. It was the only burger I couldn't finish. I took it home to the dog, which had been bad lately.

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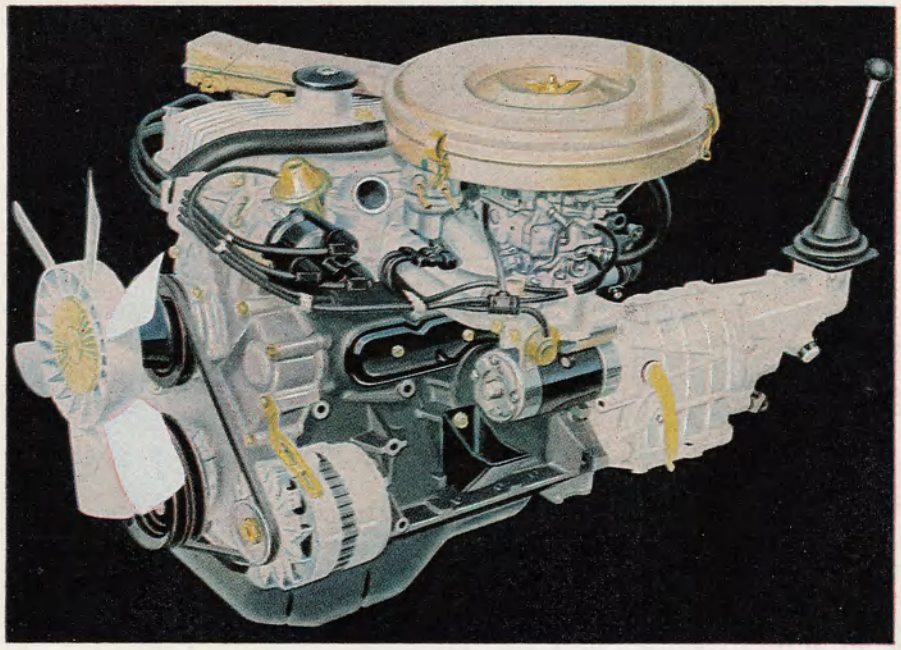

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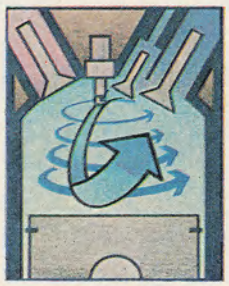
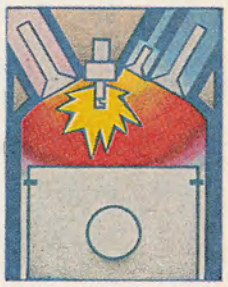


Induction and compression phase.



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FRONT PORSCHE

Under the quiet, chromeless nose of the new 928 is a 140-mph 4.5 liter V-8.

BY RICH CEPPOS

For an unregenerate car freak like me, seeing the Porsche 928 crouching in the parking lot was a genuine auto rush. I just couldn't wait to see what that machine would do. I eased behind the wheel while the Porsche public-relations man rattled on about which buttons did what. I didn't really care—all I wanted to do was roll.

Interior decor: blazing, rust-colored carpets underfoot; matching vinyl covering the dash and headliner; off-white synthetic velour, with black pinstripes, sewn into the seat inserts and the center of each door panel. The whole affair was a bit gaudy for my tastes— definitely a walk on the wild side. But to each his own, I guess.

Finally, after showing me everything from the high-intensity washers to the cruise control, Mister PR sent me on my way. I adjusted the steering wheel for height, and the entire instrument cluster moved with it so that the gauges would never be obscured. The 4.5 liter, all-aluminum V-8 came to life with a subdued rumble. Hey, what was that noise (a hum coming from the right rear fender sounded noisier than the idling engine)? Must be the twin electric fuel pumps. I adjusted the electrically operated outside mirror, dropped the automatic transmission's shifter into "drive," and rumbled off. I had to use both hands to turn the thick, leather-covered steering wheel. This was really high-effort power steering; none of that one-finger Detroit magic, thank you very much. I toed the throttle and got it out into traffic.

So this was Porsche's exoticar—their big, bad machine. Not a rehashed 911 sports car but an all-new, full-tilt Grand Touring machine. The 928 has its engine mounted in the front, with the transmission located in the rear for better weight distribution and more balanced handling. (With the 911's rear-engine layout, the tail was always trying to wag the dog if you pushed it too hard.)

What was all this stuff the Porsche guy was telling me about? Okay, there are the standard air-conditioning controls and the three steering-column stalks—one for the cruise control, one for the wipers and washers (there are headlight washers, too), and the third for the turn signals and brights. Let's see, the buttons on the dash were for lights, rear-window defroster (with high- and low-temperature settings), fog lights, trip odometer, and high-intensity washer system (for cleaning off the splattered bugs). On the floor, to the left of the driver's seat, were the handbrake and two knobs, one for front-to-rear balance for the stereo, the other for headlight height adjustment. But where was the button for the automatic shoe shiner?

I pulled into a little park. Even before I stopped, a jogger had run up to ogle the car. He said his name was Rob, that he was an industrial designer, and that he really dug the 928's styling. He said that they got the form of the t-bar shifter from some Italian designer.

I stepped back and contemplated the 928's shape. Positively selachian: the drooping nose and flip-down headlights gave the front end the look of a deadly deep-sea predator, ready to strike. The rounded form of the body evoked a manta ray in mid-flight. The front and rear bumpers were integrated into the body and hidden under soft, body-colored polyurethane panels. And there was no chrome to diminish the effect of its organic shape. I didn't *love* the design, but there was no question about its purpose: it was born to run.

The car was fully warmed up by the time I reached the parkway's sweeping on-ramp. I accelerated up the ramp and bent the 928 into the corner. It just dipped its shoulder like John Travolta and went on around. I jammed the throttle to the floor; the smooth automatic responded with an instant downshift to first gear, and the 928 lunged ahead in a rush of acceleration. The engine note rose from a soft murmur to a full-throated howl as the tach raced toward the 6,300-rpm red line. It was fast. I eased off; the road was still heavy with Monday morning traffic. I drove sedately for a while, then turned on the radio—an AM/FM-short wave stereo affair with an electronic station changer designed to make knob twirling obsolete. It produced just the opposite, but the sounds it produced were first-cabin.

There was lots of traffic on the drive back to my office; so I just cruised—at first. A guy in a red Nova hung back for me as I came out of a toll booth. He tailed me, then pulled alongside, and finally blasted off, trying to sucker me into a race. Then a 240Z did the same thing. They just wanted to see the Porsche spread its wings and fly. I tailed them both for a while before dropping back. Five miles later, the guy in the Nova was still keeping abreast and gawking.

That night I let a friend drive the new Porsche over to a movie a couple of blocks from his apartment. "The hell with the movie," he said after the first block. We didn't stop for sixty miles. Two friends who made the trip in the fold-down jump

Photographs by Robert Dowling

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

Now, of course, it isn't only about sex that the church has been wrong. The church also hasn't been sufficiently involved in social matters and politics. We are *beginning* to see that Christians must be concerned about the underdeveloped and undernourished parts of the world, that we musn't selfishly enjoy our comparative luxury and not care about the people who don't know where their next meals are coming from. We have at least begun to develop a passionate concern for social justice.

Penthouse: What would Christian liberation offer to a homosexual who wanted to come to an accommodation with the faith?

Varah: Total acceptance. We'd accept him and hope he'd accept himself. Christian liberation seeks to liberate Christians from all totally unscientific and inhumane attitudes toward sexual minorities. It is a scientific fact that a person does not choose to be a homosexual; people don't choose to belong to a misunderstood and often persecuted minority. The homosexual male and female, the fetishist, the transvestite, the transsexual, the exhibitionist, the voyeur, the sadist, the masochist—none of these people waited until he—or she—was grown up and then suddenly made a decision that he was not going to be like the respectable, heterosexual, "straight" majority. These people didn't decide, out of sheer cussedness, that they were going to be different and make a problem for themselves and everybody else.

To despise a homosexual is not only inhumane but also unscientific, because (1) he is not a homosexual by any deliberate choice and (2) you cannot scientifically divide the whole world into "homo" and "hetero." There is an infinite gradation, from extremely homo to extremely hetero. Some people are a bit ambiguous; they tend to call themselves bisexual.

The fact of the matter is that when you have ascertained the innermost secrets of every adult member of the population and put everyone in his appropriate spot, you won't find anybody, not one single individual, who will pass the test laid down by the holy terrorists—not even among their own ranks. Their idea of the true, pure Christian man or woman is one who from earliest infancy never had a lustful thought or looked at something he was not supposed to see or fiddled at all with his own genitals, let alone anybody else's; who felt guilty about the wet dreams he had because he didn't masturbate; who always treated people of the opposite sex as though they didn't have any sexuality; and who eventually proposed marriage to a good woman.

Not until such a "pure" Christian was married did he have any sexual contact of any kind. He engaged in intercourse only to procreate (and, of course, it was a severe disappointment to his wife); and because he hadn't familiarized himself with female physiology, he hadn't the slightest idea how to help a woman have an orgasm. In fact, he would probably regard it as very indecent if such an experience were to be had by the good woman he had married.

Now, if this character exists, I don't consider that he will be a source of pride to any religion he professes. If he exists, I don't think that God will be particularly pleased with him. To set this person up as an example, and to judge all others as lacking because they don't match up to him, well . . . there's been nothing more ridiculous since the emperor's new clothes.

Penthouse: How do you feel about abortion?

Varah: Abortion is one of the most muddled issues around. I can think of no other area where so many lies have been told by good people, who are supposed to be a good example to us all.

We hear constant tendentious and sentimental appeals to people to show mercy on what is called "the unborn child." Now, there is no such thing as an "unborn child." You can have an unborn embryo or an unborn fetus, but you can't have a child—a little creature in jeans, skirt, or jump suit, riding a tricycle and generally looking too cute to be true—unborn! It doesn't get to be a child until it is a living, breathing mammal, a fellow human being who exists in this world. Such image mongering by some of the antiabortion people is a reprehensible attempt to call to mind a picture of a cute little kid being cut up by a surgeon's scalpel or sucked up into a little vacuum cleaner.

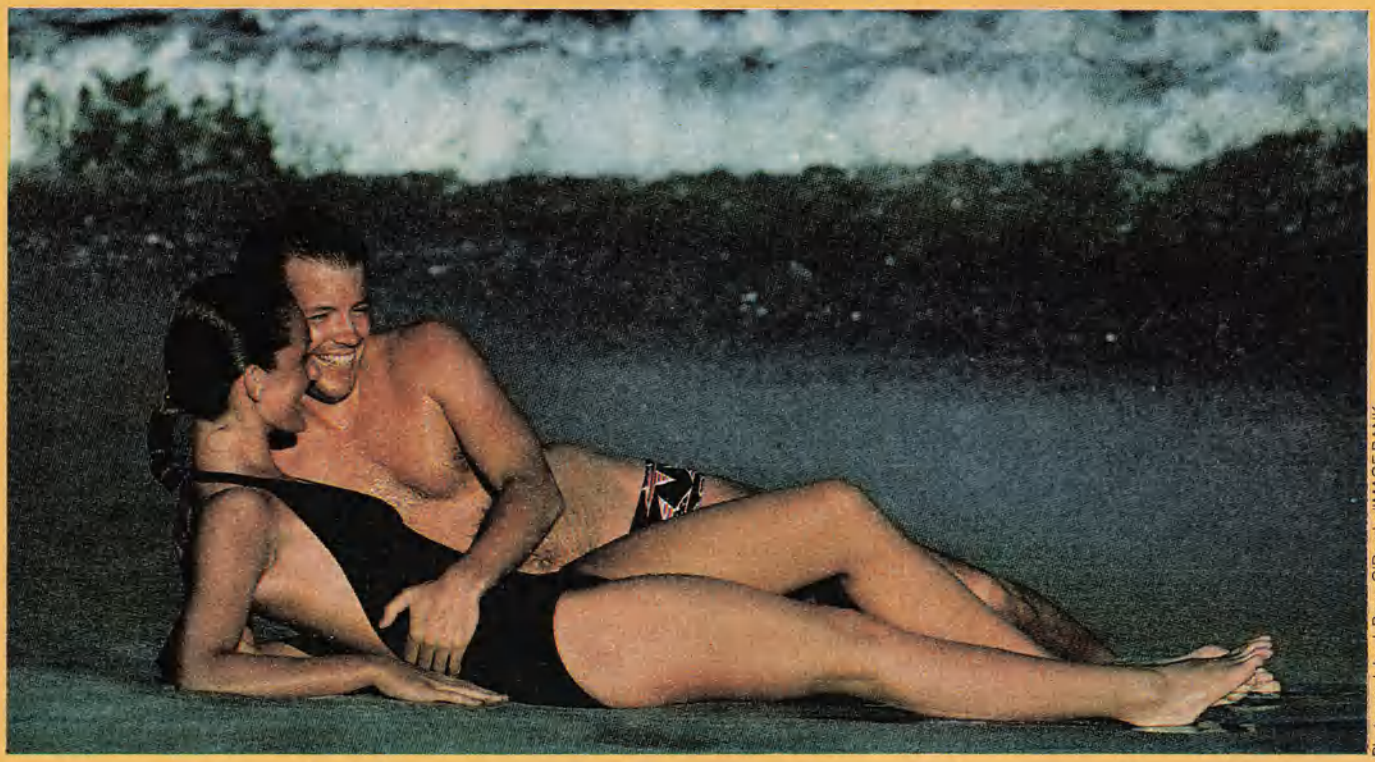
The fact is that the majority of abortions are produced by nature's rejecting what is likely to turn out to be a defective offspring. We call these abortions miscarriages or stillbirths. We do not conduct religious ceremonies over them, which shows that we do not believe that they were human beings with souls. Any clergyman who has done cemetery duty is perfectly familiar with the undertaker's popping a little box into the grave after a funeral ceremony is over; he's just disposing of a stillbirth in a convenient hole. And that's what it is—a stillbirth; it doesn't have a name, hasn't been baptized, doesn't have a creed, has no little cross over it—was not, in fact, the mortal remains of a human being by our definition of the term.

Now, once you talk about "killing unborn children," you are practically forcing weak-minded people to say, "Oh! This mustn't be allowed!" But calling a spade a spade is the first requirement if we are to arrive at the truth. It may or may not be a sinful thing to remove an embryo from the womb to prevent pregnancy. I am of the opinion that it is often the right thing to do. The pope has at least an equal right to have his opinion, and he feels that it is never right. Neither he nor I has the right to impose our beliefs on non-Christians or on Christians of other denominations. The state has a duty to provide for all its citizens, not solely for those who hold strong views or powerful positions. ○+■

GROOM AT THE TOP

SAVING YOUR SKIN

A simple guide for tanning sensibly this summer



Photograph by J. Barry O'Rourke/IMAGE BANK

When you tan, the ultraviolet rays of the sun cause melanin (the color-producing protein in the outer layer of the skin) to disperse. The amount of pigment in your skin determines the degree to which you'll tan or burn. Mild tanning is fine. Overexposure to the sun season after season, year after year, can do your skin a lot of harm. Besides giving your skin a tough, leathery look, years of overexposure to the sun can harm the collagen and elastin contained in the dermis. (Collagen and elastin give your skin healthy tone and elasticity.) Too much sun can create premature wrinkles, liver spots, brown-pigmented patches, and scaling. It also increases your risk of skin cancer.

There is something else to look for: certain drugs, such as the thiazide you may take for high blood pressure, oral diabetic drugs, or tranquilizers, can make you photosensitive—that is, you'll burn more easily. Deodorant soaps that contain halogenated salicylanilides and essences of lemon or lime (found in some aftershave lotions, colognes, and bath soaps) can make your skin sun sensitive, too.

Sun protectors

You can see why it makes sense to approach the sun with a certain degree of caution and to avoid the temptation to turn yourself into a bronze god (which not only is unhealthy but also is the too-much-of-a-good-thing that can be really unattractive).

Protect yourself. Find a good tanning lotion and calculate carefully how much sun your skin can take without burning or becoming leathery. Basically, sun protectors are classified in one of three ways: as **sun blocks**, which will screen the sun out completely; as **sunscreens**, which will screen out burning rays and allow a minimum amount of tanning; and as **suntan lotions**, which allow tanning while providing a minimum amount of sunburn protection. The most effective chemical to look for in a suntan preparation is para-aminobenzoic acid (PABA for short). Whatever suntan preparation you use, reapply it frequently during your time in the sun, especially after swimming or after exercise that's made you perspire.

How long should you stay in the sun? The American Medical Association guidelines are cautious: for light-skinned people, fifteen minutes the first day and an additional five minutes each following day; for dark-skinned people, twenty minutes the first day and an additional five minutes each following day. You may want to alter this according to your own propensity for burning and according to your locale (a midwestern poolside is less burn inducing than a sandy tropical beach is). Altitude, season of the year, hour of the day, and whether the sun is bouncing off sand or snow or filtering through the trees all play a part in how much ultraviolet radiation your skin is exposed to. Don't *ever* fry yourself to a burn, and don't *ever* allow yourself to get too dark and leathery, and you'll minimize the sun's harmful effects.

As part of a regimen to protect your skin from the sun, *Penthouse* lists the following products, which are distributed by reputable firms:

FOR MAXIMUM PROTECTION:

SUNCARE NO. 8 Sun-Shading Cream; BAIN de SOLEIL Super Filter; ARAMIS Solar Shield Cream; GEORGETTE KLINGER Sun Block Cream; COPPERTONE Shade Lotion; ECLIPSE Sun Screen; ALO-SUN Sun Block Lotion

FOR MEDIUM PROTECTION:

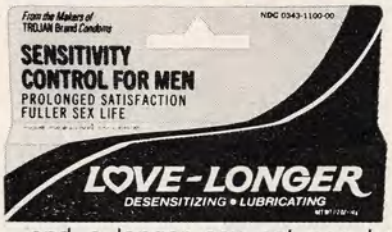
SUN PROTECTION by Helena Rubenstein; SUNGÉR Extra-Protection Lotion; GIVENCHY GENTLEMAN Moisturizing Suntan Gel; SUNCARE NO. 4 Medium Protection Cream; ALO-SUN Sun Milk with PABA

FOR MINIMAL PROTECTION:

ARAMIS Deep-Bronzing Oil; SUNCARE NO. 2 Dark-Tanning Gel; 'ULTIMA' II Scientific Deep-Tanning Formula; BRAGGI Sun-Bronzing Gel; BALM BARR Cocoa Butter Cream; COPPERTONE Tanning Butter; ALO-SUN Super Rich Tan

Excerpted from *The Man's Book*, an Avon publication edited by James Wagenvoord and available through the Penthouse Book Society.

A fuller sex life



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B. Black nylon toga baby doll. "V" neckline. Fitted midriff clasped with tiny side bows. Matching bikini, P-S-M. PX07, $10.00.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

kisses and a little rubbing of our bodies, when she wants me to fuck her, she'll prefer me on top, in the traditional missionary position. We rarely try any other position. She will not allow me to finger-fuck her. Anal sex would surely result in divorce proceedings, and when I try to play with her fantastic 35C boobs, she tells me that it either hurts or tickles.

To make matters worse (if they can be), last week she told me that she has yet to have an orgasm. I have suggested books, porno flicks, vibrators, body oils, sexy bed clothes, etc., but she refuses to try any of it. I've suggested a sex therapist, but she says that she will work things out herself. As a result, our sex life has dwindled to nothing. I've asked her if she wants another man or even a woman, but she says no, and I believe her.

I will not, nor do I even wish to, get it on with another woman. I love Jill deeply, but our nonexistent sex life is ruining me. She recently read The Sensuous Woman *and says that nothing in there will work. Once and only once did she ask me to eat her out. Incredibly happy, I obliged, and after less than a minute, she suddenly started crying, saying, "I'm a pig, a no-good slut, a whore. I shouldn't have asked you to do that." Needless to say, the mood was broken, and no matter what I said to her, she wouldn't stop hating herself, and that was it for the night. Things such as this now happen almost every time we get into bed to make love.*

I don't feel that I'm too demanding where sex is involved, but to this day Jill has initiated things only three times. I feel that there is more to sex than putting my cock into her pussy. Why is Jill so conservative? Can you suggest anything that could help us. If not, perhaps your readers have some similar experiences—and solutions.—S.B.

Different people have different degrees of sexual energy. While you love your wife, sex may continue to be a problem area in your marriage.

There may be nothing wrong with your wife. Some people don't need that much sex, just as you seem to want it every day. It's a bad omen, however, that she remained a virgin until the age of twenty-six, and I really can't understand why a sexually aggressive young man would marry a virgin. Sex isn't everything, but when you're considering marriage, you should check out every possible area of contention.

To save your marriage, I think it is imperative that you see a marriage counselor, but don't act as if it's your wife who needs therapy. "I've suggested a sex therapist," you write, "but she says that she will work things out herself." Advise your wife that it is not *her* problem but rather your problem *together*. You might even have to admit that you fear you're oversexed. Okay, you don't believe this. But such a confession just might get her into the analyst's office. This

will help to alleviate her fears that she is either frigid or inadequate. It's worth a try. Good luck!

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

I am presently in the navy, stationed on board the U.S.S. America, *deployed in the Mediterranean. During my tour of duty I have had several interesting sexual experiences, and I've decided to write you about one of them. This is something that would never happen in the States.*

It started one afternoon when my buddy Jimmy and I were on liberty in Palma, Spain. What started out to be just an ordinary day in the lives of two sailors turned out to be one of the most fantastic sexual experiences I've ever had. Anyway, we were sitting in a local strip-tease joint, guzzling beer, when the two women putting on the show came over and started rubbing their tits in our faces. Naturally, we became quite aroused by this and immediately got hard-ons. The one that was fooling around with Jimmy saw the enormous bulge in his jeans and began to massage it. This brought him to a further state of arousal. So he unzipped his pants, whereupon she immediately began to give him a blowjob. I had never seen something like this happening in front of so many people before; so naturally I was a little stunned. It didn't take long before I was right in there with him and the other woman going down on me with her hot, voracious mouth.

After about five or ten minutes of this—who was counting?—the two women stood up, took our hands, and led us up onstage with our cocks still sticking out at full mast. They began to undress us, and before we knew it, we were all standing there stark naked. I began to worry about the authorities coming in and busting us but was too horny to care. After we were all naked, they began to give us some of the most fantastic head we'd ever had. Just as we were both about to come, the two strippers stopped and got down on all fours. It didn't take us long to figure out what they wanted, and we immediately began screwing our brains out. We fucked for what seemed like hours in all kinds of positions. After we had both come and were lying there, exhausted, we began to gather our wits about us and realized what we had done. By the time we landed back on earth, the women had split and left us there alone on stage. Needless to say, we got dressed and left in a hurry, relieved that the place hadn't been raided.

We haven't been back to the club yet, but you can bet we will if we ever pull into Palma again. I've been checking out more of these clubs but haven't yet found any like this one.—Doug.

I haven't been in the United States for some time, but matters can't be all that bad west of the Atlantic Ocean. There are sex clubs in just about every major American city. See the article on the New York pleasure palace Plato's Retreat in the June *Penthouse* and look harder!

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

I was getting ready to mount him when he suggested that we make love outside! The more I thought about it, the more excited I became, and I could feel the juices starting to flow. Naturally, I agreed, but my lover wanted to wait. He then kissed me passionately, fondling my breasts, running his hands up and down my naked body as I sat there next to him. He placed his hand on my moist cunt for a brief moment and lifted my leg up over his, placing his finger in my cunt. I was dripping with excitement when I asked when he wanted to go outside. He said that he wasn't quite done with the foreplay yet.

He was sitting in the passenger's seat, up against the window, and told me to put my feet on the seat and lie in his arms. My mouth was so close to his cock that I grabbed it and practically swallowed it. He continued to play with my cunt, meanwhile, and by now I had one leg up by the window and one on the seat. His skillful finger-fuck was going to make me come any minute, I knew. Soon I did come, and it was magnificent.

He kissed me again and asked me to mount him. We decided that we should go outside now, and I leaned on the trunk of the car, and he came into me from the back. We fucked away the evening hours while the crickets chirped and the warm breeze caressed us.—*Name and address withheld*

Motel scene

My wife and I thoroughly enjoy your magazine and especially look forward to the "Forum" letters each month. And since we have thrilled to, and taken ideas from, letters in the past, we thought it only fair to tell your readers of some of our own experiences.

She and I are about thirty and have been married less than two years. Both of us had been married to sexually uninteresting people before and found the perfect match in each other. My very pretty and curvaceous brunette wife is now coming consistently, three or four times a night, when we make love—not counting the orgasms she describes as smaller when I'm going down on her, before or after entering her with my cock.

We started playing games suggested by some of your readers. At first she wasn't into group sex, but this all changed last month. For an early birthday present to me, she had made reservations for three days at a very nice motel-resort not far from our home. What's more, she volunteered to be my "slave" for the entire time. Now, while we had already experimented with some mild forms of bondage and discipline, it had only meant that one of us would be a little more submissive than the other. She wanted this experience to be different.

After two days of relaxing and playing tennis and eating good food, we returned

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For "where to buy" information on swimwear fashions shown on pages 150–153, contact these manufacturers or stores.

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IN THE JULY *FORUM* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

MEN CAN HAVE MULTIPLE ORGASMS, TOO

After many years of research, sexologist Stan Dale has proved that by bypassing ejaculation, men can become just as multiorgasmic as women. If you're an adventurous man, this article will be an adventure for you.

PAST LIVES THERAPY

You may not believe in reincarnation; but when you read this article, you will be amazed and convinced that this unique therapy can cure many sexual and medical problems. An intriguing, even startling report.

INTERVIEW WITH TITO SCOLA

The candid, sometimes shocking revelations of a man who used to be a priest and is now a stand-up comic who is proud of being able to appreciate relating to both men and women.

GUIDE TO INTENSIVES AND HOLISTIC WORKSHOPS

A guide to growth-movement workshops across the country that can literally change your life, from Arica to bioenergetics to est to Silva Mind Control.

INNER RUNNING

Jogging may seem just physical exercise, but your whole life—including your sex life—will be greatly improved when you put on your running shoes and let yourself go. An expert account of the physical and psychological benefits of running.

VITAMIN A

Here is everything you need to know about vitamin A: how it helps fight colds, flu, and other infections; how it can help prevent cancer; and how it can help your sex life by adding to your vigor and endurance.

early from dinner to our room. There, after a few drinks and some conversation about still more daring games, I told her I had a new one that I wanted to try. Under that pretext, I dressed her in high heels, stockings and garters, and a short dress. I even made a blindfold, which she put on. I then left the room.

As the pool was just closing, I approached the burly, blond, college-age lifeguard and proposed my plan. He readily agreed to it. From the pool, I called a young bellboy, whom my wife had found attractive earlier in the evening, and asked him to come to our room, where the lifeguard and I met him. I then motioned for them to undress my wife, who was enjoying the excitement of our little game. When she felt the hands taking off her dress and more hands lifting her legs to take off her shoes, she gasped, not knowing what was going on. But once she was naked, except for her stockings and garter belt, and once she felt their hands on her legs, neck, shoulders, and breasts, I saw her actually move her body in such a way as to urge them on. Taking over for each one separately so that they could undress, I steered her over to the bed, where she lay panting and beginning to arch her hips and breasts to our hands.

The last to undress was the lifeguard, and he wasted no time in climbing on the bed to straddle my wife's shoulders. Feeling this, she immediately opened her mouth to suck deeply up and down on his expanding cock. Already hard, I slipped into her cunt, where my cock felt her spasm after only three or four slow thrusts. She must have come at least three more times before the lifeguard sprayed her throat with his come, and shortly thereafter I came more strongly than ever before in her cunt.

As we both got off her body, now exquisitely gleaming with sweat, the bellboy sat at the head of the bed, nudging my wife to turn over and go down on his cock, already hard from a few minutes of masturbation while he watched the blond and me.

Partially satisfied, my wife teased him for several moments with her tongue and mouth. This stopped, however, when the lifeguard and I started massaging one dangling breast each, his fingers toying with her clit and one of mine easing in and out of her ass. Soon, the again-hard lifeguard was fucking my pretty wife from behind as she eagerly sucked the bellboy in front of her. Again, she was coming constantly, and she finally let out a huge groan when the boys came in her mouth and cunt almost simultaneously.

Finally taking off her blindfold, she was glad that I had picked fellows so young and hunky for introducing her to group sex. After I took a Polaroid photo of each of the guys with my wife, and a couple for ourselves, they were off. It was then that she and I settled into some beautiful lovemaking which lasted another two hours.

This experience has left us both more openminded about all sorts of sexual activity. So don't be surprised if an attractive,

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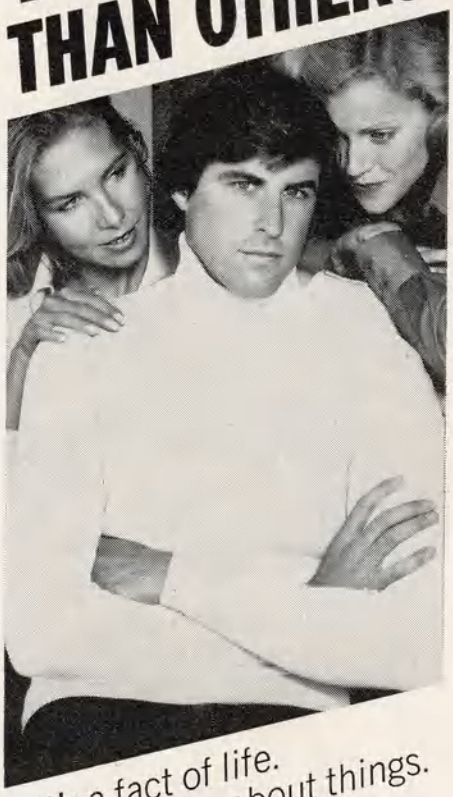

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College parties

My college life took a turn for the better not long ago when this semester started with a real bang. I was invited to a party by a guy whom I knew vaguely. He said that it could be a memorable evening. Since there didn't appear to be anyone interesting to talk with when I arrived, I picked up a *Penthouse* magazine and started leafing through it. Then this beautiful blonde whom I knew from a class last year sat down next to me, and we started to talk about the believability of the letters in the "Forum" section of your magazine. I was skeptical, but she said she thought I might become a believer by the end of the evening.

After a little while, the blonde excused herself from our conversation. Being intrigued by what she had said, I was reluctant to leave, even though the party was thinning out. I resumed reading the magazine, getting horny as hell. Soon afterward, a petite girl named Sue sat down next to me, and we started chatting. Ginny, the buxom blonde I'd been talking to earlier, returned and joined our conversation. It was then that I noticed that throughout the darkened room there were only ten or fifteen people left at the party. We continued talking until Sue called our attention to a couple who were getting very well acquainted in the corner of the room.

Within moments, all of the people in the room began to watch them more and more intently. The female half of the couple in the corner motioned to another girl to join her and her partner. To my surprise, no one in the room was at all flustered by what was going on. Before I knew it, the other girl had walked over to the couple and had taken her skirt off. The two girls started kissing, while the guy started to undress his original partner.

It was then that I realized that the rest of the room was following the threesome's example. And I knew why the evening would be so memorable. Before I could get over my surprise, I felt a gently tugging on my belt buckle. Ginny came over to me and fully exposed my enormous erection. I then started kissing her, and, to my fleeting dismay, she removed her hand from my cock to hug me with both arms. My disappointment was soon assuaged when I felt Sue's warm breath and tongue on my balls. Within seconds after she had put my cock in her mouth, I came explosively.

Ginny began kissing my neck and chest while Sue just kept blowing me. Ginny worked her way down my chest and stomach to join Sue between my legs, and the two girls were kissing and licking me frenetically. It didn't take me long to regain my original horniness and hard-on. Although I was tempted to let them continue while I watched the rest of the people in the room go at it, I wanted to fuck Ginny very badly. So I gently pulled her head up toward mine, and we began kissing, while

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Sue took off my pants and shoes. While our tongues were exploring each other's mouth, Sue removed Ginny's pants, exposing a pair of long, beautifully tanned legs. I took off Ginny's shirt to discover her huge, well-rounded tits with their firm, protuberant nipples. I then moved my mouth down along Ginny's neck, while Sue buried her face in Ginny's pussy. I kissed, bit, and licked Ginny's tits for a little while before I joined Sue. Ginny spread her legs far apart while Sue and I licked and kissed Ginny's pussy and each other's mouth at the same time.

All the while we were getting it on, other groups were doing the same. The party lasted until daylight, and before it was over, I had become acquainted with many other people. The evening, needless to say, was indeed memorable. Since then, I have attended many more always exciting soirées with this same group of people.—*Name and address withheld*

Orgy porgy

I'd like to congratulate you on your very fine magazine and for informing your readers of sexual variations in "Forum." Since my wife, Suzie, and I have learned a lot from your readers, we'd like to share some of our experience with you.

Whenever Suzie and I have a party, it ends up in an orgy. After we get done eating, we all pass around a joint. After we get high and quite horny, everyone's clothes come off and the real fun begins. It starts off with Suzie passing around a bowl of grapes and some wine, which we feed to one another in camp-Roman fashion. Then we go out to our fenced-in backyard and romp around in the nude for a while, like figures in a bacchanal painting. Eventually, we put the names of all the people at the party into a hat. We then take out the names of two people at a time, and the two whose names are picked have to make love together—regardless of their sex. We rotate throughout the night, and everyone ends up fulfilled and tired.

We hope that your readers will find our little party games amusing the next time you have a group of people over with nothing to do.—*J.F., Endwell, N.Y.*

A friendly call

This all started when my husband was put in the hospital. I love him very much, and while he was away, I missed having sex with him. After nine years of marriage, we still have sex five or six times a week, and I never tire of his gorgeous cock.

My new experience began when my best friend, Penny, came over to console me shortly after my husband was hospitalized. I had just gotten out of the shower and had only my bathrobe on. We made ourselves comfortable on the living-room rug, and we talked and drank some wine. Penny noticed Steve's *Penthouse* opened to the "Forum" section, and we started reading to each other. I stood up to get another bottle of wine, and my bathrobe fell open. Before I knew what was happening, Penny leaned over and gave me a passionate kiss. Some-

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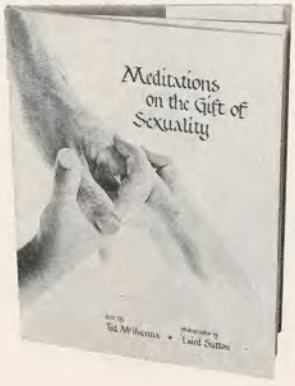

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thing seized me that I couldn't control—it felt so good to be loved again. So I just let myself go!

Her hand started roaming inside my robe, and she finally made her way to my breast, with her soft touch and warm mouth. Before long I was welcoming her tongue deep inside my cunt. I couldn't believe that I actually loved all of this and wanted to taste her love juices. I practically ripped off her clothes. She had the biggest nipples that I'd ever seen, and I started sucking them and working my way down to that beautiful, sweet pussy. When I started sucking that penislike clit, she came immediately. Soon afterward, I came in one of the best orgasms of my life.

When my husband came home, I told him about that glorious evening, and he loves hearing the details—especially when we make love.—*J.B., Vienna, Va.*

Protesting prolific priapuses

I just finished reading "Staying power," by a G.T. of Clinton, Miss., in the January 1978 issue, and I'm burning mad. I address my protest to all studs of "outrageous length" and fucking duration who tout their abilities to "service"(!) women. Have any of you studs bothered to read *The Hite Report* and find out what women say turns them on? Most men know what men say turns women on. But do you know what complaints women have about men?

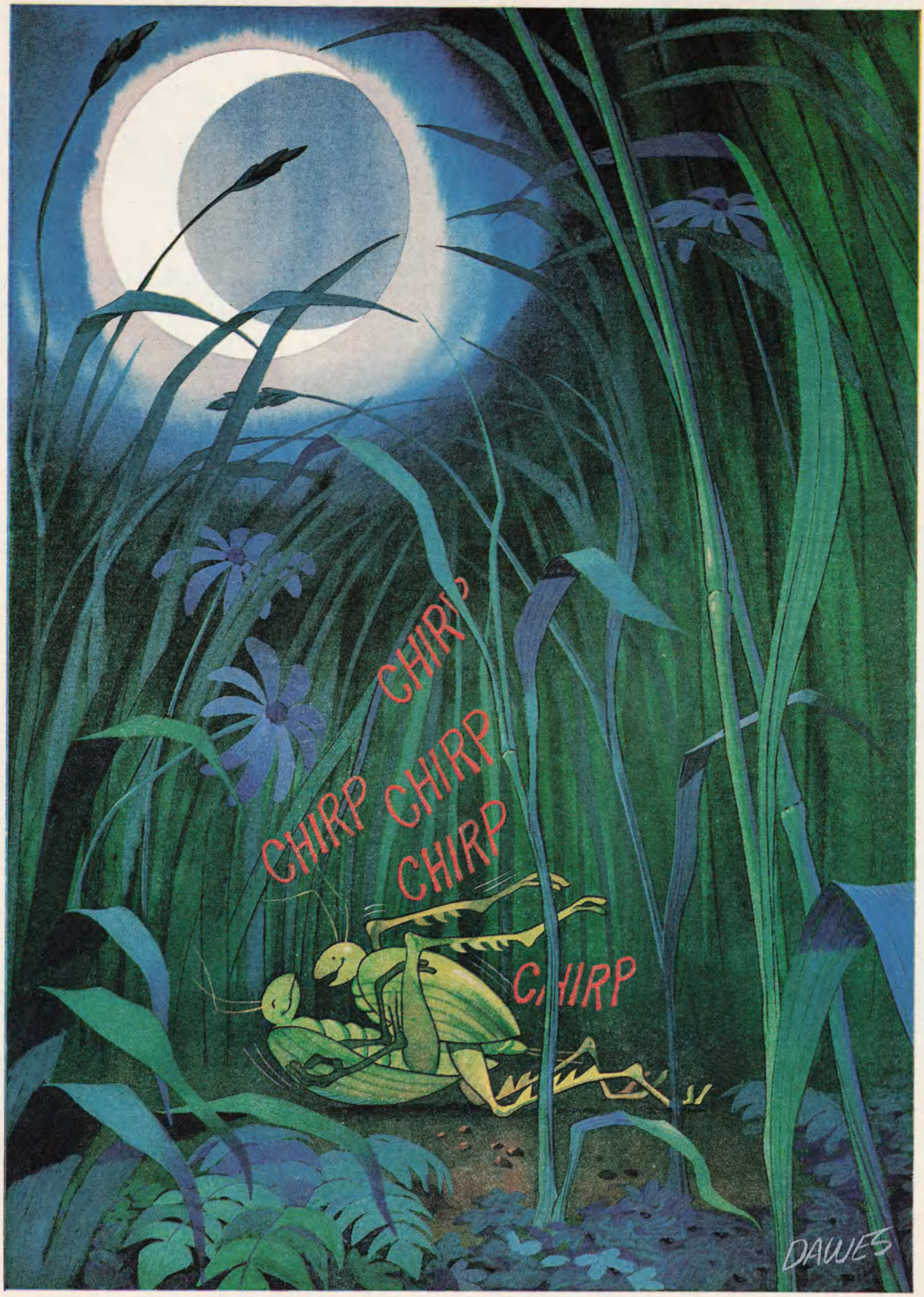
Not once does anyone mention penis size, and we all know that six inches is the norm. I am not impressed by boasts of enormous organs ad nauseam. I have found, along with many other women, that those who brag only please themselves. Well, superstuds, we women especially like a lot of foreplay: touching, exploring, kissing, and playing. Just because we are lubricated doesn't mean that we are ready to blast off. Most men love to be fellated but don't always reciprocate, even though we women might have washed. A guy can thrust for days like this "fuck monster" and not make a woman come. She won't unless she is sufficiently excited by some manual stimulation of the clitoris during penetration.

I, for one (and after reading *The Hite Report*, I know that I am not alone), am sick of men telling me what some man (Freud, Kinsey, Rubin, et al.) thinks is supposed to excite me. I know what excites me! I'm tired of selfish lovers—i.e., men who get aroused and think with their genitals. I'm fortunate to have a good lover. He is one in a million, for he never rushes penetration. Foreplay lasts about an hour usually, and we even stop penetration to touch, smell, and kiss. After his orgasm, sex doesn't abruptly end. We kiss and touch and melt into each other.

Every month I read a letter from some guy who thinks that the mere sight of his penis makes women come on the spot. A cucumber is just as erotic. The essential difference is that the cucumber won't tell you where to put it, how much to put in, or in what way to insert it!

As for those of you who "service" women, you make my blood boil! You are so sure of your prowess that it is more likely that women

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196



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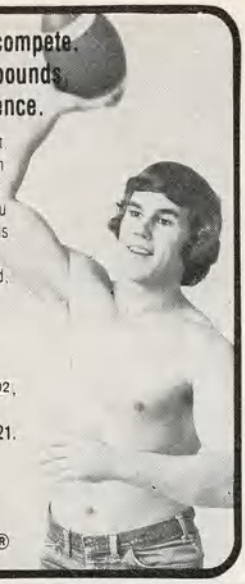

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PORSCHE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181

seats reported that as long as we gave them some leg room, they were surprisingly comfortable.

I drove back. I eased the 928 onto the highway and built speed gradually. Annoying tar strips made the car hop only ever so slightly as they passed under the wheels with solid "kerplunks." I picked up the pace. The well-contoured seats held me firmly in place. The road twisted and turned, and I reined the Porsche through the corners. I looked down at the electronic speedometer: 80 mph! Normally, I went through this stretch of road at 60 mph, and in the daytime at that. Soon I felt wired to the car. Whenever my hands turned, it turned—*right now.* No wasted motion, no bobbing or darting or hesitation. The power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering talked to me; it was direct and predictable and inspired the confidence I needed to probe the 928's limits further. The fuel-injected overhead-cam V-8 rocketed us into the night, the power coming on with a rush at about 4,000 rpm. We blazed on. My palms were sweating.

The 928's straight-line stability was uncanny. I took my hands off the wheel at 100 mph, and the car ran down the center of the lane as if it had eyes. It would do 140 if I wanted, but I never pushed it that far. The firmly sprung four-wheel independent suspension ate bumps without hopping or lurching or causing the car to change direction. It was right at home, too, negotiating New York City's bombed-out streets. The brakes hauled the 928 down time after time, despite a slightly spongy feeling. I attacked the road again and again, but the Porsche never faltered, never once took a wrong step. We were home too soon.

The next time out, I tried a five-speed manual-transmission version. This model had a soothingly subdued dark-green interior. To my surprise, it wasn't any more fun than the automatic. But the experience was just as heady: the excitement from the first moment I saw the car, the turning heads of bystanders, the desire to let it out on the road for a good long run.

Some people feel a $26,000 Grand Touring machine has to be loaded with luxury extras and techno-trickery. Gimcrackery doesn't interest me a bit, though. I can overlook this Porsche's eye-popping color scheme and its other minor shortcomings because it's got so much heart—and real soul. The 928 is the automotive equivalent of the modern-day woman with whom you have a symbiotic relationship: you complement and nurture each other, and together you get to places you could never have reached alone. The 928 takes you to new highs as well. It's a vibrant, dynamic mechanical creature that is ready, willing, and more than able to propel you into a new motoring dimension, where beauty, speed, and comfort come together to make getting there an end in itself. ○—■

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Number showing enlargement..... 87.5%
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Average increase in circumference . 15.88%
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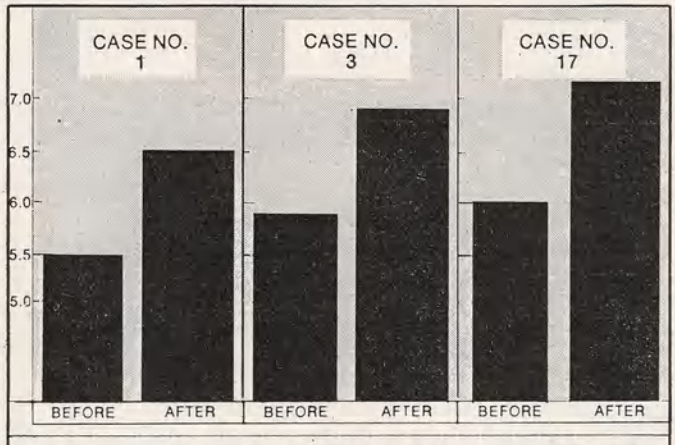
Largest increase in length recorded . 3.8cms.
Smallest increase in circumference recorded..... 1.4cms.
Largest increase in circumference recorded..... 3.1cms.

AND AMONG THE CONTROL GROUP THAT DID NOT USE DR. RICHARDS' TEST METHOD, THERE WAS NO RECORDED CHANGE IN ANY INDIVIDUAL.



The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

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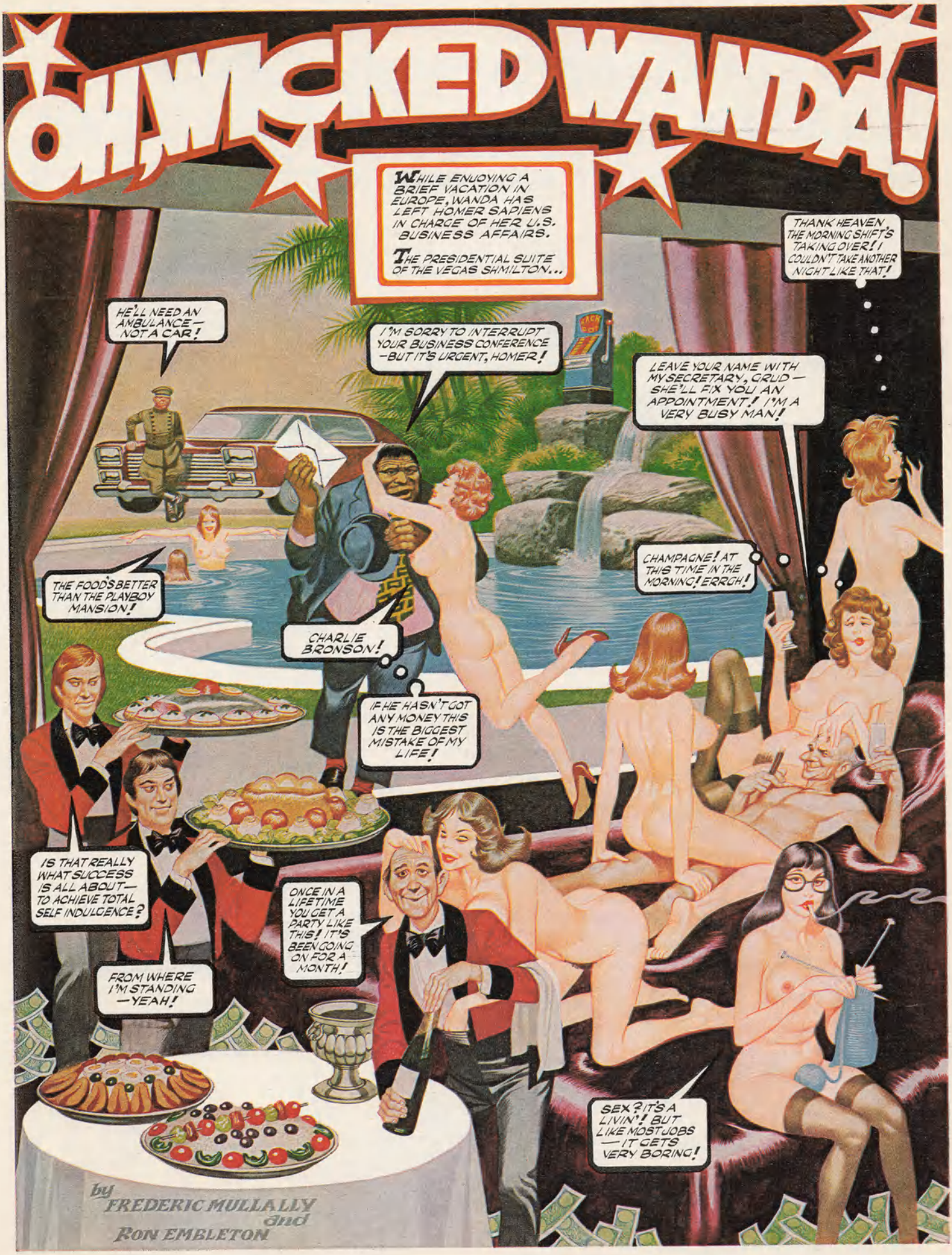
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CHAMPAGNE! AT THIS TIME IN THE MORNING! ERRGH!
CHARLIE BRONSON!
IF HE HASN'T GOT ANY MONEY THIS IS THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF MY LIFE!
IS THAT REALLY WHAT SUCCESS IS ALL ABOUT — TO ACHIEVE TOTAL SELF INDULGENCE?
ONCE IN A LIFETIME YOU GET A PARTY LIKE THIS! IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR A MONTH!
FROM WHERE I'M STANDING — YEAH!
SEX? IT'S A LIVIN'! BUT LIKE MOST JOBS — IT GETS VERY BORING!
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YOU DON'T MEAN....?
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190

service you—by providing receptacles for your ejaculate. When a bull services a cow, he impregnates her.

A good lover is one who is unselfish, has an open mind, and is willing to learn and share.—*Z.B., Merrick, N.Y.*

Onanistic acrobatics

A couple of years ago I was reading a letter in *Penthouse*, to Xaviera, about a man who wanted to suck himself off. She answered him with instructions on how this might be done. This kind of turned me on, as I had always wondered why women and gay men sometimes go nuts over a stiff penis. Xaviera's method seemed easy enough; so I thought I'd try it.

I worked up a good, stiff erection, got on my bed, and threw my legs over my head, hooking my toes in the headboard. This left both my hands free. But no matter how much I twisted and turned, I could get my penis only about six inches away and directly over my mouth.

I noticed that my cock was going soft, and so I reached between my legs and began to masturbate. The sight of my stiff, wet cock so close to my mouth drove me wild. With my other hand I began to fondle my balls and ass hole. My penis stiffened out as never before, and my breathing became long and deep. The head of my cock was soaked and still dripping. The warm feeling emanating from my balls told me that my orgasm was on its pleasurable way.

I looked at my cock and saw it turn livid and begin to throb. Then it began to pump its load. I caught it on my tongue and lips, swallowing it as fast as it came. The fingers of my other hand were fondling my balls and penetrating my ass hole, adding to the pleasure of my outlandish, lust-inspired act. Just thinking of what I was doing made my penis throb and shoot even more. The pleasure that I was getting was out of this world, and I surrendered to it, letting my cock unload all over my face and neck.

When it was all over, I lay back and reveled in my new way to masturbate. I've done this only six or seven times, because it is so overwhelming and because I don't want to spoil a good thing by overindulging. One of these days I intend to do it for my girl friend to see.—*Name and address withheld*

A student's enthusiasm

I am wondering if any of your readers have experienced an orgasm when under a pressure situation. I think my first orgasmic rush came when I was a naive college typing student.

Back when schools were not so relaxed as today and students were more grade conscious (especially me), I would get so worked up before a five-minute timing in typing that when the male teacher said, "Begin," I would start to begin, and boy, would I start to begin! While the other students were concentrating on the copy, I would be fighting back a

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mounting feeling, strange to me, which I could not handle. My muscles began to ripple and twitch along with my clit. The faster I tried to type, the more intense was this magnificent feeling. I felt as if I were typing a thousand words a minute!

Once, during my fitful dilemma, the teacher came over to see if I was feeling okay; boy, was I feeling okay, as I look back on it now. He grabbed my shoulders, with my erect tits pulsating in rhythm with my crotch, and said, "How are you coming along?" I looked up to him, praying that he would not realize the predicament I was in. I nodded nervously as I began to come furiously and yet tried to control myself and the keyboard.

When the bell rang, signaling the end of the timing, perspiration was dripping (along with other liquids), and my anguish was over until next week's test. Totally exhausted from the ordeal, I would try to figure my score. Along with reaching my climax, I reached the seventy-words-per-minute mark in beginning typing. I guess orgasms help the learning process.

You'll never guess what my career choice ended up being—a typing teacher in an all-girls school. Only now a timing is given every day, and we close the door to muffle the moans. During this day of decreasing enrollments, the administrators can't figure out why my classes are always full and girls are dying to come—and I do mean *come*—into that class. Type on, girls!—*Name and address withheld*

Sweet revenge

I have had an experience that might be of interest to "Forum" readers. My secretary and I have an enjoyable relationship, in which we tease each other or have sex occasionally. On one particular day, I was feeling horny and asked if I could eat her. She did not want me to, because after coming, she said, she is always shaky and has difficulty concentrating. She had an important meeting to record in shorthand that afternoon. Finally, though, she agreed, and I gently pulled down her panty hose and panties, and while I had my finger in her vagina, I licked her clitoris until she came in a rousing, moaning climax. Sure enough, that afternoon during the meeting she had much difficulty in taking notes, and her shorthand just would not work. Seeing my amusement not long afterward, she facetiously warned, "I'll get even with you—just wait."

The next day she was in my office when I received a call from the division manager. It was a call that we knew was coming and was very important. As I took the call, she slipped quietly around the desk and suddenly I found her unzipping my trousers. She took out my penis and testicles, pulled back the foreskin, and slowly began to suck the head of my cock. I thought I would keep my cool and continue the important phone conversation, and I was all right for a little while. Then she deepened her stroke and began to suck hard. I was having more and more trouble paying attention to my

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boss. Finally, he launched into a long discussion of a new plan he wanted to effect. At the same time she was taking most of my penis into her mouth and was sucking hard as she pulled back, while her hands were playing with my balls. I came—with a sensation that made me feel that I was losing my insides—just as my boss asked me what I thought of his plan. All I could do was to gurgle foolishly. I tried to pull myself together and said that my throat had locked and then said, "Fabulous." If there was ever an expression with a double meaning, that was it. The phone conversation ended, and she looked up at me and grinned, saying, "I told you I would get even." It was the most enjoyable revenge that I have ever experienced.—*L.J., Kalamazoo, Mich.*

It's a good thing you don't drive a bus for a living.

Three is not a crowd

It all started on a Friday night at our favorite bar, Happy Days. My boyfriend, Philip, and I were just sitting there, minding our own business, when a tall blonde walked in. She sat a few seats away; so I didn't pay much attention. Anyway, Phil went into the bathroom to relieve himself. Well, I know that Jack Daniels makes us a little loose sometimes, but I couldn't believe this chick—she was smiling at me and licking her lips. I thought she just wanted Philip's hot cock in her juicy little snatch. But when I leaned over to tell her to quit grinning like that or I would shove that glass right down her throat, she gave me the biggest and wettest kiss and quickly pushed her tongue into my mouth. By this time Phil had come out of the bathroom and was watching all this with great expectations.

After she broke the kiss, she suggested that we all go somewhere and get a little better acquainted. Since we were all pretty horny, we didn't want to drive all the way home. So we went to a motel. The drive was pretty interesting. Since we have a Corvette, I had to sit on the girl's lap. As soon as we started moving, so did the action. She slipped her hands up under my blouse and fondled my already erect nipples. I turned around so that I was facing her and started to kiss her soft, red lips. With one hand I started to play with Philip's hot rod so that he wouldn't feel totally left out. Slowly, I moved down along her neck—kissing, licking, and biting her all the way down until I reached her beautiful breasts. When I pulled her shirt up, Philip almost got into an accident. So we decided to cool it until we got to the motel.

We finally got there, and everything seemed to happen so fast. We told Philip to sit and watch for the time being. Very slowly, I started to strip the girl down to nothing. First, I started unbuttoning her blouse, all the time kissing and licking her until I reached her waiting rosebuds. Soon she was standing there completely naked except for her black lace panties. Now it was her turn to strip me. She quickly had me

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undressed, since I wear no bra or panties. We were petting pretty heavily, sticking fingers as far into each other's dripping cunt as we could. I eased her down on the bed and started sucking on her soaked pussy. I stuck my tongue in as far as it would go and then started sucking on her clit, slowly moving my fingers in and out of her snatch. After she did the same to me, we remembered that poor Philip was watching all this. So it was his turn, and judging from his bulge, it was none too soon.

We both stripped him, and I started kissing his sensual mouth and very sensitive nipples while our friend sucked on his hard cock. It got to be a little too much for Phil when I got behind him and started licking his tight ass hole, and he shot his wad of steaming come right into our friend's waiting mouth. I then climbed on Phil's still-hard cock and started pumping and squeezing his flaming member while the other girl sucked and licked both of our ass holes. Both Phil and I soon came to a raging climax which was so intense that we almost collapsed when it was over.

We lay there cuddling; unable to move, we fell into a deep sleep. When we awoke, there was a note on the door from our mysterious friend, saying, "Thank you for the fantastic evening." It also said that she was sorry for not saying good-bye but that she didn't want to disturb us. All we want to say is thank you, stranger, hope to see you again soon, and if we never meet again, we want you to know that we will remember you for the rest of our lives whenever we screw!—*Name and address withheld*

Blown head gasket

I'm a twenty-year-old diesel mechanic, and I would like to share with your millions of worldwide readers an experience I had nearly two years ago. You see, up until then, I was the state of Ohio's oldest virgin (believe me, I wasn't proud of it!) at eighteen. I was cruising through my final year of high school, and I had my eye on one of the foxiest babes in school. It was semester break, and a cute eighteen-year-old blonde named Shelly was the main target of damn near every guy in school. She was not in my classes; therefore, I had only five study halls and five lunches a week for getting acquainted with her. She was a hell of a flirt, and the word was out that she dug guys with tight, dressy slacks and long-styled hair. Well, I went on a jean boycott for nearly two consecutive weeks before I got a positive outlook on our chances. Little things, such as smiles during our ninth-period study hall and gazes from fifty-foot distances in the hallways, more and more brought out the somewhat rare aggressiveness in me.

I had a 1969 Camaro all souped up with mags and a perfect sunflower-yellow body, and it was my car that finally made possible the initial contact between us in the school parking lot. You see, I almost made the terrible mistake of hitting the car (her brother's) that she was riding home in. I was doing a burnout—which is the coolest

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thing to do in a high-school parking lot—when, out of nowhere, came a blue Nova. Well, her brother was in a state of paranoia, and she was just smiling at me again, while at the same time trying to calm him down. He got out of his car, and a short exchange of high-tempered words led to a drag race in front of the school. People were gathering in front of the school to watch the big race. Well, I blew him away in third gear, and the first one to greet me back at the parking lot was Shelly. She was apologizing to me for her brother's temperament, and I explained to her that I wasn't mad, that all I wanted was to go out with her, and that my showing off was going to get me into trouble pretty soon. So I made the invitation for a night out (Friday!), and was I glad when she smilingly accepted.

I picked her up that night. She was dressed in navy blue tights with a halter top, revealing the most rounded, firm young breasts I'd ever seen. Well, I bought some beer and rolled and smoked two joints with her down on an old dirt road used only for parking. We were just sitting and talking and were feeling pretty well gone when she made the initial move by laying her head on my lap. I just laid my head back on the headrest and proceeded to get the biggest hard-on of my young life. My cock was at its full, eight-inch length, and it nudged her head over a little. For a few moments I didn't think that she had noticed. Then she started to undo my belt and pants. She yanked my prick out, and I felt an instant, long-awaited throbbing when her fingers explored the distended head.

She glided her damp, warm lips over the head of my dick while I pulled her tits right out of her halter. She had me going full tilt now, taking three-quarters of my cock into her mouth and throat. I told her that I had never come in a girl's mouth before, and she excitedly took the whole shaft and head in her throat; in a matter of half a minute I had come in about ten spurts. She didn't let one drop elude her. I then proceeded to lick and suck her pink, moist vagina to two orgasms before she finally gave me my long-awaited reward. She climbed on top of me, facing in the opposite direction. She fucked me furiously for about three minutes. When I was near orgasm again, I told her that I wanted to try it doggy style; so we carefully shifted upward, and after another five minutes I was in total ecstasy as I watched the remains of my spunk ooze down her lovely ass when I withdrew.

It's been nearly two years now since I've moved to Georgia, and I can't tell you how excited I am just thinking of what will happen when I return to the Buckeye state next month and find that blonde bombshell.—*Name and address withheld*

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Our National Death Wish—Bureaucrats of the U.S. Department of Energy are dedicated to promoting the development of nuclear weapons and nuclear reactors that generate electricity. They claim that these reactors are necessary for producing safe, clean, and cheap energy. They claim that the power which comes from nuclear fission is essential. These are all lies. The truth is that each nuclear reactor produces some 500 pounds of plutonium a year, and we have no systems for storing this deadly waste. One pound alone could give 9 billion people lung cancer. In a horrifying investigative report, Corinne Browne and Robert Munroe detail the ways in which the American atomic establishment—an unholy alliance of government and industry—has committed us to a policy of national suicide.

The Fleetwood Kids—Their clothes are custom-made. Their girls are the sharpest to be found. They are chauffeured around town in expensive Cadillacs and, in general, live the kind of life most fourteen-year-old kids see only on television. These are the bold child stars of the New York narcotics underworld, and they are turning the streets of the city into a vast market for illegal drugs and are amassing fortunes before turning sixteen and retiring. The Fleetwood Kids, who are an outgrowth of New York's supertough laws against adult drug dealers and its lenient laws regarding youth crime, are among the most successful dope dealers in history—and the most ruthless. As reporter Bob Herbert's close-up story demonstrates, there's no force in local or federal government that has been able to get them under control.

The KGB in New York—The Soviet Union's international secret police, the KGB, is the largest, best-trained, and best-paid intelligence service in the world. According to investigative reporters Joe Trento and Dave Roman, the American branch of the KGB is run from United Nations headquarters in New York City. And American taxpayers will be outraged to learn that they are literally paying 25 percent of the salaries of some 200 Russian agents who are employed as "cover" by the United Nations. Trento and Roman reveal how the Soviets have abused the privileges of diplomatic immunity to turn the world peace organization into a nest of spies who are attempting to penetrate some of our most important national security installations—and how they have succeeded beyond belief.

Ukiah—Travel by Greyhound may not be the most luxurious way to go, but nothing else gives you quite so much of the real America that television pretends doesn't exist. "Ukiah," by Lois Baker, took second prize in the *Penthouse* fiction contest. It's a story that takes place in a bus, on the road, going from nowhere to nowhere as a man's mind wanders through the days of his past and awakens to a present in which the only future is his next destination.

Donald Woods—It takes courage to speak out for justice for blacks in South Africa, but this white newspaper editor risked his life so that he could print the truth. Arrested four times in twelve years but never convicted, he was finally forbidden to write for five years and was kept under constant police surveillance. Last New Year's Eve, he hitchhiked 185 miles in disguise and swam across a border river to freedom. Donald Woods became the first private citizen to address the United Nations Security Council. In a *Penthouse* Interview by Richard Ballad, Woods tells why he defied death in order to resist censorship. O+

Island Affair

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 173

ranging from $325 to $400.

When a total of 120 barefoot (and footloose) passengers are on board under full sail, anything can happen, but nothing except a stop each day at a deserted or little-known island is guaranteed. There is also the chance to stand a wheel watch or help haul sails with the professional crew, or just to laze the days away on deck pads and watch the waters change color from azure to turquoise, from sapphire to emerald, while the porpoise come to play around the racing bow.

The captain, Wynne Jones (a young Welshman with twelve years' experience before the mast), drops anchor at ports like Great Harbour, the home of the exclusive Great Harbour Club, where windjammering escapists are welcome to roam the long stretches of beach, to rent a fourteen-foot Hobie Cat or Bonito, or to golf on one of the top five courses in the Americas. Beach and golf villas are for rent here as well, and you may decide to return to fish, snorkel, dive, golf, whack a few tennis balls, or just sunbathe on the strip of secluded sand called "Bardot Beach."

On the other hand, your island for the day might be Chub Cay, where you'll meet Joe Lowies, Nassau-born professional diver (skin and scuba) and a close friend of Tom Miller, Windjammer's certified scuba instructor on board the *Fantome*. Joe supplies the club at Chub Cay and restaurants in Nassau with almost sixty fish a day, most of which he catches while skindiving—using a Hawaiian sling, not a spear gun. Tom says simply, "I thought I was good until I met Joe!" But they both agree that these are the best fishing and diving waters in the world, teeming with amberjack, barracuda, bonefish, dolphin, crawfish, grouper, kingfish, mako, blue and white marlin, permit, sailfish, yellowfin tuna, wahoo, snapper, and turtles weighing as much as 500 pounds.

The Chub Cay Club accommodates the fishing types who check in for the guaranteed-great deep-sea fishing. The club has two charter boats for rent at $300 a day and rooms, villas, and even a houseboat for rent at winter rates of $55 to $120 (double). There are also very private quarters and dock space for members only.

It won't be easy to leave Chub Cay, but as the sun rises on yet another perfect Caribbean day, the *Fantome*'s seventeen sails are already being bent on, and you're bound for further encounters with other temptresses: the Biminis, Andros, Cat Cay, Eleuthera, Spanish Wells, San Salvador, Crooked Island, Inagua . . .

All the Bahama isles have their unique charms, and their siren calls are not easy to resist. But beware: when you come upon your ideal holiday mistress, don't dally there too long. You might just wind up married to her. O+

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1978

Bonnie and Clyde led us on a wild chase to the site of their last known hideout.

Nearby we hid a case of Canadian Club.

It had been 44 years since Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow sped through this northern Louisiana wilderness on their last run from the law. Tracking their legend even now is a wild and wooly chase over lonesome red clay roads which run deep in tangled pine forests.

We met folks who'd seen them.
Finally our search led to where an old squatter's cabin had once stood. Bonnie and Clyde were known to have holed up here in their last days, and local folks told us they'd seen the two lurking hereabout back in '34. So having found the long-lost hideout, we trekked into the brush and buried a case of Canadian Club.

Bonnie and Clyde.

Start at "the end of the trail."
To find that C.C., start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law – and head in the opposite direction, all the way to the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

Look for a warning.
Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

We hope you brought ice and glasses, for within that triangle, just one foot down, lie 12 bottles of the world's finest tasting whisky. But if the rigors of the hunt seem too great, you can find the same great taste at your favorite tavern or package store by simply saying, "C.C., please."

Canadian Club

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	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Brand D	12	0.8
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Brand M	8	0.6
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box:
1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton
AIR-STREAM FILTER
Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged:
"TAR" ..... LESS THAN 1 MG
NICOTINE ..... 0.1 MG

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Carlton brings you the lighter 100.

Only 5 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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